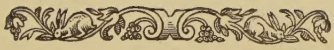


BISHOP KEN'S CHRISTIAN YEAR.

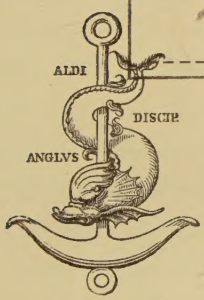
THIRD EDITION.

BISHOP KEN'S

Christian Year

OR HYMNS AND POEMS FOR THE HOLY DAYS AND FESTIVALS OF THE CHURCH

LIBRARY OF
UNITED THEOLOGICAL SEMIN
PN
6110
.R4
K4
1868
T662



LONDON
BASIL MONTAGU PICKERING
196 PICCADILLY
1868

7.52

PREFACE.

FOR more than a century and a half the name of Biſhop Ken has been aſſociated with the three opening Hymns of this Collection, which ſince their firſt publication in 1700, at the end of a Manual of Prayers which he compiled for the uſe of the ſcholars of Wincheſter College, have perhaps enjoyed more popularity, and been more ſung in our churches, than any ſimilar compoſitions in the language. In the meantime, the equally fine Hymns on the Chriſtian Feſtivals, publiſhed poſthumouſly in 1721, have been undeſervedly neglected, though they have been highly praiſed by the late John Keble, who was probably indebted to them for the idea of his own "Chriſtian Year."

UNITED THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY
JUL 15 1960

Many, therefore, who reverence the name of Ken and love to linger on the details of his holy and ſelf-denying career—who look up to him as the model of a Chriſtian biſhop—will now learn for the firſt time what a rich legacy of ſacred verſe he left behind him, and what a new claim he has to their admiration and love.

Poetical blood flowed in his veins; for he was deſcended on his mother's ſide from John Chalkhill, the author of "Thealma and Clearchus." Left an orphan in 1651, at the early age of fourteen, he had the advantage of being nurtured in the love of all that is beautiful and pure by one of the gentleſt and tendereſt ſpirits of the ſeventeenth century—Izaak Walton, who had married his elder ſiſter Ann in 1646. Having ſpent ſo many years in familiar intercourſe with ſuch a mind, it is no wonder that he became a poet.

The tale of his ſaintly and devoted life has been told ſo often and ſo well, that there is no need to dwell on it here. It is only neceſſary to refer the reader to the narratives of Hawkins, Bowles, and Markland, and laſt but not leaſt to the exhauſtive "Life of Biſhop Ken by a Lay-

man," publiſhed by the late William Pickering in 1848.

Theſe hymns were the one conſoling occupation of his declining years, when, deprived of his wealth and honours for conſcience' ſake and ſuffering the direſt tortures of phyſical pain, he was looking forward with longing eyes to that "reſt prepared for the people of God," to which he had ſpent his life in ſhowing the way.

The reader muſt not expect to find in his verſe the mellifluous ſmoothneſs of a later age. With Cowley and the "metaphyſical ſchool" as models, his diction is neceſſarily ſomewhat obſolete and his ſtyle diffuſe, and he indulges ſometimes in a vein of conceit that has long been out of faſhion. This will not invalidate his claim to a high place among our earlier ſacred poets—for Herbert, Craſhaw and Quarles, Vaughan and Wither, if they ſhared with him in his excellencies, ſhared with him alſo in his moſt characteriſtic faults. The hallowed atmoſphere of devotion that impregnates every line will endear him to all good churchmen of the olden type: his lips ſeem for ever touched

with a live coal from off the Altar. Occaſional quaintneſs will be condoned for the ſake of the holy thoughts and aſpirations which abound in the poetry of Thomas Ken.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
A MORNING Hymn . . .	1
An Evening Hymn . . .	3
A Midnight Hymn . . .	5
Advent Sunday. *Days Numbered* .	7
Second Sunday in Advent. *Judgment*	11
Third Sunday in Advent. *Reſurrection* . . .	13
Fourth Sunday in Advent	16
Chriſtmas Day	17
St. Stephen's Day	22
St. John the Evangeliſt's Day	28
The Holy Innocents	34
Firſt Sunday after Chriſtmas. *God a Father* . .	39
The Circumciſion	43
Second Sunday after Chriſtmas. *On the Nativity* .	47
The Epiphany	53
Firſt Sunday after Epiphany	58
Second Sunday after Epiphany. *Chriſt-like Love* .	65
Third Sunday after Epiphany. *The Saints with Jeſus*	67
Fourth Sunday after Epiphany. *Omnipotence* . .	69
Fifth Sunday after Epiphany	73
Sixth Sunday after Epiphany. *The Trumpet* . .	75
Septuageſima Sunday. *Juſtice*	78
Sexageſima Sunday	82

PAGE

Quinquageſima Sunday 83
Aſh Wedneſday 86
Firſt Sunday in Lent. *The Temptation* . . . 92
Second Sunday in Lent 99
Third Sunday in Lent 101
Fourth Sunday in Lent. *The Life of Jeſus* . . 104
Fifth Sunday in Lent. *God's Attributes* . . . 112
Sunday next before Eaſter. *Name of Jeſus* . . 117
Monday before Eaſter. *On the Agony* . . . 120
Tueſday before Eaſter. *The Arraignment of Jeſus* . 127
Wedneſday before Eaſter. *The Paſſion* . . . 138
Thurſday before Eaſter 149
Good Friday 152
Eaſter-Eve 163
Eaſter Day 165
Monday in Eaſter Week 173
Tueſday in Eaſter Week. *The Reſurrection* . . 179
Firſt Sunday after Eaſter. *Jeſus on Tabor* . . 188
Second Sunday after Eaſter 191
Third Sunday after Eaſter 194
Fourth Sunday after Eaſter 195
Fifth Sunday after Eaſter 198
Aſcenſion Day, or Holy Thurſday 199
Sunday after Aſcenſion Day. *Jeſus Preſent* . . 208
Whit Sunday 211
Monday in Whitſun Week. *All Bleſſings by Jeſus* . 218
Tueſday in Whitſun Week 222
Trinity Sunday 227
Firſt Sunday after Trinity 233
Second Sunday after Trinity. *God is Love* . . 237
Third Sunday after Trinity 242
Fourth Sunday after Trinity 244
Fifth Sunday after Trinity. *Life* 247
Sixth Sunday after Trinity. *Jeſus our All in All* . 251
Seventh Sunday after Trinity 254
Eighth Sunday after Trinity 257

PAGE

Ninth Sunday after Trinity 259
Tenth Sunday after Trinity. *Jesus' Love preserved* 264
Eleventh Sunday after Trinity. *Jesus our Priest* . 267
Twelfth Sunday after Trinity. *Likeness to Jesus* . 271
Thirteenth Sunday after Trinity 274
Fourteenth Sunday after Trinity 276
Fifteenth Sunday after Trinity. *The Sermon on the Mount* 279
Sixteenth Sunday after Trinity. *Love taught by Jesus* 287
Seventeenth Sunday after Trinity. *Unity* . . 291
Eighteenth Sunday after Trinity 295
Nineteenth Sunday after Trinity 297
Twentieth Sunday after Trinity 299
Twenty-first Sunday after Trinity 303
Twenty-second Sunday after Trinity. *Prayer for Love* 305
Twenty-third Sunday after Trinity. *Heaven first sought* 308
Twenty-fourth Sunday after Trinity. *Heaven* . 311
Twenty-fifth Sunday after Trinity. *Jesus our King* 314
St. Andrew's Day 318
St. Thomas the Apostle 322
Conversion of St. Paul 326
Purification of St. Mary the Virgin 334
St. Matthias' Day 339
Annunciation of the Blessed Virgin Mary . . 345
St. Mark's Day 352
St. Philip and St. James's Day 357
St. Barnabas the Apostle 362
St. John Baptist's Day 369
St. Peter's Day 374
St. James the Apostle 382
St. Bartholomew the Apostle 387
St. Matthew the Apostle 394
St. Michael and all Angels 400

PAGE

St. Luke the Evangeliſt 405
St. Simon and St. Jude, Apoſtles 411
All Saints' Day 418

Holy Baptiſm 425
Confirmation 427
The Holy Euchariſt 429
Abſolution 432
The Viſitation of the Sick 439
Holy Order 444
Matrimony 451

APPENDIX—

Firſt Verſion of the Three Hymns printed in the Manual of Prayers for the Scholars of Winchester College 455

A MORNING HYMN.

AWAKE, my ſoul, and with the ſun
Thy daily ſtage of duty run,
Shake off dull ſloth, and joyful riſe,
To pay thy morning ſacrifice.

Thy precious time miſſpent, redeem,
Each preſent day thy laſt eſteem,
Improve thy talent with due care,
For the Great Day thyſelf prepare.

In converſation be ſincere,
Keep conſcience as the noon-tide clear,
Think how All-ſeeing God thy ways,
And all thy ſecret thoughts ſurveys.

By influence of the Light Divine,
Let thy own light to others ſhine,
Reflect all Heaven's propitious rays,
In ardent love, and cheerful praiſe.

'Wake, and lift up thyſelf, my heart,
And with the angels bear thy part,

Who all night long unwearied ſing,
High praiſe to the Eternal King.

I wake, I wake, ye Heavenly Choir,
May your devotion me inſpire,
That I like you my age may ſpend,
Like you may on my God attend.

May I like you in God delight,
Have all day long my God in ſight,
Perform like you my Maker's Will,
O may I never more do ill.

Had I your wings to Heaven I'd fly,
But God ſhall that defect ſupply,
And my ſoul wing'd with warm deſire,
Shall all day long to Heaven aſpire.

All praiſe to Thee, Who ſafe haſt kept,
And haſt refreſh'd me whilſt I ſlept,
Grant, Lord, when I from death ſhall wake,
I may of endleſs Light partake.

I would not wake, nor riſe again,
Ev'n Heaven itſelf I would diſdain,
Wert not Thou there to be enjoy'd,
And I in hymns to be employ'd.

Heaven is, dear Lord, where'er Thou art,
O never then from me depart:
For to my ſoul, 'tis hell to be
But for one moment void of Thee.

Lord, I my vows to Thee renew,
Diſperſe my ſins as morning dew,
Guard my firſt ſprings of thought and will,
And with Thyſelf my ſpirit fill.

Direct, control, ſuggeſt, this day,
All I deſign, or do, or ſay,
That all my powers, with all their might,
In Thy ſole glory may unite.

Praiſe God, from Whom all bleſſings flow,
Praiſe Him, all creatures here below;
Praiſe Him above, ye Heavenly Hoſt;
Praiſe Father, Son, and Holy Ghoſt.

AN EVENING HYMN.

ALL praiſe to Thee, my God, this night,
For all the bleſſings of the light;
Keep me, O keep me, King of kings,
Beneath Thy own Almighty Wings.

Forgive me, Lord, for Thy dear Son,
The ill that I this day have done;
That with the world, myſelf and Thee,
I, ere I ſleep, at peace may be.

Teach me to live, that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed;

To die, that this vile body may
Riſe glorious at the awful day.

O! may my ſoul on Thee repoſe,
And may ſweet ſleep my eyelids cloſe;
Sleep that may me more vigorous make,
To ſerve my God when I awake.

When in the night I ſleepleſs lie,
My ſoul with heavenly thoughts ſupply;
Let no ill dreams diſturb my reſt,
No powers of darkneſs me moleſt.

Dull ſleep of ſenſe me to deprive,
I am but half my time alive,
Thy faithful lovers, Lord, are grieved
To lie ſo long of Thee bereaved.

But tho' ſleep o'er my frailty reigns,
Let it not hold me long in chains;
And now and then let looſe my heart,
Till it an Hallelujah dart.

The faſter ſleep the ſenſes binds,
The more unfetter'd are our minds,
O may my ſoul, from matter free,
Thy lovelineſs unclouded ſee!

O when ſhall I in endleſs Day,
For ever chaſe dark ſleep away;
And hymns with the Supernal Choir,
Inceſſant ſing, and never tire!

O may my guardian while I ſleep,
Cloſe to my bed his vigils keep;
His love angelical inſtil;
Stop all the avenues of ill.

May he celeſtial joy rehearſe,
And thought to thought with me converſe,
Or in my ſtead, all the night long,
Sing to my God a grateful ſong.

Praiſe God, from Whom all bleſſings flow,
Praiſe Him, all creatures here below;
Praiſe Him above, ye Heavenly Hoſt;
Praiſe Father, Son, and Holy Ghoſt.

A MIDNIGHT HYMN.

MY God, now I from ſleep awake,
The ſole poſſeſſion of me take,
From midnight terrors me ſecure,
And guard my heart from thoughts impure.

Bleſs'd Angels! while we ſilent lie,
You Hallelujahs ſing on high,
You joyful hymn the Ever-Bleſs'd,
Before the Throne and never reſt.

I with your choir celeſtial join,
In offering up a hymn divine,
With you in Heaven I hope to dwell,
And bid the night and world farewell.

My ſoul, when I ſhake off this duſt,
Lord, in Thy Arms I will intruſt:
O make me Thy peculiar care,
Some manſion for my ſoul prepare.

Give me a place at Thy ſaints' feet,
Or ſome fall'n angel's vacant ſeat;
I'll ſtrive to ſing as loud as they
Who ſit above in brighter day.

O may I always ready ſtand,
With my lamp burning in my hand;
May I in ſight of Heaven rejoice,
Whene'er I hear the Bridegroom's voice.

All praiſe to Thee in light array'd,
Who light Thy dwelling-place haſt made,
A boundleſs ocean of bright beams
From Thy all-glorious God-head ſtreams.

The ſun in its meridian height
Is very darkneſs in Thy ſight!
My ſoul, O lighten and enflame,
With thought and love of Thy Great Name.

Bleſs'd Jeſu, Thou on Heaven intent,
Whole nights haſt in devotion ſpent;
But I, frail creature, ſoon am tired,
And all my zeal is ſoon expired.

My ſoul, how canſt thou weary grow
Of antedating bliſs below,

In ſacred hymns, and heavenly love,
Which will eternal be above.

Shine on me, Lord, new life impart,
Freſh ardours kindle in my heart;
One ray of Thy all-quickening Light
Diſpels the ſloth and clouds of night.

Lord, leſt the tempter me ſurpriſe,
Watch over Thine own ſacrifice;
All looſe, all idle thoughts caſt out,
And make my very dreams devout.

Praiſe God, from Whom all bleſſings flow,
Praiſe Him, all creatures here below;
Praiſe Him above, ye Heavenly Hoſt;
Praiſe Father, Son, and Holy Ghoſt.

ADVENT SUNDAY.

Days Numbered.

And that, knowing the time, that now it is high time to awake out of ſleep: for now is our ſalvation nearer than when we believed. The night is far ſpent, the day is at hand; let us therefore caſt off the works of darkneſs, and let us put on the armour of light.—*Romans* xiii. 11, 12.

GOD a command upon me lays,
Rightly to number all my days,
Of all paſt, preſent, and to come,
To caſt the ſum.

That gracious God may be obey'd,
I call arithmetic to aid,
The ſum, to which they all amount,
I ſtrive to count.

But ſoon as I begin to caſt,
The number of my days now paſt,
All look like an evanid dream,
All cyphers ſeem.

My Now when I minutely weigh,
'Tis but a moment, not a day,
My Future is to all unknown,
But God alone.

I then arithmetic ſuſpect,
And on the paſt again reflect,
To number not by days but ſins,
My ſoul begins.

When I thus calculate my years,
Each guilty day an age appears,
Time tedious is which we miſſpend
God to offend.

My ſins to ſuch vaſt numbers ſwell,
Which no arithmetic can tell;
Their multitude, which has no bounds,
My ſoul confounds.

My cyphers I to figures change,
And in a total fain would range;

But when I reſurvey the ſcore,
I ſtill find more.

And yet a ſum much greater lies
Hid from my intellectual eyes,
Of ſins forgot whoſe guilt remains,
And crimſon ſtains.

Lord, in Thy book they are enroll'd,
O might I there the ſum behold,
That I the debt immenſe may know
Which there I owe.

With fountains, Lord, ſupply my head,
A wave for every ſin I'd ſhed,
I'd ſtrive to pay the full in tear,
My debt to clear.

But ſhould the ſtreams which from me flow,
Up to a new Atlantic grow,
'Twould not the obligations pay
Of but one day.

The Blood of dying God alone,
Can for my vaſt arrears atone;
His Merits far my ſins exceed:
Them, Lord, I plead.

Accept my plea, and when that's done,
While I my future race ſhall run,
I'll not by ſins, but duties rate,
My future ſtate.

I'll every morn my vows renew,
I'll God retain all day in view,
My conſcience court in me ſhall keep,
Before I ſleep.

Conſcience, you made me firſt awake,
Due care to keep me waking take,
Mind me of duty, ſteer my will,
And guard from ill.

My paſt loſt moments I diſclaim,
My preſent ſhall at duty aim,
And all my future as they glide,
To Heaven I'll guide.

I then no more the fool ſhall act,
Or friendſhip with the world contract,
Or ſquander precious time, to gain
Eternal pain.

But duly numbering all my days,
I ſhall a ſtock of wiſdom raiſe,
And from the hours I well employ,
Reap endleſs joy.

SECOND SUNDAY IN ADVENT.

Judgment.

And then ſhall they ſee the Son of man coming in a cloud with power and great glory.—*Luke* xxi. 27.

WHEN the Arch-angel's trump ſhall ſound,
And warn the world in ſtupors drown'd,
At God's Tribunal to appear,
Hell-powers the voice ſhall quivering hear,
The earth ſhall quake from pole to pole,
The orbs celeſtial trembling roll:

The dead ſhall in their graves awake,
The hearts of all the living quake,
Good Angels ſhall the ſound revere,
And God adore with humble fear;
God-man the Judge ſhall ready ſtand,
To leave His Throne at God's Right-Hand.

Supernal Hoſts who beams diffuſe,
Through arched Heaven ſhall rendezvous;
Horſes and chariots, with which God
In triumph through the waters rode,
Shall to the Heavenly Gates repair,
To wait on Jeſus in the air.

The Angels at His march ſhall ſhout,
And all the way, with zeal devout,
Shall hymns to the Incarnate King
Of Mercy, and of Juſtice, ſing;
They'll then His Throne in air erect,
That all the world He may inſpect.

God-man His Angels will enjoin,
Saints' hallow'd duſt to re-enſhrine,
And when their ſouls they re-embrace,
Waft them to ſee His bliſsful Face;
The Saints they'll in their chariots drive,
'Till they at Jeſus' Throne arrive.

Damn'd ſouls ſhall then too late, in vain
Bewail their ſins which cauſed their pain,
They'll wiſh eternally to die,
Or buried under rocks to lie,
In vain their wiſhes will be made,
No guilt God's Judgment can evade.

The heavenly book ſhall be uncloſed,
The ſecrets of all hearts expoſed;
God and their conſcience ſaints will clear,
They'll plead not perfect, but ſincere;
To their mild Judge they'll make appeals,
Who with His Blood their pardon ſeals.

The guilty ſinners, ſelf-condemn'd,
Who Jeſus' laws and croſs contemn'd,

Deſpairing to decline their fate,
With horror ſhall their doom await;
No force of language can diſcloſe,
Saints' raptures, or curſed ſinners' woes.

Go, Curſed, doom'd to endleſs pain,
Come, Saints, in endleſs bliſs to reign,
Good Angels thence ſhall Saints attend,
With Jeſus they'll to Heaven aſcend;
Curſed fiends ſhall drag the damn'd to hell,
In everlaſting pains to yell.

All praiſe to God, who here below,
Prolongs my choice of bliſs or woe;
My paſt ill choice may I deplore,
Fear hell, but fear offending more,
Keep a tribunal in my mind,
And have by God my pardon ſign'd.

THIRD SUNDAY IN ADVENT.

Reſurrection.

Judge nothing before the time, until the Lord come.
1 *Cor.* iv. 5.

GREAT Day! to mortals kept unknown,
When an Archangel from the throne
Shall on his radiant wings appear,
And hovering o'er this lower ſphere,

His trumpet blow, whoſe mighty ſound
Shall undulate the globe around.

All ſeparate ſouls where'er they dwell,
In the out-courts of Heaven or hell,
Soon as they hear ſhall ſummons have,
To fly to each appropriate grave,
And their corporeal bulk reſume,
To wait their Everlaſting Doom.

The particles of bodies dead,
Though over numerous regions ſpread,
By ſympathetic force impreſs'd,
Shall haſte in priſtine form to reſt;
While to its ſeat the ſoul reflies,
And the ſame man who died ſhall riſe.

From glorious God an angel ſent,
His Vial on Euphrates ſpent,
Should he his empty Vial fill
With Hermon dew, and thence diſtil,
One drop on every ſtream which glides,
'Till it in ocean loſt abides:

Yet every drop Omniſcience knows,
And where it in each billow flows,
Can every drop entirely lave
From its transfuſions into wave,
Though diſtant as each polar ſhore,
Can to the Vial them reſtore.

Should every drop in vapour riſe,
Turn rain, hail, ſnow, when in the ſkies,
Thence falling into earth be ſunk,
And up by vegetables drunk,
God all their ſhiftings can compute,
And into dew them re-tranſmute.

From Jeſus' Body virtue came,
Which cured the blind, ſick, dumb and lame;
But ſince He from the grave aroſe,
A nobler virtue from Him flows;
A virtue over Death to reign,
And raiſe all dead mankind again.

Pure ſouls with rapturous joy ſhall haſte,
In their loved ſhells to be encaſed,
While impious ſouls with hideous cry,
In vain ſhall loathed re-union fly.
Saints' graces them for bliſs diſpoſe;
Guilt ſinners weighs to endleſs woes.

God-man be praiſed, who Saints' looſe duſt,
To glorious bodies will adjuſt:
Tho' ſoul and fleſh ſhall parted be,
They'll meet in bleſs'd Eternity.
That thought devoutly, Saints, revolve,
And live in languor to diſſolve.

FOURTH SUNDAY IN ADVENT.

John anſwered them ſaying, I baptize with water: but there ſtandeth one among you, whom ye know not. He it is who, coming after me is preferred before me.

John i. 26, 27.

AS when a viſit emperors intend
To ſome chief town, their harbingers they ſend,
To plain rough ways, to throw down every hill,
To ſtraighten crooked roads, and valleys fill:
The Baptiſt for God-man thus paſſage made,
His work was true repentance to perſuade;
To ſmooth rough tempers, the perverted guide,
Erect humility, and level pride.
Jeruſalem, and all Judea round,
Drawn by a ſaint ſo awful, ſo renown'd,
Flock'd to clear Jordan's ſtream, their ſins confeſs'd,
Were all with his initial waſhing bleſt;
Of their diſeaſe true penitential ſenſe,
To a kind Saviour made them all propenſe:
He proſelytes of all conditions gain'd,
And in his diſcipline for Jeſus train'd.

God to His ſervant this high honour gave,
Him to baptize, who the whole world ſhould ſave.
The Apparition then, and Voice Divine,
Were of Meſſias the appointed Sign.

He, from the hour when Jeſus he deſcried,
Exhorted all in Jeſus to confide;
Commending Jeſus to the world's eſteem,
The Lamb of God, who ſhould the world
redeem.
With water only, I, ſaid he, baptize,
To penitential tears excite your eyes;
But Jeſus inward graces ſhall inſpire,
Baptize you with the Holy Ghoſt and fire.
Bleſt Jeſus with a fan ſhall purge His floor,
The wheat in His repoſitory ſtore;
To Saints give bliſs, the bad to torment doom,
The chaff with fire unquenchable ſhall fume.

CHRISTMAS DAY.

CELESTIAL Harps prepare
To ſound your loftieſt air;
You choral Angels at the throne,
Your cuſtomary hymns poſtpone;
Of glorious ſpirits, all ye orders nine,
To ſute[1] a hymn, to ſtudy chords combine.

You all your happy days,
Pay tributary praiſe,
God's mighty works you fully view,
And give your Maker praiſes due;

[1] *Sute*, to follow.

This day a nobler theme your powers employs,
Deſerving nobleſt hymn, chords, love, and joys.

This day (for you well know,
Our time in flux below),
You Sons of God together met,
On a fix'd day which Godhead ſet;
This day God ſent His Son to ſave mankind,
You to adore His riſing, are enjoin'd.

You firſt to humble ſwains,
Who watch'd on Bethlehem plains,
Glad tidings in ſweet ſong proclaim'd,
And them with Jeſus's love inflamed;
O may my guardian, who then join'd your quire,
Me with like love in a like hymn inſpire.

You with your heavenly ray,
Gild the expanſe this day,
You overlooking all the earth,
To all ſang God Incarnate's birth;
Fill with your ſplendours the expanſe again,
Re-ſing this day the ſame angelic ſtrain.

You all muſt hymn this morn,
Not the Lamb ſlain, but born:
To Bethlehem lead me now the way,
Help me the wonders to ſurvey,
The ſtable, and the manger, where God-man
His condeſcenſions infinite began.

My eyes the Babe may reach,
You muſt His Godhead teach;

God there His Godhead deigns to hide,
Which he can never lay aſide;
In human fleſh His Majeſty He ſhrouds,
You Godhead ſee, I only ſee His clouds.

I, while you God deſcribe,
Will what you ſing imbibe;
Then ſtretch my powers to utmoſt might,
Till of God-man I hymns indite;
But yet I fear you all too finite are,
The Love of God Incarnate to declare.

I'll to my cell retire,
In ſilence God admire,
Who vileſt ſinners to redeem,
Thus veil'd His Majeſtatic beam;
And while I in proſtration ſpeechleſs lie,
My love up to the Myſtery ſhall fly.

Bleſs'd Angels, you mean time
Return to bliſs ſublime;
But when at Glory you arrive,
The Saints in hymn with you will ſtrive,
Their nature God aſſumed, not yours, and they
Will love God moſt, and ſing the nobleſt lay.

Love on ambitious wing,
Soar'd up to hear them ſing;
And though it could not reach the height,
Yet when it met the Sons of Light,
It irreſiſtibly would them intreat
The hymns of competition to repeat.

Love would ſtrict notice take
Of a Saint's heaven-ward wake,
Watch openings of the heavenly gate,
Through that to eye the bliſsful ſtate;
How God this day in brighteſt glory ſhines.
Freſh joys diffuſing o'er the heavenly lines.

God takes immenſe delight
In His own glorious ſight;
But no perfection He eſteems
So dear as His redeeming beams:
Philanthropy this day moſt bright appear'd,
And to the God of Love the day endear'd.

My love when back it came,
Brought ſupplemental flame;
Yet could not Jeſus' Love conceive,
But my deſpondence to relieve,
Since hymns all fell too low, ſaid, love would beſt
By copying Jeſus' graces be expreſt.

My love would yet incline,
Together both to join;
All praiſe to God, Who for our ſake,
Of man's frail nature would partake;
Born poor, to teach us riches to deſpiſe,
Which worldly ſouls inſenſate idolize.

God-man be ever bleſs'd,
Born naked and diſtreſs'd;
Who all terreſtrial glare declined,
And tendencies of ſenſual mind.

'Gainſt wealth, pomp, pleaſure, earthly, tranſient, vain,
May I a like antipathy maintain.

Our great diſeaſe was luſt,
Which made us Heaven diſguſt:
God man be praiſed, who choſe a ſtate,
Our earthly paſſions to abate.
Inſpire me, Lord, with heavenly-minded ſenſe,
Antarctic to all foul concupiſcence.

God-man no ſooner roſe,
But He began His woes;
It grieved the Babe's Omniſcient eye,
Men's curſed rebellions to deſcry,
He knew the mighty guilt of man's offence
'Gainſt boundleſs Love, and grieved with grief immenſe.

God-man I Thee adore,
And from Thy Love implore,
Againſt all ſin a flagrant zeal,
Yet joys of pardon when I feel,
Sin tempts me to rejoice, which drew God down,
To raiſe vile ſinners to a heavenly crown.

With joy I praiſes ſing,
To our great humble King;
Thou Heaven didſt leave for love of me,
May I leave all for love of Thee,
With Saints above, this day I'll bear my part,
O may I Thee incarnate in my heart.

ST. STEPHEN'S DAY.

I SING, my God, the Saint this day,
Who led the ſuffering hoſt the way
To riſe to glory moſt ſublime,
The Martyr prime.

God-man debaſements ne'er declined,
To ſhew compaſſions to mankind;
He ſervants would as maſters treat,
And waſh their feet.

He joy was wont for ſinners' ſake,
In humble charities to take:
Bleſs'd Stephen kept God-man in view,
And copy drew.

In Jeſus' love the Saint up-train'd,
Would humble deacon be ordain'd,
To all men's woes to condeſcend,
And poor attend.

God with the zeal benign was pleaſed,
Which had the Saint entirely ſeized,
And grace ſuperlative deſign'd,
To ſtore his mind.

The Gracious Dove upon him came,
And kindled in him heavenly flame;

He full of faith, bleſs'd Jeſus taught,
And wonders wrought.

Five Synagogues at once combined
Of various lands, to ſtorm his mind;
He ſtood their fierce, confederate ſpite,
With humble might.

No wit of men, no helliſh band,
His heavenly wiſdom could withſtand;
Their greateſt ſages fear'd the force
Of his diſcourſe.

The Jews, who in his death conſpired
Falſe witneſſes againſt him hired,
Who ſhould what malice could ſuggeſt,
With oaths atteſt.

The people, elders, ſcribes, enraged,
To ſeize his perſon then engaged,
And to the council dragged the Saint
With loud complaint.

The villains falſely him accuſed,
That he had dangerous points infuſed,
Their venerable law decried,
And God denied.

They ſwore that he had ſpread the fame
All Salem o'er of Jeſus' Name,
To darken Moſes, and eraſe
Their holy place.

But God, the injured Saint to clear,
Made ſaintſhip in his looks appear;
The Council in his face ſaw light,
As Angels bright.

Great Moſes, when for forty days
He was ingulf'd in awful rays,
Did not with ſplendour more divine
Than Stephen ſhine.

The High Prieſt then the Saint beſpake,
Some anſwer to the Jews to make,
Who with celeſtial zeal began
To preach God-man.

He taught them ſhadows to deſpiſe,
And on the ſubſtance fix their eyes,
Truth in thoſe vehicles convey'd,
Was now diſplay'd.

He provocations high, yet true,
Laid to the unbelieving Jew,
Their harden'd heart he durſt upbraid,
Which Truth gainſaid.

He charged on them their fathers' guilt,
And blood of all the prophets ſpilt,
Sins cheriſh'd, which they ſhould bemoan,
Became their own.

He them reproach'd, who ſet at nought,
All that God-man or did or taught,

That God's bleſs'd Spirit to repel,
They leagued with hell.

That to the croſs God-man they led,
Blaſphemed Him while His Blood they ſhed,
And whilſt He tortured hung for thoſe
Who cauſed thoſe woes.

That they God's holy laws tranſgreſs'd,
Clear prophecies fulfill'd, ſuppreſs'd,
And ſhut their eyes againſt the light,
In love with night.

Straight to the quick their hearts were gaſh'd,
Their teeth againſt the Saint they gnaſh'd,
They of their crimes reproof ſincere
Abhorr'd to hear.

Heaven at that moment open flew,
The Saint had Heavenly Bliſs in view;
A thouſand deaths he could have died,
When bliſs he eyed.

Angelic Hoſts together flock'd,
To Heaven's bright gates, juſt then unlock'd,
To ſee a Chriſtian Martyr's gore,
Ne'er ſeen before.

Love ſhined ſo bright in martyr's pains,
They ready were to wiſh for veins,
That love they might with Stephen vie,
And martyrs die.

They Jeſus ſaw His poſture quit;
He at God's Right though wont to ſit,
Then ſtood, prepared to help with ſpeed
The Saint in need.

Through open Heaven the Martyrs ſight
Could reach to majeſtatic height;
Thus rapt, he could not ſpeech withhold,
But viſion told.

Stopping their ears, the furious crowd
Doom him to death with ravings loud;
Out of the city they him caſt,
To breathe his laſt.

There they the Proto-Martyr ſtoned,
Who them, more than himſelf, bemoan'd;
Midſt ſtony ſhowers he kneel'd and pray'd,
Still undiſmay'd.

At every ſtone they at him threw,
Ejaculations from him flew;
"Jeſus," he cried, "to Thee I cleave,
My ſoul receive.

"Forgive, O Lord, my cauſeleſs foes;"
Love then put to his life the cloſe:
He ſank, and on the ſtony heap
Fell faſt aſleep.

The Jews the murder to complete,
Their garments placed at young Saul's feet;

He to like fury then was moved,
And crime approved.

Saints in his grave the Martyr laid,
And all due honour to him paid;
Joy'd for his bliſs, for loſs they grieved
The Church received.

God at the force of Stephen's prayer,
Decreed their loſſes to repair;
To an Apoſtle raiſing Saul
By heavenly call.

To Jeſus praiſe, who midſt the ſtones,
Eaſed all bleſs'd Stephen's dying groans;
Who deign'd for martyrs' aid to ſtand
At God's Right Hand.

Heaven ſent Angelic Squadrons down
To guard the Martyr to his crown;
Saints joy'd that God had raiſed his throne
Above their own.

Rays to that crown for every ſtone
Which Jews had at the Martyr thrown,
Were added to reward his woe,
And honours ſhow.

May I, my God, by faith have ſight
Of Jeſus ſtanding at Thy Right:
And ready when this world I leave
Me to receive.

May I, like him, the influence feel
Of faith, love, patience, courage, zeal;
Forgive my foes, for heaven prepare,
And die in prayer.

For love of Jeſus, O may I,
Like Stephen live, diſpoſed to die;
And gladly joys of love to reap,
Lay fleſh aſleep.

ST. JOHN'S DAY.

FAITH, hope, and tear within my breaſt,
Shall, Lord, this day in ſilence reſt,
O raiſe my love upon the wing,
While I the loved Diſciple ſing;
For Love can beſt the ſong indite,
Love only can of lovers write.

Bleſs'd John, you young the world forſook,
Ere you too deep infection took;
The leſs ſouls have of worldly taint,
The ſooner they grow up to ſaint;
A ſoul towards heaven which early ſtreams,
Is the offering which God moſt eſteems.

To God's high friendſhip, love aſcends,
And dear communion uſed by friends;
Love gave you nobleſt heat and light,
You ſeem'd below to live by ſight,

You leſſen'd in ſelf humbling view
The more, the loftier heights you flew.

You when by Jeſus' Love inflamed,
Were yet a ſon of thunder named;
O how could love ſoft, gentle, mild,
Be with dread thunder reconciled?
When God ſhines out in gracious rays,
He then aſide His thunder lays.

O 'twas not thunder of the cloud,
'Twas heavenly, and benign, though loud;
Form'd to awaken, not to ſcare,
Such as was heard at Jeſus' prayer,
When a voice ſweet, yet mighty, came
From Heaven, God's glory to proclaim.

Bleſs'd Daniel was to rapture uſed,
Had evangelic truth infuſed,
He taught by Heaven, Meſſias knew
Should be cut off by impious Jew;
But he no further could aſpire,
Than man of languiſhing deſire.

Incarnate God, who bleſs'd your eyes,
Made you to man of love ariſe;
You the inflammative beheld,
Which all but Jeſus' Love expell'd;
Great Moſes, when God gave the law,
Sight ſo endearing never ſaw.

You had of dying Jeſus view,
On His dire Croſs remembering you,
His deareſt Mother, deeply grieved,
He will'd by you ſhould be relieved;
His Mother, He your Mother ſtyled,
And in His room yourſelf her child.

Next to the Mother ever-bleſs'd,
Who gave the God of Love her breaſt,
(She melting, while He ſweetly ſhined,
To co-enarmourments inclined,)
None to ſuch height of love attain'd,
As John on top of Calvary gain'd.

All gracious wonders Jeſus wrought,
All His dear loves abſorb'd your thought,
You well the ſinner's merit weigh'd,
With Blood of God for ranſom paid,
And taught by the Eternal Dove,
Gave God the proper name of Love.

To God alone your love inclined,
The freer 'twas, the more confined;
In God vaſt amplitude you found,
And lovelineſs which had no bound;
O'er love's expanſe it took its flight,
Imbibing ſweetneſs infinite.

God-man who in pure Love decreed
For ſinners on the Croſs to bleed,
In you excited a freſh flame,
For all who from lapſed Adam came;

A love which copied Love Divine,
Of Jeſus' lovers made the ſign.

God Filial, ere He ſtoop'd to clay,
In His loved Father's Boſom lay,
And from His infinite repoſe,
Came truth ſalvific to diſcloſe;
You moſt beloved, loved Jeſus beſt,
You lean'd on loved God Filial's Breaſt.

What loves, what heights you there attain'd
Could ne'er be by yourſelf explain'd;
If envy on a Saint could ſeize,
All Saints would envy you that eaſe;
If earth with Heaven in joy can vie,
'Tis next to Jeſus' heart to lie.

You with the God of Love converſed,
From Fontal Love you ſtreams diſperſed,
You ſaving truth o'er Jewry ſhed,
Glad tidings you o'er Aſia ſpread,
Seven Mother-Churches there you ſteer'd,
To Jeſus's love all co-endear'd.

Your love, which terrors all defied;
Was yet by martyrdom untried;
But God, who raiſes good from ill,
Made hell ſubſervient to His Will,
Turn'd from its aim infernal ſpite,
To give your love its perfect hight.

By hell the Pagans ſet on fire
Enkindled the Proconſul's ire,
He ſent you bound with guards to Rome,
To fierce Domitian for your doom;
He you into a cauldron caſt
Of boiling oil, to breathe your laſt.

But God, who furnace-fire reſtrain'd,
While Saints in flame unſinged remain'd,
The raging, fiery force o'er-ruled,
And to kind heat the liquor cool'd:
God martyr's crown for you contrived,
Though you your martyrdom ſurvived.

Your limbs decrepit, ſtiff, and cold,
Juſt crumbling towards primeval mould,
By ſuppling oil, and gentle heat,
Soon felt invigoration ſweet,
Heaven made you vital force regain,
By what hell meant ſhould be your bane.

At bliſs delay'd, you ne'er repined,
God for your love more work deſign'd;
The tyrant at your 'ſcape enraged,
In a freſh cruelty engaged,
He ſent you bound to Patmos iſle,
To a diſconſolate exile.

God ſufferings there for you ordain'd,
Which numerous ſouls to Jeſus gain'd

But when the bloody tyrant fell
To his imperial pains in hell,
Mild Nerva choſen to ſucceed,
You by divine direction freed.

At Epheſus abode you made,
Where neighbouring Churches you obey'd,
You with illumination ſtored,
When Aſian guides your help implored,
The Church from heretics redeem'd,
Who raiſed by hell, God-man blaſphemed.

In all your writings every line
Was dictated by Love Divine;
Your love the more vivacious grew,
The nearer it to glory drew;
When you a century had reach'd,
Love was the only thing you preach'd.

In vain no lover ever pray'd,
You gain'd a ſuper-effluent aid;
And God's perfections all combined
To further what you had deſign'd;
The miracles which made you famed,
Your love as well as truth proclaim'd.

Your love on Heaven fix'd vigorous aim,
Though you had ſpent your vital flame;
Haſte, O my Love, your longing heart
Cried, as it felt the welcome dart:
Love heard, and ſent a ſeraph down
To waft you to a martyr's crown.

Praiſe, Lord, to Thee, who didſt outſtream
On John a ſweet enamouring beam,
Whoſe love diffuſing heavenly flame,
Made pagan nations love Thy Name,
O may I feel Love's gracious might,
And all I can to love excite.

THE HOLY INNOCENTS.

SOON as Great God in fleſh enſhrined,
Began ſalvation of mankind,
Hell utmoſt ſpite diſcloſed;
God's boundleſs Love oppoſed;
And numerous fiends to Salem ſent,
Judaic malice to foment.

The fiends ſaw Herod deeply grieved,
That the Wiſe Men had him deceived,
And would no tidings bring
Of Jewry's new-born King;
And they a ſtrong detachment made,
Which ſhould the tyrant's ſoul invade.

A legion ſtraight the wretch poſſeſs'd,
Strong jealous terrors to ſuggeſt;
Ideas dire they wrought,
To haunt his troubled thought;

Amidſt his ſlumbers he would ſtart,
In dream, the babe had ſtabb'd his heart.

The jealous fears which tyrants ſeize,
Diabolize them by degrees,
Fierce Herod ſwell'd to rage,
Which nothing could aſſuage;
For infant blood remorſeleſs raved,
And the arch-murderer out-braved.

But Heaven to Joſeph warning gave,
The Mother and the Babe to ſave;
To take to Egypt flight
From Herod's murderous ſpite;
Strange land, the Babe, long dangerous way,
They urge not; but with zeal obey.

Wills which to God ſurrender'd are,
He makes His own peculiar care,
His Wiſdom, Goodneſs, Power,
Still nigh in needful hour,
Was their ſupport, defence, and guide,
And what they wanted, ſtill ſupplied.

The tyrant troops, his rage to vent,
To murder Bethlehem infants ſent;
To kill one babe alone,
Could not his rage atone,
A general ſlaughter he decreed,
In hope the Rival Babe might bleed

The mothers' ſhrieks, the infants' cries,
Frighted the fiends who crowd the ſkies;
And Luciferian pride
The fact with envy eyed,
Swore ſince the devils learn'd to kill,
They ne'er achieved ſo brave an ill.

The land was deluged with a flood
Of mothers' tears, and infants' blood;
Such a heart-burſting moan
Was ne'er in Egypt known,
When the Deſtroying Angel's blade
Of the firſt-born maſſacre made.

Great God, whoſe Omnipreſent eyes
All human actions ſuperviſe,
Forced Herod 'gainſt his will
Heaven's purpoſe to fulfil;
Turn'd his efforts of helliſh ire,
In his own ruin to conſpire.

Juſt vengeance on the wretch was ſhewn,
By plagues and horrors on his throne;
But reeking infant gore,
To vengeance cried for more:
With that God damn'd him to like pains,
Which the arch-murderer ſuſtains.

From danger when the coaſt was clear'd,
God back all three to Nazareth ſteer'd:

Praiſe to the Mighty Child,
Content to be exiled,
And for our ſakes in tendereſt age,
In numerous hardſhips to engage.

There Joſeph, and the Virgin bleſt
With her Redeemer at her breaſt,
Lived in ſweet, awful ſenſe
Of their dear Babe immenſe,
Both by Angelic hoſts revered,
Above all Saints to God endear'd.

Both by their humble Infant taught,
No worldly joy, wealth, honour ſought,
To raptures ne'er aſpired,
Lived humble, and retired,
In love, prayer, meditation, praiſe,
Form'd by His imitable rays.

May I, like them, in bleſs'd retreat,
On Heaven employ reſiduous heat,
Meek, humble, and ſerene,
From wilful outrage clean,
Keep to God's Will, my own reſign'd,
And fix on Jeſus' Love my mind.

Bleſs'd Jeſus, on the babes, who bled
For His ſole ſake, high favours ſhed;
By happy deaths ſecure
From ills they might endure;
Of loſing Heaven from danger freed,
To heaven by making early ſpeed.

The Guardians, children wont to aid,
In vehicles like doves array'd,
Their innocence to paint,
Took each his infant Saint;
'Twixt their ſoft wings to Heaven they ſwam,
Like cygnets on a feather'd dam.

Heaven joy'd to ſee the ſpeechleſs flight,
All waſh'd in blood of martyr white;
Saints and Angelic Quires
To their reſplendent lyres
The firſtlings of ſalvation ſung,
Who join'd them with their looſen'd tongue.

All praiſe to God, whoſe gracious Might
Even ſucklings can to hymn excite:
O may I, born anew,
Keep heaven in longing view,
From ghoſtly child, bleſs'd manhood gain,
Till, ripe for heaven, I heaven obtain.

FIRST SUNDAY AFTER CHRISTMAS.

God a Father.

And becauſe ye are ſons, God hath ſent forth the Spirit of his Son into your hearts, crying, Abba, Father.—*Galatians*, iv. 6.

'TIS, Lord, Thy Will that all mankind
Should love Thee with heart, ſoul, and mind;
And of all laws ſublime,
Love nobleſt is, and prime;
But O! by whom ſhall we be taught,
To love Thy Goodneſs as we ought?

Lord, 'tis Thyſelf, who haſt impreſs'd,
In native light on human breaſt;
That their Creator all
Mankind ſhould Father call;
A Father's love all mortals know,
And the love filial which they owe.

Our Father gives us heavenly Light,
And to be happy, ghoſtly ſight;
He bleſſes, guides, ſuſtains
He eaſes us in pains;
Abatements for our weakneſs makes,
And never a true child forſakes.

He waits till the hard heart relents,
Our ſelf-damnation He laments;
He ſweetly them invites,
To ſhare in Heaven's delights;
His Arms He opens to receive,
All who for paſt tranſgreſſions grieve.

My Father! O that Name is ſweet,
To ſinners mourning in retreat;
God's Heart paternal yearns,
When He a change diſcerns;
He to His favour them reſtores,
He heals their moſt inveterate ſores.

When pangs of the new birth they feel,
He to their pardon ſets His ſeal;
O Love! exceeding thought,
Which our redemption wrought;
Which endleſs bliſs for Saints prepares,
To reign with His own Son, co-heirs.

Religious honour, humble awe,
Obedience to our Father's law;
A lively grateful ſenſe,
Of tenderneſs immenſe;
Full truſt on God's paternal cares,
Submiſſion which chaſtiſement bears.

Grief, when His Goodneſs we offend,
Zeal, to His Likeneſs to aſcend;

Will, from the world refined,
To His ſole Will reſign'd;
Theſe graces in God's children ſhine,
Reflections of the Love Divine.

God's children love all human race,
In whom they God's dear Image trace;
More likeneſs they attain,
The greater love they gain;
Saints in whom God is moſt expreſs'd,
Fraternal charity loves beſt.

God's Son co-equal taught us all,
In prayer His Father ours to call;
With confidence in need,
We to our Father ſpeed;
Of His own Son the language dear,
Intenerates the Father's ear.

I, prodigal, to ſquander ſtrive,
The portion I from God derive;
I precious time miſſpend,
Towards vanities propend;
On huſks of worldly joys I feed,
Which nothing but fruſtrations breed.

Thou Father art, though to my ſhame,
I often forfeit that dear Name;
But ſince for ſin I grieve,
Me Father-like receive;

O melt me into filial tears,
To pay of love my vaſt arrears.

My love, my tears can never riſe,
To a juſt filial ſacrifice;
But Jeſus for me bled,
Both love and tears He ſhed;
For His love, tears, O! me forgive,
That I Thy child may ever live.

O Spirit of Adoption! ſpread
Thy Wings enamouring o'er my head;
O Filial Love immenſe!
Raiſe me to love intenſe;
O Father! ſource of Love Divine,
My powers to love and hymn incline.

While God my Father I revere,
Nor all hell powers, nor death I fear;
I am my Father's care,
His ſuccours preſent are;
All comes from my loved Father's Will,
And that ſweet Name intends no ill.

God's Son, His Soul, when life He cloſed,
In His dear Father's Hands repoſed;
I'll, when my laſt I breathe,
My ſoul to God bequeath;
And panting for the joys on high,
Invoking Love Paternal, die.

THE CIRCUMCISION.

UPON the octave of Thy birth,
Since Thou God-man didſt ſhine on earth,
Thou as the bliſsful light
Immaculately bright,
Wouldſt a ſeverity endure,
Contrived to teach lapſed men they were impure.

Thy heav'nly Father it ordain'd,
Love to obedience Thee conſtrain'd,
Our ſpirits to incline
To zeal for law divine,
From infancy Thy Father's Will,
It was Thy care devoutly to fulfil.

Thou our affections to excite,
Wouldſt ſtoop to an afflictive rite,
Thou early didſt foreſhew,
What Thou wouldſt undergo,
Thy Croſs and agonizing pains,
Which made Thy Blood guſh out at all Thy Veins.

But, Lord, from ſin all pain aroſe,
Sin is the cauſe of penal woes,
A babe Thou didſt begin
To bear the weight of ſin,
And by the circumciſing ſteel,
Teach that Thy Fleſh our puniſhment ſhould feel.

All Heaven and earth which ſaw Thee bleed,
Saw Thee true man and Abraham's ſeed,
He firſt received the ſign
Of covenant divine,
And 'twas by Thee from him derived,
All dead in ſin, to bliſs ſhould be revived.

Thy Love, ſweet Babe, with willing heart
Endured Thy Circumciſion ſmart
'Twas Thy propitious aim
To take that deareſt Name
Of Jeſus, at that rite impoſed
Which Thy Salvation to the world diſcloſed

My ſpirit makes its laſt efforts,
To think what that dear Name imports,
One while I ſin ſurvey,
Which Jeſus takes away;
I ſee my Jeſus bear the pains
Due to my own concupiſcential ſtains.

My love one while ſuggeſts to thought,
The great Salvation Jeſus wrought
And while I Jeſus ſee
Hang on the Croſs for me,
My love trajected from my eye,
O'erflows my heart, I could for Jeſus die.

Dear Jeſus is a joyful Name,
And I a part in Jeſus claim,

Sweet Jeſus dries my tears,
Sweet Jeſus calms my fears,
And I from guilt by Jeſus freed,
The very Angels ſhould in hymn exceed.

Bleſs'd Angels! you my Jeſus praiſe,
Fleſh cannot reach your heavenly lays,
Yet ſince for me He deign'd,
Not you, to be arraign'd,
In love with you I'll ſtrive to vie,
With all your might you love, and ſo will I.

My love in this ſhall yours outdo,
'Twill be the tenderer of the two,
Into ſoft tears 'twill melt,
For woes my Jeſus felt;
Our loves in different rills will ſtream,
Mine native, yours but foreigner will ſeem.

At Jeſu's Name all knees muſt bow,
Their hearts for off'rings to Him vow,
I, Jeſu, would vow mine,
But Thou muſt it refine,
Till it to Thy ſole Love adheres,
And at Thy Throne fit holocauſt appears.

But what have I which is my own,
To offer, Jeſu, at Thy Throne?
The heart that I deſign,
Is by dear purchaſe Thine,
And I have nothing left in ſtore,
But was Thy own, my Jeſus, long before.

O, my dear Jeſus, 'twas Thy own,
I now my ſacrilege bemoan,
I ſtole my heart away,
Made it to ſin a prey.
Thou gaveſt Thyſelf to free the ſlave,
Reject me not whom Thou didſt die to ſave.

My Jeſus! O Thy Name is ſweet,
To ſinners mourning in retreat,
The Name by God deſign'd
To eaſe a troubled mind.
God Love to us had ne'er been ſtyled,
Had He not been in Jeſus reconciled.

My Jeſus! while I here remain,
Affections vile, unruly, vain,
Are ready to ariſe,
My ſpirit to ſurpriſe;
O circumciſe them from my heart,
That naught may me and my dear Jeſus part.

Duration the Angelic quire
In hymning ſpend and never tire,
Eternally delight
In Beatific Sight,
When Jeſus has my heart poſſeſs'd,
O I could Jeſus hymn and never reſt.

A thouſand years is but one day,
In God's indiviſible ray.

And while I Jeſus ſing,
An ever-guſhing ſpring
With thought devout ſupplies my zeal,
And I in ſinging no ſucceſſion feel.

My Jeſus! no ſeraphic flame
Has ardours fit to hymn Thy Name,
While I to hymn incline,
I'll love and Jeſus join,
And when my hymn remits its heat,
Jeſus my love a thouſand times repeat.

My Jeſus! I my ſpirit chide,
When from Thy thought it turns aſide,
O be Thou on my breaſt
Still virtually impreſs'd,
My love will long to ſing with thoſe,
Whoſe hymns to Jeſus never ſhall have cloſe.

SECOND SUNDAY AFTER CHRISTMAS.

On the Nativity.

Luke ii. 15-21.

O GREAT God-man! my grovelling ſpirit raiſe,
To a devout ſublimity of praiſe;
Thy beams on me Thou Fontal Wiſdom dart,
Thy boundleſs Love incarnate in my heart,

That at full pitch of evangelic joy,
To ſing Thy birth, I may my powers employ.

The ſtationary prieſt, with lighted torch,
Had tried the Levites upper veſts to ſcorch,
Whom at their various poſts he ſleeping found,
As in the Holy Place he walk'd the round,
When God Incarnate paſs'd His virgin ſhroud,
With gentler force than rays a yielding cloud.
And lapſed man ſaw the firſt ſalvific gleams,
Which ſoon grew up to full meridian beams;
Spreading a glorious evangelic light,
And uninvadable by ghoſtly night;
The Virgin Mother near the manger placed,
In her ſoft arms the boundleſs Babe embraced,
As on the Ark the Shechinah reclined,
Between the cherubims' bright wings enſhrined,
While all the world in ſudden rapture joins,
And in high ſympathetic praiſe combines.

The morning ſtars new lofty carols ſang,
And all the heavenly orbs of Jeſus rang,
A cheerful ſplendour brighten'd all the ſphere,
The air ſerene made clouds to diſappear;
The moon wiped her disfigured ſpots away,
Ambitious at midnight to make midday;
The drooping flow'rs which abſent ſun bemoan,
Raiſed up their heads, grew freſh, and fully
blown;

All ſtrove their quinteſcential ſweets to drain,
Perfuming earth, God-man to entertain.
Earth which with Paradiſe might then compare,
And felt more odorous incenſe in the air.
The woods, by winter of their ſhade bereaved,
By an extemporaneous ſpring were leaved;
The nightingales, juſt fallen aſleep, awoke,
The airy quires with ſinging to provoke,
And thick on every tree the winged throng
Strove to out-do the nightingales in ſong;
The God of harmony voiced all their throats,
And ſweetly harmonized their various notes,
Ominous birds, at midnight wont to roam,
Made no dire noiſe, but ſilent perch'd at home.
The fiends were all night long in Tophet chain'd,
Wondering they from their haunts ſhould be
reſtrain'd,
The ocean cryſtal clear lay faſt aſleep,
The eye might view the bottom of the deep.
Dread thunders into warblings ſoft were ſtill'd,
Heaven ſhot kind lightnings the expanſe to gild;
All the looſe winds which o'er the compaſs flew,
In ſweet, refreſhing, gentle murmurs blew;
No noxious exhalations could ariſe,
Balſamic vapours only fill'd the ſkies,
And mortals drown'd in ſleep alluring ſteams,
Of ſtrange deliverance had tranſporting dreams.

The ſhepherds, who near Bethlehem watch'd
the fold,

A wondrous change could in the world behold;
There was no need to drive the wolves away,
Wolves would with fearleſs lambs familiar play,
When on a ſudden, arched Heaven around,
Of ſwift angelic wings they heard the ſound,
With light a thouſand times beyond the ſun,
All Heaven was in an inſtant over-run,
Bright majeſtatic glory fill'd the ſphere,
And ſtruck the ſwains with a ſweet, awful fear;
Till an Archangel ſtay'd on wings outſpread,
With heavenly mildneſs, thus allay'd their dread.

Fear not: Behold, good tidings I declare
Of greateſt joy, in which all men ſhall ſhare:
In David's city at this turn of morn,
A Saviour, Chriſt, the Lord, to you is born.
This ſign ſhall Him diſtinguiſh to your eyes,
He's ſwathed in clouts, and in a manger lies.
Straight with the radiant herald, numerous hoſts
Of glorious Angels, fill the airy coaſts,
Dancing for joy o'er the expanſe on wing,
In heaven-taught meaſures, while they loudly ſing,
To God in Heaven be Glory, on earth Peace,
God-will towards men, ſuch as ſhall never ceaſe.
And while their voices in ſweet chords conſpire,
Each heavenly harper ſtrikes his tuneful lyre:
Good Angels joy, when but one ſinner weeps,
Heaven Jubilee for every mourner keeps.
But their ecſtatic joys were unconfined,
At the Salvation of all lapſed mankind.

God, who Himſelf immenſe complacence ſhew'd,
With beams triunal the horizon ſtrew'd.

The winged hoſt remembering God's Decree,
When Filial God they ſhould Incarnate ſee,
That they ſhould all adore Him, ſwiftly flew
To Bethlehem, there to pay their homage due;
But ere to make their entrance they preſume,
Themſelves they firſt proportion to the room,
They their expanded vehicles condenſe,
Their rays collected, ſhine the more intenſe.
Nine heavenly orders enter one by one,
The loweſt ſhined much brighter than the ſun.
Joſeph and Mary's elevated ſight
Remain'd undazzled at their glories bright;
Angels firſt, Seraphs laſt, their reverence made,
In proper robes reſplendent all array'd.
Each order entering the bleſs'd humble door,
At the Babe's feet fell proſtrate on the floor;
Of humble Jeſus, each ſang hymns ſublime,
With the celeſtial harpers keeping time:
Soon as they had their adorations paid,
And heap'd their bleſſings on the heavenly Maid,
As forth they from the hallow'd ſtable went,
They ſtretch'd their radiant ſhapes to full extent,
And ſtraight remounting to the realm of light,
Hymn'd God Incarnate all along their flight.

The lowly ſwains, to ſee the wondrous Child,
Leave ſheep and wolves together reconciled;

On ſtraw they find Him in the manger laid,
Till taken up by the ſweet, humble Maid;
As in her arms her deareſt Babe repoſed,
A wreath of heavenly glory both encloſed,
The ſhepherds the Immortal Child adored,
His bleſſings for themſelves and flocks implored,
And rapt at His tranſporting ſight, diffuſe
All o'er the city the tranſporting news,
While David's race in David's town enroll'd,
Haſte to the inn, the Infant to behold,
The faithful ſhepherds to the crowd declare,
The glorious viſion they had ſeen in air,
All in amazement pleaſing and devout,
Gave an exulting euchariſtic ſhout;
Bleſt Mary, who in joys had greateſt part,
Kept all they ſaid deep graven on her heart;
The ſwains with overflowing joys repair,
Of their dear flocks to reaſſume the care,
And all the way returning to the field,
Praiſed God for all the glorious things reveal'd;
Their flocks they feeding in full ſafety found,
And made the plains with Jeſus' praiſe reſound.

To guide the kings, a radiant ſtar was ſent,
Bleſs'd ſwains, celeſtial beams o'erſpread your tent,
God Angels choſe, glad news to them to bring,
They ſaw them dance for joy, and heard them ſing,
God, who exalts the humble, honour'd you

Above all men, with God Incarnate's view.
May I, like you, life on my calling ſpend,
Untainted by the world on God attend,
Devout, meek, peaceful, low in my own eye,
In God's tranſporting favour live and die.
Jeſus be praiſed! Who deign'd the joyful news
By Angels into ſhepherds to infuſe.
Glory to Jeſus! the whole mount recites,
Who humbleſt ſaints exalts to nobleſt heights.

THE EPIPHANY.

WHEN God from Heaven came down,
To take our fleſh in Bethlehem town,
Heaven the tranſporting news
Declared at firſt to none but Jews;
To Bethlehem ſhepherds who watch'd o'er the fold,
A quire of Angels the glad tidings told.

They ſaw God's early ray,
And might keep feſtival that day,
From Gentiles God conceal'd,
The ſaving truth to Jews reveal'd.
This day the Gentiles the glad tidings heard,
This day, by all the world to be revered.

A ſtar, new, ſtrange, and bright,
Appear'd by day as well as night,

And with its radiant beam,
Strove with the ſun to be ſupreme,
Which Eaſtern Gentiles gueſs'd was to forerun
The wiſh'd-for dawn of the Eternal Sun.

By rays which from it ſtream'd,
One of the morning ſtars it ſeem'd,
Which from the quire detach'd,
Was to the ſolar ſphere deſpatch'd,
By the peculiar pointings of its ray,
To ſhew the Gentiles where their Saviour lay.

Led by the wondrous ſtar,
Three princely ſages came from far,
Who made all Salem ring
Of their new-born propitious King,
And the great council Herod call'd agreed,
That for His birth-place Bethlehem was decreed.

This day the ſtar ſtood ſtill,
Its rays which brighten'd Bethlehem vill,[1]
Towards the poor ſtable veer'd,
Where God in ſwaddling-clothes appear'd:
The ſages entering fell upon the floor,
The weak Almighty Infant to adore.

Next to the Infant, they
Due honour to the Mother pay,

[1] *Vill*, town.

Then cloths of ſtate unfold,
Which wrapt myrrh, frankincenſe, and gold,
Thoſe they preſented to the Infant's view,
The nobleſt gifts which in their countries grew.

Ye eaſtern ſages ſay
When you had travell'd a long way
To ſeek a King, and ſaw
None but an humble Babe on ſtraw,
What moved you for a King that Babe to own,
Who had a manger only for His throne?

Knew you what was of old,
By Balaam of a ſtar foretold,
Which ſhould in Jacob riſe,
Whoſe beams ſhould glad their wiſhing eyes?
Or had ſome long tradition reach'd your ear,
Of a new King to roll the Jewiſh ſphere?

O it was Light Divine,
Which deign'd into your hearts to ſhine,
Which ghoſtly clouds diſpell'd,
The ſtar's effulgence far excell'd;
Made you the guilt of human race deſcry,
And long till a Redeemer bleſs'd your eye.

You Mother ſaw and Child,
She ſweetly yearn'd, He brightly ſmiled;
None of the bleſs'd above,
E'er had ſuch interchange of love.

'Twas heavenly glory which the Infant crown'd,
Dilating His pure Mother to ſurround.

You ſaw her ſweet amaze,
How her full ſoul o'erflow'd with praiſe,
And how her eyes ſhe tried
'Twixt Heaven and Infant to divide;
Who taught her love to Heaven the readieſt way
On His reflex of Fontal Godhead's ray.

Rapt at the Infant's ſight,
You in a dream inſpired by night
Were Salem charged to waive,
From Herod's rage the Babe to ſave,
And to your lands return'd by ſecret roads,
To ſcatter light o'er all your dark abodes.

By the firſt-fruits thus bleſs'd,
Of Gentiles hallow'd were the reſt;
And ſoon the ſplendour ſpread,
Which the ſweet Dove Eternal ſhed;
'Twas on this happy day the Gentile world
Firſt ſaw the banner of God's love unfurl'd.

No penitential moan
Should reach this day the Heavenly Throne,
But ſhould a tincture have
Of joy, for Him who came to ſave;
And His Salvation to extend to all,
Who o'er the world for mercy to Him call.

Be gracious God adored,
Who in pure pity unimplored,
Would yet the joyful news,
O'er this my native land diffuſe;
And whoſe Omniſcience, which all perſons ſees,
Deſign'd me ſhare in His benign decrees.

Thou, Lord, my plague haſt heal'd,
By ſaving-truths by Thee reveal'd;
While I Thy pardon feel,
With a compaſſionating zeal,
I beg that darken'd ſouls Thy Light may ſee,
And in Thy Goodneſs ſhare, which ſhines on me.

For ſtar my ſoul to lead,
Thy holy Word I'll daily read;
'Twill ſhine all o'er my way,
And ſhew the right, whene'er I ſtray:
But when I ſhall approach my Heavenly King,
I votive gifts, like the wiſe men, ſhould bring.

I'll, Lord, my gold preſent,
On Thy poor brethren to be ſpent;
Prayer ſhall to Thee aſpire,
As frankincenſe fumes up by fire;
For uncorrupting myrrh, an heart ſincere
I'll bring, from wilful putrefactions clear.

Lord, on my gifts though vile,
Let Thy benignity but ſmile,

My love ſhall daily ſtrive
At higher offerings to arrive;
And for their daily failings to atone,
Preſent new hymns to Thy propitious throne.

FIRST SUNDAY AFTER EPIPHANY.

His mother kept all theſe ſayings in her heart.
St. Luke, ii. 51.

GOD, Who is pleaſed bright Angels down to ſend,
On purpoſe little children to attend;
When bleſſed Mary firſt drew vital air,
Entruſted her to a bright ſeraph's care;
The aged Saints, who for a child had pray'd,
Sang hymns to God when joyful parents made;
Devoted God's free gift to God alone,
And more God's child eſteem'd her than their own;
Her ſeraph kept her in his ſweet embrace,
No one foul ſpirit durſt approach the place;
The Holy Ghoſt His temple in her built,
Cleanſed from congenial, kept from mortal guilt;
And from the moment that her blood was fired,
Into her heart Celeſtial Love inſpired.

The babe, when ſhe began to ſpeak, was taught
To conſecrate to God her tongue and thought,
And, prompted by her ſeraph, took delight

Continual hallelujahs to recite;
Her phylacteries next ſhe by degrees
Had learn'd, and to repeat them on her knees;
Thoſe which the love of God ſincere enjoin'd
Affected moſt her heaven-enkindled mind:
When ſhe began to read God's holy book,
In which ſhe her initiation took,
Her ſoul was with a heavenly manna fed,
Her ſpirit taſted every truth ſhe read;
And ere ſhe ſaw two weeks of years complete
She the whole pſalter could by heart repeat;
From types, and what the propheſies foretold,
Which ſhe, by Heaven enlighten'd, could unfold,
She the idea of Meſſias drew,
Pray'd for His advent, kept Him ſtill in view;
Seven times a-day ſhe to her cloſet went,
Her fervent love in fervent prayer to vent;
And her unwearied zeal was wont to pray
By warm ejaculations all the day;
She in the depth of her ſerene repoſe
At midnight to her ſolemn office roſe:
As ſhe grew up love daily gain'd new heights,
And ſhe from them began ſublimer flights.

No Angel who e'er human likeneſs took
Had a more chaſte, ſweet, charming, heavenly look,
A look, which all at the firſt ſight revered,
And while it ſtruck a ſacred awe endear'd;
Plain, cleanly, and becoming was her dreſs,
Had nothing curious, nothing of exceſs;

She idleneſs, the peſt of ſouls to ſhun,
In intervals of prayer her garments ſpun;
Soon as herſelf ſhe decently array'd,
She veſtments for the poor and naked made;
Charity, next to Heaven, abſorb'd her care,
The poor, in every meal ſhe eat, had ſhare;
Her cloſet-meditations, moſt ſublime,
Where with her God alone ſhe ſpent her time;
Her languors, bleſs'd Meſſias to behold,
Spring-tides of Heaven, which o'er her ſpirit roll'd;
Humility, which all proud thoughts ſuppreſs'd,
As if no one perfection ſhe poſſeſs'd,
Her will transfuſed into the Will Divine,
Accuſtom'd with God's Will to co-incline;
Her ſanctity to God's true Likeneſs grown,
Her frequent viſits from the glorious throne
A ſilent admiration may create,
None but her guardian ſeraph can relate.

To parents, next to God, ſhe reverence paid,
They ſweetly ruled, as ſweetly ſhe obey'd;
She was the ſubject of their prayer and praiſe,
Their tender nurſe in their declining days;
Heaven warn'd them their dear daughter to
commend
To reverend Joſeph's care, their ancient friend,
A ſaint, who would her purity protect,
And treat her with angelical reſpect;
To her dear parents' choice ſhe choſe to yield,
And the eſpouſals ſolemnly were ſeal'd,

Gabriel meanwhile from bliſs flew down full-ſpeed,
To tell her as ſhe pray'd that Heaven decreed
She the Meſſias in her womb ſhould bear,
Whoſe ſight had been the ſubject of her prayer;
The boundleſs might of Fontal Love Divine
The love co-breathed, third of the Glorious Trine,
On thee deſcending ſhall thy womb diſpoſe
Great filial God incarnate to incloſe;
She ſcarcely could believe her ears and eyes,
The meſſage had ſuch rapturous ſurpriſe,
Till Gabriel her aſſured it was God's Will,
Which 'twas her ſole ambition to fulfil;
And as he back to Heaven his flight began
In a love-tranſport ſhe conceived God-man;
While Godhead templing in her womb remain'd,
What influence from God within ſhe gain'd,
What ſuavities, loves, languors, ardours, lights,
Joys, jubilations, beatific ſights,
What rapts when ſhe Magnificats compoſed,
Or when t' Eliza Gabriel's news diſcloſed,
Her ſpirit fill'd, no poetry can gueſs,
Herſelf could never what ſhe felt expreſs.
Joſeph with jealous eye her change beheld,
Till a bright Angel all his doubts diſpell'd;
Then both at Nazareth lived a bliſsful life,
Moſt tender huſband, moſt ſubmiſſive wife;
Their chaſtity was free from ſenſual taints,
Their mutual love pure, as in heavenly Saints;
His Angel and her Seraph could not join
In friendſhip more endearing, more divine.

When ſhe to Bethlehem came that happy morn,
Her virgin-eyes ſaw God Incarnate born;
How high her raptures then began to ſwell,
None but her own omniſcient Son can tell;
God-man, who deigns to temple in pure hearts,
A wondrous love to common ſaints imparts,
Gives them of heavenly love foretaſting ſight,
To comprehend its length, breadth, depth, and height;
Much greater love to His dear Mother ſhew'd,
Heaven in ſweet deluge on her ſpirit flow'd;
As Eve when ſhe her fontal ſin review'd,
Wept for herſelf, and all ſhe ſhould include;
Bleſs'd Mary, with man's Saviour in embrace,
Joy'd for herſelf, and for all human race;
All Saints are by her Son's dear influence bleſs'd,
She kept the very fountain at her breaſt;
The Son adored and nurſed by the ſweet Maid,
A thouſand-fold of Love for love repaid;
Saints, who of God have beatific view,
Such mighty joys peculiar never knew;
They to hymn God as vot'ries are employ'd,
As Mother of the God they hymn'd, ſhe joy'd.

But yet to temper rapturous exceſs,
Her joys below were mingled with diſtreſs;
When ſhe a Mother, yet a Virgin pure,
Purification legal would endure:
Simeon, who honour'd was God-man to hold,

The ſword, which ſhould the Mother pierce, foretold,
Her Son was born our griefs to undergo,
She ſweetly ſympathiſed in all His woe:
The wound which firſt check'd her ecſtatic joy,
Was Herod's plot the Infant to deſtroy;
But warn'd by Heaven, to Egypt ſhe took flight,
God cured that wound by baffling Herod's ſpite;
Babe, Virgin, Joſeph, when the ſtorm was o'er,
Return'd to Nazareth, where they lived before,
There humble and obſcure the parents dwelt,
And of their Son, God-man, the bleſſings felt;
Above two luſtres in ſweet peace they ſpent,
Then with their wondrous Son to Salem went;
The Virgin there received a ſecond wound,
Which ſoon was cured when the dear Child they found;
All three to pleaſant Nazareth then retired,
Where Joſeph in the Virgin's arms expired;
God-man Himſelf his abſolution ſpake,
His ſpirit long'd its priſon to forſake;
Son then and Mother lived exempt from noiſe,
Reciprocating heavenly loves and joys.

Into the world ſoon as bleſs'd Jeſus came,
His mediatory-office to proclaim,
Bleſs'd Mary, who in her reflecting ſoul
Took care all Jeſu's actions to enroll,
Who had of ſin, and Love Divine, a ſenſe
Next to her Son, moſt lively, moſt intenſe,

When ſhe His Love, which ſinful man redeem'd,
Saw daily ſcorn'd, inſulted, and blaſphemed,
The ſword pierced daily through her tender heart,
And ſhe of all His ſorrows felt the ſmart;
But when ſhe on the Croſs beheld God-man,
Up to the hilt the dolorous weapon ran.

Soon as He left His grave her joy revived,
She from her Son freſh ſprings of joy derived;
To John's dear care ſhe by her Son conſign'd,
To his ſole manſion her abode confined;
The bleſs'd above adore their heavenly King,
Contemplate, love, converſe, rejoice, and ſing
Thoſe were her ſole employments day and night,
Her converſation darted heavenly light;
To all the hours of prayer ſhe daily came,
When any cool'd, her zeal refreſh'd their flame;
She to devotion all her time applied,
She lived as if already glorified;
Her love ſtill languiſh'd for the happy day,
When to the grave ſhe ſhould reſign her clay,
Exulting when the world ſhe was to leave,
And her divine Viaticum receive,
Fell ſick, and died of an exceſs of love,
Haſtening to her reſtorative above;
Heaven with tranſcendent joys her entrance
graced,
Next to His throne her Son His Mother placed;
And here below, now ſhe's of Heaven poſſeſs'd,
All generations are to call her bleſs'd.

SECOND SUNDAY AFTER EPIPHANY.

Chriſt-like Love.

Be kindly affectioned one to another with brotherly love, in honour preferring one another.—*Romans* xii. 10.

AS to myſelf, to be to others kind,
Jeſu, is by Thy Law enjoin'd,
And how I love myſelf I well
Can by my own ſenſation tell,
In grief, want, danger, pain, I recollect
What love from neighbours I expect,
By meaſuring myſelf I know
Like love ſincere I to all others owe.

Thou, Jeſu, in the Evangelic pact
A love much harder doſt exact,
That all who Thy true lovers are
Their love, ſhew'd with Thy own, compare,
That they ſhould others love to like degree,
As they themſelves are loved by Thee,
This ſeems of love the utmoſt height,
A pitch tranſcending far all human flight.

Thou, mighty God, out of pure boundleſs love
Didſt leave Thy glorious Throne above
To ſink to fleſh, and to ſuſtain
Succeſſive want, reproach, and pain,

And after all Thou didſt Thyſelf expoſe
To Crucifixion for Thy foes,
None but God-man ſuch love could ſhew,
Such undeſerved griefs could undergo.

But ſince Thou, Lord, haſt made this Love Divine
Of cordial love to Thee the ſign,
Since Thou haſt thus loved me, I'll ſtrive
From Thee like paſſion to derive,
Love will think nothing grievous, nothing hard,
While to Thy Love it has regard,
Love of no ſufferings is afraid,
Which are with beatific Love repaid.

Lord, ſhouldſt Thou call me to the ſtake to die,
To ſave from hell my enemy,
O let Thy Love my ſpirit fire,
I'll on the Croſs for love expire,
While I my ſoul for love an offering make,
I'll love to ſuffer for Love's ſake,
I'll joy my ſufferings are like Thine,
That I with Thee ſhall in like glory ſhine.

THIRD SUNDAY AFTER EPIPHANY.

The Saints with Jeſus.

And I ſay unto you, That many ſhall come from the eaſt and weſt, and ſhall ſit down with Abraham, and Iſaac, and Jacob, in the kingdom of heaven.—*Matthew* viii. 11.

SOUL, when your fleſh diſſolves to duſt,
To God's ſafe Hands yourſelf entruſt;
Be not too curious to inquire,
Where to aſpire;

Whether to Paradiſe you fly,
Or in bleſs'd Abraham's boſom lie,
Or to that orb your flight you raiſe
Where Enoch ſtays;

Or to the third celeſtial ſphere,
Where wonders Paul was rapt to hear,
Or Hades bleſs'd where ſouls elect
Full bliſs expect.

Secure your Love while here below,
And dying you'll to Jeſus go:
Paul long'd loved Jeſus' face to view,
For that long you.

Bleſs'd Jeſus' boundleſs bliſs Divine
In you in miniature will ſhine,
Glory for glory, beam for beam
Will on you ſtream.

A crown, a throne at God's right Hand,
Where Saints their robes of ray expand,
Where Saints are kings, and on their ſtate
High Angels wait.

Such bleſſings on the Saints attend,
When Jeſus-like they Heaven aſcend,
The Lamb, of joys the boundleſs ſpring,
They'll ever ſing.

Death our fore-runner is, and guides
To Sion, where the Lamb abides,
There Saints enjoy ecſtatic reſt
In manſions bleſt.

Death, I well know, that every day
Wiſe Providence appoints your way,
Your thirſt for blood would ſlay mankind,
If not confined.

I long to reach the Lamb's dear ſight,
Be ſure to hit my vitals right,
Leſt life half left prolongs my days
And bliſs delays.

FOURTH SUNDAY AFTER EPIPHANY.

Omnipotence.

But the men marvelled, ſaying, What manner of man is this, that even the winds and the ſea obey him?
Matthew viii. 27.

MY God, 'tis by Thy ſweet ſupports,
I offer Thee my laſt efforts;
In my declining painful years,
Thy gracious aid my ſpirit cheers;
Hymns on Thy Power benign I'll ſtill compoſe,
From which my power to love and hymn Thee roſe.

I humbly, Lord, adore Thy Might,
With Deity co-infinite;
Nothing's impoſſible to Thee,
Unleſs uncapable to be;
Which either contradiction pure implies,
Or cannot with Thy nature harmonize.

Thy Power could out of Nothing rear
Earth, ocean, the celeſtial ſphere,
And paſs the boundleſs gulf betwixt
Eternal Nought and Being fix'd;
Thy Power immenſe, which could on Nothing act,
Could, with like eaſe, unnumber'd worlds extract.

Thou, Lord, didſt ſpeak when Nothing heard,
And inſtantly a world appear'd;
To all things Thou didſt ſpace divide,
In minutes, Time began to glide;
O wondrous Power, which all things out of Nought,
By but a word, in beauteous order brought.

When all things, with coeval Light,
Were form'd by Thy Ideas bright;
All joy'd their Being to commence,
Nought could inſult Omnipotence;
When Thy Almighty Word its effluence made,
Obediential chaos ne'er gainſaid.

But when Thou hadſt fall'n man in view,
And Thy lapſed creature wouldſt renew,
A thouſand oppoſitions roſe,
That new Creation to oppoſe;
Concupiſcence, the World, and Hell combined,
To grieve, to outrage, Goodneſs unconfined.

Thy mighty Love would then redeem
The objects of Thy hate extreme,
And ſent God Filial from on high,
For ſinners on the Croſs to die;
Thy Love was more omnipotent to ſave,
Than Thy creative power, which Being gave.

Since Angels, men, and all below,
To Thy ſole Word exiſtence owe;

Saints, in the moſt afflictive hour,
Recumb on Thy propitious power;
Thou, Who the world didſt by Thy Word create,
Canſt reſcue from the moſt minacious[1] fate.

All things from Thee, which Being took,
Thy Omnipreſent Eyes o'erlook;
Thy Power o'er Heaven and Earth preſides,
All things controls, ſupports and guides;
Since all events Thy Power, wiſe, gracious, ſteers,
Thy lovers live exempt from ſervile fears.

O happy ſouls, who in diſtreſs
Have to Omnipotence acceſs;
No Faithful ever pray in vain,
Their prayers Almighty ſuccours gain;
Omnipotence with Goodneſs ſtill is join'd,
Both to ſoft pity always are inclined.

Lord, the ſame Power which ſaints ſuſtains,
Inflicts on rebels endleſs pains;
Thy Power is by Thy Juſtice ſway'd,
And ſin is with due plagues repay'd;
O may I ne'er that awful Power diſpleaſe,
Which keeps of endleſs Life and Death the keys!

Thy friend was, Lord, to walk enjoin'd,
With Thy Omnipotence in mind,

[1] *Minacious*, full of terror.

To keep, in every ſtep he trod,
A reverential ſight of God;
May dread of the Almighty's Preſence reſt,
Each ſtep I take, imprinted on my breaſt.

By miracles which Jeſus wrought,
God-man His Power Almighty taught;
Faith, to that gracious Might reſign'd,
No dolorous Martyrdom declined;
The world no bleſſing knows, which can in need,
Compaſſionate Omnipotence exceed.

King David on Thy Power relied,
And, ſingle, num'rous hoſts defied;
When Death with all his terrors tries
The Saints to frighten or ſurpriſe,
They him, diſarm'd of deadly ſting, outbrave,
Aſſured Thy Power will raiſe them from the grave.

Should devils a Saint's woe conſpire,
With ſpite as raging as their fire;
With them ſhould all fierce Neroes meet,
Inflamed with their infernal heat;
And quinteſſential torturing pains compound,
They might a Saint afflict, but not confound.

Firm truſt in God would him ſecure,
Amidſt his pains of Triumph ſure;

His Heavenly Crown he'd keep in view,
His patience would their rage outdo;
O vain efforts, the world and Tophet make,
Souls ſhelter'd in Almighty Arms to ſhake.

To the Omnipotent, Who reigns,
I offer up my humble ſtrains;
With Saints I to the Heavenly King
My Hallelujahs ſtrive to ſing;
When from frail fleſh I take ſupernal flight,
I God ſhall hymn, at the celeſtial height.

FIFTH SUNDAY AFTER EPIPHANY.

Matthew xiii. 24-30.

LORD, 'tis not in Thy Church alone,
That tares among good corn are ſown;
Satan our hearts to diſcompoſe,
His tares there ſows.

Soon as the amiable Dove
Sheds in our hearts celeſtial Love;
And our clear'd heaven-erected eyes
This world deſpiſe;

Soon as our powers begin to feel
The ſuavities of heavenly zeal,
And ſtand propending to obey
Love's gentle ſway:

Satan his force and wiles collects,
Looſe thoughts into our ſouls injects,
Which our imaginations lure
To loves impure.

Thy Word, Lord, in this life declares,
That corn will mingled be with tares,
Thou ſeparation doſt delay
Till Judgment Day.

My God, let neither tares nor weeds,
Choke in my ſoul Thy heavenly ſeeds,
Keep, Lord, what Thou Thyſelf doſt ſow,
From the curſed foe.

From the curſed foe, for in my heart
'Tis he would fain uſurp a part,
But I to Thee my heart reſign,
Keep what is Thine.

My Love ſhall Satan's ſpite oppoſe,
And if in me his tares he ſows,
May he at Judgment bear the blame,
I them diſclaim.

Tares in the hearts of Saints remain,
Foils to the true and beauteous grain,
For love they trials are deſign'd
In ſouls refined.

Our birth propenſion ſenſual ſows
To wilful ſin, which cheriſh'd grows;
We all our life muſt God invoke,
That growth to choke.

To all the daughters of lapſed Eve,
Eve-like concupiſcences cleave,
And 'tis by power of Grace Divine,
We them confine.

Grace, which all votaries' wants ſupplies,
Which God to no weak ſoul denies,
Strengthening the fraileſt, to repel
The powers of hell.

Live ſatisfied to be ſincere,
Infirmities you'll ſuffer here,
None to perfection can attain,
Till Heaven they gain.

Lord, ſow Love in our ſpirits deep,
That each a daily crop may reap,
To Thee a harveſt every day,
Of Love to pay.

SIXTH SUNDAY AFTER EPIPHANY.

The Trumpet.

And he ſhall ſend his angels with a great ſound of a trumpet, and they ſhall gather together his elect from the four winds, from one end of heaven to the other.

Matthew xxiv. 31.

IN univerſal dread I waked,
Each atom in me quaked,
Tremendous ſounds, methought, hung in my ear,
Which ſhook the circumambient ſphere,

Methought it reach'd to hell,
Where all the frighted fiends a-trembling fell.

I ſtarting, to my Guardian ſay,
Sure 'tis the Judgment Day,
Woe, woe, is me, my ſoul is unprepared,
I am unutterably ſcared;
O for one minute more,
In which I may my numerous ſins deplore!

To God ſend penitential cries;
My Guardian then replies,
God gives you time your wanderings to lament,
Which ſhould upon your knees be ſpent:
What ſound, I then rejoin'd,
Is that, which with this horror ſtrikes my mind?

I ſaw, my Guardian ſaid, this night
An Angel in his flight,
One of the ſeven, who at God's Throne of State
With their celeſtial trumpets wait,
Him I, in darted thought,
To reſt himſelf a while with me beſought.

He mildly yields, I him embrace,
And as he took his place,
I ſaw his trumpet hang between his wings,
As we diſcourſed of heavenly things,
And his right hand contain'd
Seven thunder-bolts, for ſome curſed land ordain'd.

Ah me! ſaid I, how is mankind
Turn'd deaf, dumb, ſtupid, blind!
To the ſurpriſe of death and endleſs woes,
Each moment they themſelves expoſe;
This ſoul I tender here,
I rarely make my warnings to revere.

I long my pupil to ſecure,
And keep him Chriſt-like pure,
O lift your radiant trumpet to your head,
Sound in the key which wakes the dead,
Sound ſingly to his ear;
Wake all ye dead, at Judgment to appear.

The Angel with my wiſh conſpired,
Sounding what I deſired,
But much more dreadful, more ſurpriſing ſound
Will through the hollow graves rebound,
When the laſt trump begins
To ſummon ſouls to Judgment for their ſins.

I thanks to my good Angel paid,
The warning duly weigh'd,
The ſound continues lively in my mind,
And when to ill I am inclined,
The trumpet I recall,
To keep me watchful, and prevent my fall.

SEPTUAGESIMA SUNDAY.

Juſtice.

But he anſwered one of them, and ſaid, Friend, I do thee no wrong: didſt not thou agree with me for a penny? *Matthew* xx. 13.

THY Juſtice, Lord, my ſong excites,
Which guilty ſpirits frights;
As guardian it Thy Love attends,
Thy Goodneſs it defends;
Men would Thy Love deſpiſe,
Hadſt Thou not awful Juſtice to chaſtiſe.

Ah, had we innocence retain'd,
Love o'er our powers had reign'd;
Love which our ſouls to God had ſway'd,
God had with love repaid;
Reciprocations dear,
Had made this world a beatific ſphere.

O curſed ſin! provoking God,
To His avenging rod;
Which ſet juſt jealous God on flame,
To vindicate His Name;
Yet in God's Juſtice we
Benignities ſtill tempering terror ſee.

Meek Moſes ſaw with happy eye,
Thy Goodneſs paſſing by;

Thy Goodneſs, Lord, was firſt proclaim'd,
Next that Thy Juſtice named;
Both amicably join'd,
But the firſt place to Goodneſs was aſſign'd.

Thy Wiſdom with Thy Juſtice ſides,
And Thy vaſt empire guides;
Nothing unworthy thence can flow,
On ſinners here below;
Thou never couldſt create,
A creature purpoſely to damn and hate.

Our being from Thy Goodneſs ſtreams,
Suſtain'd by gracious beams;
And 'tis Thy Will we ſhould love Thee,
With love entire and free;
But we, propenſe to ill,
Croſs the juſt native purpoſe of Thy Will.

Thou, Lord, rebellious man to ſave,
Wouldſt Thy dominion waive;
A covenant Thou didſt begin,
To reſcue him from ſin;
By powerful hope, and fear,
Hell to embitter, glory to endear.

Thy Juſtice which conſtrains Thy Will,
Thy Promiſe to fulfil;
Creates condecencies as ſtrict,
Woes threaten'd to inflict;
Thou, Lord, in both are true,
The ſaint and ſinner both ſhall have their due.

When ſinners boundleſs Love repel,
'Gainſt gracious God rebel;
For things vain, hurtful, tranſient, ill,
Which in fruition kill;
When they make God ſo cheap,
'Tis juſt they of their crimes the fruits ſhould reap.

Though, Lord, Thy diſtributions here,
Oft clouded may appear;
And we into Thy conduct ſtrive,
In vain, by gueſs, to dive;
At the all-clearing Day,
Thy Juſtice will emit unblemiſh'd ray.

No damned wretch ſhall then complain
Of undeſerved pain;
Thy Juſtice will abatements make,
For frailty and miſtake;
Thy ears will open be,
To hear the leaſt commiſerable plea.

Each guilty and upbraiding breaſt
Shall their juſt doom atteſt;
And as they into hell are thrown,
Their curſed option own;
'Twill be their torturing woe,
That to themſelves they their damnation owe.

Thy puniſhment ſhall ſinners grieve,
While chaſtening Saints receive;

That, from eſſential juſtice flows,
This, love paternal ſhows;
For poiſon that's deſign'd,
For medicine this, to cure a ſickly mind.

To none, juſt God, Thou partial art,
Thy favourite is the heart;
All who to Thee whole hearts direct,
Thou wilt pronounce elect;
They'll urge no dark decree,
But plead prayers, tears, and Jeſus on the Tree.

Saints at the Day which ſinners dread
With joy ſhall raiſe their head;
They'll Jeſus ſee enthroned on high,
Who would to ſave them die;
He, Who their nature bore,
Will mildly judge the failings they deplore.

We, Lord, Thy juſtice plainly read,
When common death we heed;
It is of ſin the wages due,
Drawn from the fontal two;
Though death I muſt endure,
From ſin, which gives its ſting, my ſoul ſecure.

May I in view of the great Day,
My ſins diſtinctly weigh;
On all efforts of worldly luſt,

Paſs condemnation juſt;
Before the Judge enthroned,
Plead my guilt, ſelf-condemn'd and ſtain-be-
moan'd.

All praiſe to God Who joys and woes
Will in juſt lots diſpoſe;
Whoſe juſtice, ſhining in true light,
Will ſaints to hymn excite;
O then, with conſcience clear,
May I my joyful Abſolution hear!

SEXAGESIMA SUNDAY.

If I muſt needs glory, I will glory of the things which concern mine infirmities.—2 *Cor.* xi. 30.

FRIEND, for my pain your moan forbear,
It comes from God's paternal care;
From pain I ghoſtly health derive
It is my ſoul's reſtorative.

When you obſerve a father mild
Correct his dear beloved child,
You ſee the yearnings he betrays,
At each ſoft ſtripe he on him lays.

If fathers here, who ſons chaſtiſe,
Thus with their children ſympathiſe,

Thence eſtimate the boundleſs Love
In our bleſs'd Father, God above.

All loves paternal here below,
From Fontal Love Paternal flow;
If finite nature is thus kind,
What is the Love that's unconfined?

You by the rills the ſource may gueſs,
You'll then leſs pity my diſtreſs;
Love Infinite my medicine ſends,
And nothing but pure love intends.

Let Love immenſe His work fulfil,
My pains inſtructive cure my will;
Love ſaw me cool, I by His rod
Shall re-enamour'd be of God.

QUINQUAGESIMA SUNDAY.

Though I ſpeak with the tongues of men and of angels, and have not charity, I am become as ſounding braſs, or a tinkling cymbal.—1 *Cor.* xiii. 1.

ALL praiſe to Thee, great God, we owe,
To Thee, from Whoſe inſpirings flow
Our ſouls immortal, unconfined,
For Heaven deſign'd.

In vain, though like the ſeraphs bright,
Should be our intellectual light,
Shouldſt not Thou with that light inſtil
Unbounded will.

Will, which all other powers tranſcends,
By native weight to Thee propends;
And when propenſion is entire,
'Tis love on fire.

Love, O my God, my ſoul eſteems
The deareſt of Thy gracious beams,
Saints no delight in life would take
But for Love's ſake.

Thou boundleſsly enamouring ſenſe
Haſt of Thy Lovelineſs immenſe;
And ſouls who at Love boundleſs aim
Have God-like flame.

Thy Beauties ſeen obſcurely here,
Our ſouls tranſportingly endear:
In the attractives all combine
Of Love Divine.

Soft yearnings of a Father mild,
On His loſt miſerable child.
God-man Who ſuffer'd pangs extreme,
Foes to redeem.

The hoverings of the gracious Dove,
To fire, and fuel Heavenly Love,

Rewards, which utmoſt thought exceed,
For love decreed.

Love was God's native, prime deſign,
In mutual love with ſouls to join:
But God and ſouls ſin diſunites,
And hate excites.

O helpleſs! O tremendous ſtate
Of ſouls, who God all lovely hate;
By like averſion angels fell,
To people hell.

To love Thee, Lord, ſure human-kind
Need not by Thee to be enjoin'd:
All who Thy Love but dimly know
Muſt lovers grow.

Rewards, attractives, object, aid,
Love irreſiſtibly perſuade;
Yet Love to raiſe a gentle awe
Became a law.

Of laws, the deareſt and the beſt,
The happineſs of ſpirits bleſs'd:
Saints here thoſe hours they ſpend in love
Taſte joys above.

That I ſhould love Thee is Thy Will,
Which I live longing to fulfil;
Since, Lord, in love we both conſpire,
Keep bright the fire.

Fire, which with ſuch ſweet force may burn,
That even my aſhes in my urn
Towards Thee, may till the day of doom,
Like incenſe fume.

ASH WEDNESDAY.

HARK, O my ſoul, the trumpet blows,
The ſound each mind conſiderate knows;
It is a grave and ſolemn note,
Fit ſerious paſſion to promote;
It warns the faithful to repair
Devoutly to the houſe of prayer.

The ſound, methinks, comes from on high,
My ſoul, toward Heaven erect your eye;
Soon as my eye towards Heaven I rear'd,
A Woman in the air appear'd,
A comelier face I never ſaw,
She ſtruck ſweet reverential awe.

She came through the ethereal globe,
Array'd in a long, mourning robe,
On a thick cloud her ſtand ſhe took,
And all the world could overlook,
Down her Archangel with her flew,
And it was he the trumpet blew.

Up then I ſaw the Angel take
His ſpeaking-trump, dull ſouls to wake,

Then ſounded, To the Church give ear,
Whom God commands all ſouls to hear.
When Holy Church I knew, I gueſs'd
What made her change that day her veſt.

Her mantle was the ſun till now,
A crown of ſtars adorn'd her brow;
But off her glories all were thrown,
When ſhe was clothed for ſacred moan,
The darkeſt ſolar ſpot ſhe choſe,
Which ſhould her goodly form encloſe.

The ſaints their Mother all revered,
The Angel ſtraight the medium clear'd,
His wings away the vapours ſwept,
Leſt they her voice ſhould intercept,
To ſouls below ſhe thus addreſs'd,
While tears ran down her mourning veſt.

Dear children, whom with pain I bore
To people Heaven, and God adore,
I grieve to ſee the ghoſtly foes
Who your eternal bliſs oppoſe,
How you to damn yourſelves combine,
And hourly dare the wrath Divine.

My tender bowels towards you yearn,
While your ſad dangers I diſcern;
I oft, your ruin to prevent,
Gave you loud warnings to repent;
But you at nought my warnings ſet,
Or heed them not, or ſoon forget.

To make you heed, and to retain
Repentance, which prevents your bane,
I ſolemn, annual faſts enjoin'd,
For you reſtoratives deſign'd;
But my injunctions you reject,
And ſick of guilt, your cure neglect.

How have hell-powers their empire ſpread!
How are my children captive led!
Ah me! their arms they throw away!
Did they devoutly faſt and pray,
Should all apoſtate ghoſts unite,
One ſaint would all to Tophet fright.

Jews kept of faſts a yearly round,
Though by no heavenly precept bound;
God no command for faſts would lay
But on their Expiation-day;
In ſin you daily perſevere,
Which you ſhould expiate all the year.

Your nature, when you ſuffer woes,
Of courſe your uſual meals foregoes;
Did you for ſin but truly grieve,
Though you ſhould no command receive,
You faſting would eſteem a rite
Con-natural to hearts contrite.

Your Kalendars for faſts preſent
Rogation, Vigil, Ember, Lent,

While you to keep thoſe names contend,
Licentious guides looſe volumes vend,
Their real ſubſtance to evade,
And have their force fruſtaneous made.

Ah! had you them devoutly kept,
For your own provocations wept,
And public guilt on them bemoan'd,
You then God's anger had atoned,
You had the growth of ſin reſtrain'd,
And penitential zeal maintain'd.

All my firſt-born, with ſacred heat,
Their ſtations weekly would repeat,
The more they curſed ſin bewail'd,
The more celeſtial truth prevail'd.
But now, alas! throughout the year
I few can find who ſhed a tear.

On public faſts ſaints heretofore
Were wont tranſgreſſions to deplore,
Thoſe ſacred days they ne'er ordain'd,
But ſignal benedictions gain'd;
Read the memoirs of ages paſt,
They conquer'd by their prayer and faſt.

O'er Benjamites, Faſt got the day,
O'er Philiſtines and hoſts of Ai,
Made Moab and proud Ammon bleed,
All Iſrael from maſſacre freed,
And to repent great God inclined
Of plagues for Nineveh deſign'd.

When they the public guilt confeſs'd,
Sackcloth with aſhes was their veſt;
They ſadly mourn'd, their garments tore,
Fell proſtrate, mercy to implore,
Earth was the covering of their head,
As if unworthy earth to tread.

Their ſouls they with afflicting pain'd,
E'en from fair water they abſtain'd;
The breaſts to infants were denied,
The beaſts were up from paſture tied,
Whole nights and days their hearts they rent,
In penitential rigour ſpent.

If Jews 'gainſt ſin ſuch zeal expreſs'd,
Much more ſhould Chriſtians it deteſt,
Like motives in you both conſpire,
Like ſins, and like impending ire,
Like ghoſtly, and like temporal ills,
Like worldly minds, and ſenſual wills.

In public guilt you both partake,
Both God, the Source of Good, forſake;
Yet on both ſtates while I reflect,
In you I greater guilt detect;
You 'gainſt the greater light rebel,
Your grief ſhould Jewiſh far excel.

Your ſins contribute to fill up
Of God's dire wrath the bitter cup,
And to the part of guilt you bear,
Proportion'd draughts will be your ſhare;

But mourners by God's Angel ſign'd,
Midſt thunder-bolts ſhall ſafety find.

My watchmen all my lines around,
Should on this day their trumpets ſound,
If to ſit ſilent they preſumed,
They'll for your blood to flames be doom'd;
If you neglect them when they blow,
On your own heads will fall the woe.

You, deareſt ſaints, who ſympathiſe
With all the tears which waſte mine eyes,
Aſſiſt my grief while I bemoan
All outrage 'gainſt Jehovah's Throne,
And o'er your land with ſorrow deep,
Like Jeſus o'er the city, weep.

Of ſin you'll have the livelier ſenſe,
If faſts in ſecret you commence.
Bleſs'd Jeſus, in devout retreat,
Full forty days abſtain'd from meat;
There He devout, ideal Lent,
In prayer and contemplation ſpent.

Should you from Jeſus kindle flame,
And now at like retirement aim,
With humble faſts, prayer, alms and tear,
Though mix'd with frailties, yet ſincere,
A penitential Sabbath keep,
Heaven on your heads would bleſſings heap.

Your ſouls from droſs you would refine,
To copy purity Divine,
When the laſt trump ſhall wake the dead,
You'll then exulting raiſe your head;
And when at Judgment you appear,
Joy you obey'd the trumpet here.

This ſaid, the Church to Heaven reflew,
I keep her ſtill in ghoſtly view.
All praiſe to God, whoſe trumpets ſound
To waken ſouls from ſleep profound;
O, may I all God's warnings take,
And, raiſed from ſin, die broad awake!

FIRST SUNDAY IN LENT.

The Temptation.

Then was Jeſus led up of the ſpirit into the wilderneſs to be tempted of the devil.—*Matthew* iv. 1.

BLEST Spirit, who the woman's Offspring led
Into the wild, to bruiſe the ſerpent's head,
Help me in ſacred numbers to recite
His glorious conqueſt, and the tempter's flight.

Soon as great God amidſt clear Jordan's wave,
To His loved Son His atteſtation gave,
The Holy Spirit His retreat inſpired,
And Jeſus to the wilderneſs retired,

There to encounter the full power of hell,
And teach mankind temptations to repel;
Curſed Satan then, alarm'd with ſpiteful fear,
Flew ſwiftly to the Luciferian ſphere,
With the arch-rebel miſchief to invent,
Who inſtantly applauded his intent;
And Lucifer, at Satan's dire requeſt,
The fall'n archangels, who whole realms infeſt,
Call'd from their ſeveral ſtations to his aid,
And three mock-thunders were the ſignal made.
In a ſhort time when the abaddons came,
Satan thus ſtrove their fury to inflame.

Great Lucifer, and brave abaddons all,
Advanced to govern kingdoms ſince our fall;
You the man Jeſus know, that hateful Name,
Who dares a war againſt hell's powers proclaim:
Man I muſt ſtyle Him, for He ſeems no more,
Both He and Adam ſeem of equal ore;
If man, He to temptation open lies,
I Him, as well as Adam, may ſurpriſe;
Yet ſomething more than Adam, I ſuſpect,
When on ſome ill abodings I reflect;
Dark prophecies predict our falling ſtate,
The wonders at His birth ſome dread create,
His Baptiſm, and the bright appearance there,
Affright our realm with a tremendous glare.
Yet to ſit ſtill would be eternal ſhame,
And we too late our cowardice may blame;
Lend me your help, I'll to confound Him try,

I'll with this Son of God for conqueſt vie:
You muſt in the encounter me attend,
Though I ſhall more on wile than force depend.
I ſaw Him in the waſte alone abide;
And we can muſter thouſands on our ſide.
Come all well arm'd, and keep me in your eye;
In ambuſcado, till I call you, lie.
There is a mount, which you remember well,
Which none of Jury's hills in height excel,
If by ſmooth guile the wretch I cannot court,
This Son of God I thither will tranſport;
You muſt all ſubterraneous fires foment,
Of all effluviums quicken the aſcent;
The exhalations which earth's moiſture drain,
All vapours ſtreaming from the ſpacious main,
And ſpirits which from ſubtiler bodies riſe
In that horizon artfully compriſe;
From various tinctures various colours mix,
Such as may in the cloud ſurrounding fix;
Each, dipping in the paint his taper'd ſpear,
Muſt draw his proper kingdom on the ſphere,
And all its glories to the life deſcribe,
That at one view the eye may all imbibe,
Thrones, ſceptres, crowns, gems, robes, wealth, power immenſe,
Laſcivious beauties, all that charms the ſenſe;
I'll offer all, His conſtancy to ſhake,
If He's a mortal man, the bait will take;
If take, we ſhall on God revenge our doom,
And boldly may on nobler aims preſume.

I'll watch the lucky moment for aſſault,
This Son of God to Satan ſhall revolt.
With that each flew to his appointed poſt,
While he patroll'd along the ſandy coaſt.

While God Incarnate in the deſert ſtay'd,
The fierceſt beaſts their homage to Him paid,
Beaſts more humane than the obdurate Jew,
They with leſs ſavage fury men purſue;
There He His hours in contemplation ſpent,
Gave His unbounded Spirit boundleſs vent.
The fiend, whoſe malice could endure no reſt,
Strives thoughts impatient, impious to ſuggeſt;
Putting his helliſh malice on the rack,
Twice twenty days he plied the fierce attack,
That he at laſt might overwhelm His ſtrength,
By number, importunity, and length;
But Jeſus fix'd on Heaven His ſteady mind,
And no ſuggeſtion there could entrance find;
The Father with pleaſed eyes His Son beheld,
Saw Satan by the woman's Seed repell'd;
Till, after forty days' continued faſt,
He to keen hunger condeſcends at laſt.

The watchful tempter ſoon the hunger knew,
And up to air in twice three minutes flew,
Where he of brighteſt lightning wove a veſt,
And his foul ſpirit in feign'd glory dreſt;
Mock-thunderbolt in his right hand he graſp'd,
His left, a flaming, dazzling ſceptre claſp'd;

A crown of meteor-ſtars adorn'd his head,
All calculated for exciting dread;
Then on the ſtream of a tempeſtuous wind,
He flew to act the malice he deſign'd;
His voyage at the locuſt-tree he cloſed,
Where Jeſus in the barren wild repoſed;
Son of that God, ſaid he, above enthroned,
While I ſole god am of this region own'd,
Upon the mountain I to Moſes ſpoke,
The ſphere was then fill'd all with fire and ſmoke;
But I to you deſcend in kindly flame,
Your welcome to my empire to proclaim;
Your hunger ſome mortality betrays,
Which yet your power can eaſe unnumber'd ways;
Command theſe ſtones to turn to bread; that ſign
Will witneſs your original Divine.
Man beſt, ſaid Jeſus, by God's Word is fed,
And lives not merely by his daily bread.

Then to the Temple battlement, through air,
The fiend wafts Jeſus, Jeſus to enſnare;
God, ſaid he, charge upon His angels lays
To keep your feet unhurt in ſtony ways,
Caſt yourſelf down, the angels in their arms
Will catch you falling, and ſecure from harms.
The ſacred writings, Jeſus ſaid, declare,
To tempt the Lord thy God, thou ſhalt not dare.

Thence Jeſus to the mountain he conveys,
And all his confluence of charms diſplays;

All that could raviſh, tempt, delight mankind,
Was there in lively images combined.
You, ſaid the fiend, the Lord of all ſhall be,
If you but proſtrate fall and worſhip me;
For all this lower univerſe is mine,
I to beſtow it have the right divine.
Let me ceaſe to be god, if I delay
To give you over all deſpotic ſway.
Get thee behind Me, Satan, Chriſt replied,
Thou by God's Word art as His creature tied;
The Lord thy God to worſhip, Him to own,
And pay obeiſance to His ſovereign throne.
The fiend, who heard himſelf by Jeſus named,
Confounded was, but could not be aſhamed;
And raving at diſcovery of his cheats,
As towards his ambuſcado he retreats,
He Michael met, with the angelic bands,
Who lay encamp'd upon the deſert ſands,
All arm'd, at call their Lord to have relieved,
Had they not His victorious might perceived.
Bright Michael, leſt proud Satan ſhould eſcape,
eized the fiend flying, tore his glittering ſhape;
atan aſſumed his horrid form again,
nd Michael bound him with a double chain,
ent him to the abaddons' ambuſcade,
is feeble ſpite to puniſh and upbraid.
he radiant hoſt put them in dreadful fright,
hey felt their ſtrength in the angelic fight;
ll were juſt taking wing, when Satan came
n chains, and ſtripp'd of his preſtigious flame;

All vow'd of pains he ſhould have Tophet's ſtore,
And, what would grieve him moſt, ſhould tempt
no more.

Brave Michael and his hoſt to Jeſus haſte,
And brighten'd with their wings the diſmal waſte.
Soon as they Jeſus ſaw, they Him ſurround,
And fell in low proſtrations on the ground;
The ſeraphs ſang a new triumphant ſong,
And to their harps ſang all the radiant throng,
With loud Hoſannahs they each ſtanza cloſed,
And to obey His orders ſtood diſpoſed;
Our Lord their zeal approved with gracious eye,
And ſent them to reſume their bliſs on high.

Though Jeſus in the wild had nought to eat,
To do His Father's pleaſure was His meat,
And a return He to the world deſign'd,
To perfect the Redemption of mankind;
There He vouchſafed His mortal food to take,
And ſuffer human frailty for man's ſake.
Bleſs'd Jeſus, to the lonely waſte retired,
Ere to His charge prophetic He aſpired;
And ſaints, ere they on public poſts attend,
Choice hours in prayer, retreat, and faſting ſpend.
Writ Sacred for His magazine He choſe,
Hell better to unmaſk and to oppoſe;
He of God's Preſence taught a conſtant awe,
From Satan with abhorrence to withdraw,
That he with zeal reſiſted, always flies,
Can conquer none, who this vain world deſpiſe;

That all in aid Divine ſhould acquieſce,
Diſtruſting neither ſuccour nor ſucceſs:
For daily food take no unlicenſed way,
Beſt feaſted, when they beſt God's Will obey:
By no raſh acts God's promiſe to abuſe,
And by preſumptuous pride the bleſſing loſe:
That fierceſt fights ſhew virtues moſt ſublime,
Like Jeſus to be tempted is no crime;
That when curſed Satan ſeems to be ſubdued,
Souls his return by watching muſt preclude;
That angels ever take a lover's part,
And help him to repel each fiery dart;
That Jeſus, Satan of his force bereft,
And conqueſt eaſy to His votaries left.

All glory to God's Son, whoſe humble might
Taught feeble man victoriouſly to fight.
Glory to Jeſus all the quire repeats,
Who the full force and fraud of hell defeats.

SECOND SUNDAY IN LENT.

We beſeech you, brethren, and exhort you by the Lord Jeſus, that as ye have received of us how you ought to walk, and to pleaſe God, ſo ye would abound more and more.—1 *Theſſ.* iv. 1.

WE, like the fly, muſt from the world retreat,
And wiſely manage our ſhort vital heat;
What is our life but a repeated day?

We quickly paſs our noon, and waſte away;
We daily the like ghoſtly dangers meet,
We the ſame duties every day repeat:
Strive that this day may yeſterday out-do,
Of virtue nobler heights each day purſue;
God to the preſent day our view confined,
Would have us for the future live reſign'd;
Taught us to pray for only daily bread,
And truſt on Him to be to-morrow fed;
Lord, daily bread, but love perpetual give,
Without Thy love we can no minute live;
We'll to the preſent day our cares conſign
And live in reverence of the Eye Divine:
We may our flocks aſſiduouſly inſpect,
With minds to Heaven habitually erect;
Each day we from the world as looſe ſhould ſit,
As if aſſured the world at night to quit:
Accounts with Heaven we'll daily even keep,
Should the laſt trump ſurpriſe us in our ſleep;
But death can truly ſudden be to none,
Who by repentance daily God atone.
We'll live God's children, and, to God reſign'd,
A brother and a ſiſter to mankind.
We'll to our fly give freedom, that he may
Live his age o'er with happineſs to-day;
He with his lot was in the garden pleaſed,
Till you the well-contented creature ſeized;
From him each day we'll learn to live content
Upon the daily manna God has ſent;
With thanks to God we'll now our meal begin,

Sweet is the meal which is not ſoured by ſin;
Sweet is the meal which waſted ſtrength recruits,
That God may of our vigour have the fruits;
Sweet is the meal, when as our body's fed,
Our ſpirit hungers for ſupernal bread;
This day to future days ſhall be the plan,
We'll every day do all the good we can:
By God's ſweet aid no minutes we'll miſſpend,
On theıe time-drops eternal joys depend.
A thouſand years to God is but a day,
Eternity of Love feels no decay.
We'll ſtrive to imitate our God above,
And live each day a thouſand years of love.

THIRD SUNDAY IN LENT.

And it came to paſs as He ſpake theſe things, a certain woman of the company lift up her voice, and ſaid unto Him, Bleſſed is the womb that bare thee, and the paps which thou haſt ſucked.—*Luke* xi. 27.

OF all who e'er, with heart unfeign'd,
Kept virgin-love for God unſtain'd,
Propending to no ill,
With full conſent of will,
Bleſs'd Mary far excell'd,
Who all rebellious paſſions quell'd.

She Jeſus in her womb incloſed,
There thrice three months the Babe repoſed,

Then, from His priſon looſed,
His morning beams diffuſed;
But in her heavenly mind
God-man for ever was enſhrined.

God-man His Mother pure revered,
And with a thouſand loves endear'd;
She form'd Him in her breaſt,
By that more nobly bleſt,
Than while her womb Him bore,
As Saint than Mother honour'd more.

She, ſuper-effluently graced,
Away the powers infernal chaſed,
Her heart with God was fill'd,
No thought could be inſtill'd,
Her innocence to ſoil,
But her chaſte ſpirit would recoil.

In reading, meditation, praiſe,
Prayer, charity, ſhe ſpent her days;
Ne'er in the world immerſed,
With her dear Son converſed,
His beams to recollect,
And in love-languors to reflect.

Her heart bleſs'd Jeſus' ark ſhe made,
Where He His lovelineſs diſplay'd,
Where love and hymn ſhould wait
On majeſtatic ſtate,—

They, like the cherubs placed,
The gracious Shechinah embraced.

Her ardent love her hymn ſupplied,
Hymn fuel would for love provide,
Alternately both fired,
Alternately inſpired,
Alternately increaſed,
Their alternations never ceaſed.

All ſaints, like Mary, are enjoin'd
To form God-man in hearts refined,
Each imitable grace
Muſt there poſſeſs its place;
May I to Jeſus cleave,
And Jeſus in my heart conceive.

When Jeſus in my heart is form'd,
I ſhall no more by hell be ſtorm'd,
His graces He 'll infuſe;
I ne'er ſhall Jeſus loſe,
My love can ne'er grow cold,
While the inflammative I hold.

FOURTH SUNDAY IN LENT.

The Life of Jeſus.

And a great multitude followed Him, becauſe they ſaw His miracles which He did on them that were diſeaſed.
John vi. 2.

BLEST Spirit, who on Jeſus' ſacred Head
Didſt boundleſs grace like precious ointment ſhed,
One drop vouchſafe me of that holy oil,
To ſing my Lord's ſalvific care and toil,
Whoſe love immenſe unwearied day and night,
O'er the dark world diffuſed celeſtial light.

Chaotic maſs in darkneſs buried lay,
Till God commanded anteſolar day,
In intellectual chaos thus mankind
Lay ignorant, confuſed, erroneous, blind,
Till the bright Sun of Righteouſneſs aroſe,
Propitious beams and influence to diſcloſe,
Infernal miſts the univerſe o'erſpread,
And lying ſpirits human minds miſled;
The world was with unhallow'd temples ſtored,
Foul devils for Jehovah were adored;
Religion ſank to diabolic rites,
Apoſtacy extinguiſh'd native lights.
God's own peculiar care the choſen Jew,

Who God by wondrous revelation knew,
With numerous ſects, and with traditions vain,
Strove truths reveal'd to blend, pervert and ſtain;
Above God's law exalted their own dreams,
Damp'd of Meſſiah all prophetic gleams,
Zealous their ſuperſtitions to obtrude,
Zealous their own ſalvation to elude,
When the great Prophet, long ago foretold,
Was ſent from God, God's pleaſure to unfold.

Forth from the boſom of the fontal fire,
Where Son and Father the bleſt Dove co-ſpire,
Came the Eternal Word to wear our clay,
And Godhead unafflictingly diſplay.
Truths, which the prophets partially diſcern'd,
By viſion, dream, voice, inſpiration learn'd,
He not from faith, but beatific ſight
Preſented in their full enamouring light;
God-man expoſed Himſelf to mortal eyes,
His laws to ſweeten and familiariſe,
Paternal God with filial always join'd,
And God co-effluent fill'd His human mind.

When Jeſus in the wild the conqueſt won,
Then His prophetic office was begun,
He faithful, no one ſaving truth conceal'd,
He gracious, the right way to Heaven reveal'd,
Some He exhorted, others He reproved,
Our fears and hopes by threats and bleſſings moved,
Condemn'd the errors which in public reign'd,

Myſterious types and prophecies explain'd,
Spake things celeſtial with celeſtial grace,
All prejudice inveterate to eraſe;
In obvious parables taught truth ſublime,
Spent in illuminating ſouls His time.
Diſſeminated light where'er He came,
Breathed heavenly love the frozen to enflame,
Confirm'd by Sacred Writ whate'er He taught,
Down to our weakneſs all His precepts brought,
Preach'd truths divine, few, neceſſary, clear,
Which might to Heaven a ſimple votary ſteer;
The worſt of men He mildly would inſtruct,
Glad when to Bliſs He ſinners could conduct;
No raptures, no auſterities enjoin'd,
Nothing too high, too grievous for mankind;
No whips, no hair-cloth, His mild yoke impoſed,
No ſouls in conſtant ſolitudes encloſed;
Pagans in theſe of ſaints might have the ſtart,
They wound the fleſh, but cannot break the heart.
Saints Heaven by prayer, alms, gentle faſting, ſcale,
The prophet could by ſingle prayer prevail,
While Baal's prieſts endured unpitied pain,
Gaſhing their bodies all day long in vain.

His life the comment was on what He taught,
That lovely Image raviſhes my thought;
None could that life conſiderately know,
But he of Jeſus muſt enamour'd grow;
In Him ideal graces all combined,

Friend, Benefactor, Saviour to mankind,
Love incommunicable, filial fear,
A conſcience un-upbraidingly ſincere;
Obedience perfect, free from venial ill,
Full reſignation to His Father's Will;
Propenſions centrally to God inclined,
Unſhaken truſt, a heaven-converſing mind;
Intentions which at God's ſole glory aim'd,
Zeal which for God's word, houſe and worſhip
flamed;
A temperance, which all exceſſes curb'd,
Contentedneſs, by troubles undiſturb'd;
Each ſenſe ſubdued, affections all confined
The dove and ſerpent amicably join'd;
Virginity, with filthy thought unſtain'd,
Which in perpetual holocauſt remain'd;
A meekneſs which no malice could provoke;
A patience to endure a tyrant's ſtroke;
A courage to encounter all things dire;
A perſeverance which could never tire;
A purity which nothing could defile;
A wiſdom which hell powers could not beguile;
Humility, which all debaſements prized,
Exulting for God's ſake to be deſpiſed,
Which human confidence would ever waive,
And of all good, to God the glory gave;
Which made diſciples, not deep-learn'd, but good,
Who wiſe for Heaven, Heaven only underſtood,
Whoſe warm devotion kept its heaven-born heat,
Oft would to ſacred ſolitudes retreat,

In faſting, meditation, prayer, and praiſe,
And ghoſtly watching, ſpend whole nights and
days;
No wanderings, damps, or chills, His ſoul annoy'd,
He no one minute ever miſemploy'd;
He troubled minds with conſolations cheer'd,
His ſweet reproofs the guilty ſoul endear'd.
To all in need He pity ſhew'd Divine,
Which unregarded would no cry decline;
His charity all malice could tranſcend,
To loweſt offices inured to bend;
In good return'd all evils to exceed,
To ſave His foes, content Himſelf to bleed.
He, to gain ſouls, wept, travell'd, labour'd, pray'd,
Their bliſs eternal His ſole buſineſs made;
Diſcourſe ſalvific He at meals inſtill'd,
And ſouls with food ſuper-celeſtial fill'd;
As they could bear, He dropp'd it by degrees,
At once He ſweetly could inſtruct and pleaſe.
His juſtice render'd to all men their due,
Would righteous ends by righteous means
purſue;
To all eſtates He proper honours paid,
Revered the prieſthood, ſovereign power obey'd.
His mind, His own inferior will denied,
The tranſient world oppoſed, contemn'd, defied;
Its maxims, cuſtoms, companies, deſigns,
All joys, to which concupiſcence inclines;
He Source and Lord of all, knew all things beſt,
And gave the world no harbour in His Breaſt;

He here below nor ſought, nor felt repoſe,
Continued Croſs, He for His portion choſe;
Gave higheſt proof of all that He reveal'd,
When His own Blood its confirmation ſeal'd.
Angels their graces by His grace refined;
He 's the averſion of the worldly mind,
His ſelf-denials ſenſual men diſguſt,
Vex'd, that He no indulgence gave to luſt;
Luſt, which impoſtors patroniſe, and gain
Of looſe diſciples an unnumber'd train;
All Jeſus' graces had a God-like mien,
By them His heavenly miſſion might be ſeen;
That perfect goodneſs could no man deceive,
That perfect goodneſs none could diſbelieve.

When to His doctrine and His life Divine
His ſuper-human miracles we join,
They love and admiration both excite,
Conviction will attain its utmoſt height.
He made all creatures ſerve His bleſs'd deſign,
He water tranſubſtantiated to wine;
He trod the wave, and bid the winds be ſtill;
He made rude ſtorms ſubmiſſive to His will;
A fiſh to Him His tribute-money brought,
Shoals, at His call, came crowding to be caught.
Curſed by His Lips, the fig-tree ſtraight decay'd;
Inviſible, He dangers could evade.
He feaſted thouſands with ſeven loaves of bread;
Two fiſhes and five loaves five thouſand fed;
And of the food thus multiplied remain'd

Twelve baſkets, which freſh followers ſuſtain'd;
He made the lame walk, dumb ſpeak, deaf to hear,
And men born blind to ſee all objects clear;
He dropſies drain'd, and trembling palſies ſtill'd,
The blood inflamed by fevers, gently chill'd;
He lepers cleanſed, reſtored the wither'd hand;—
No ailment could His healing might withſtand;—
The bloody-flux, which twelve long years had
reign'd,
The poor bow'd woman twice ſix winters pain'd;
The wretch, who thirty-eight his grief deplored,
And multitudes to ſoundneſs He reſtored.
Even at a diſtance, by His word alone,
He made His power irrefragably known;
He devils at His pleaſure diſpoſſeſs'd,
Conſtrain'd by Him, His Godhead they confeſs'd,
Seven out of tortured Magdalen He drave,
Chaſed in foul ſwine a legion to the wave;
Jairus' young daughter, by her friends bemoan'd,
The ſon for whom his widow-mother groan'd,
And Lazarus, who four days had been entomb'd,
All at His word their vital heat reſumed;
Saints at His riſing, though long dead, revived,
And riſen, at Jeruſalem arrived.
From profanations He the Temple clear'd,
Profaners, His majeſtic voice revered,
Their treaſures He o'erthrew, and at His look
The avaricious their dear wealth forſook;
The worldly, at His heart-enamouring call,
Became His votaries, and renounced their all.

He, God Incarnate, could the mind inſpect,
And with ſweet force the heart to God inflect.
His life, from His conception to His grave,
Strong demonſtrations of Meſſiah gave;
Divinity ſhined bright in all He taught,
God-like benignity in all He wrought;
His miracles He graciouſly deſign'd,
To cure, convince, convert, endear mankind.

Eternal Word, who, clothed in human duſt,
Didſt teach lapſed man the wiſdom of the juſt;
Illuſtrate by example Thy diſcourſe,
Confirm it by a wonder-working force;
Open my ears, my eyes, my tongue unlooſe,
Into my heart Thy heavenly truth infuſe;
That I Thy praiſe inceſſantly may ſing,
That love may give my heart a heavenward ſpring!
That I may never more towards earth propend,
In vigorous, ſweet efforts to Thee aſcend;
Thy bright idea in my heart enchaſe,
To copy out each imitable grace.

All praiſe to our great Prophet, by whoſe light
The world, born blind, receives its ghoſtly ſight;
Glory to Jeſus, o'er the mount was heard,
For doctrine, life, and miracles, revered.

FIFTH SUNDAY IN LENT.

God's Attributes.

Jeſus ſaid unto them, Verily, verily I ſay unto you, Before Abraham was, I am.—*S. John* viii. 58.

ERE the intelligence, from nothing rear'd,
To ſpin ſucceſſion on the ſphere appear'd,
To give duration drop by drop, to move
Frail man each fleeting minute to improve;
Thou ſelf-originated Deity,
In indiviſible eternity;
Thou, ſelf-ſufficient, by Thyſelf didſt reign,
And with Thyſelf, Thyſelf didſt entertain;
No rival infinite could ſhare Thy throne,
There no more infinites can be but one;
For were there more, each would each other bound,
All join'd, an infinite could ne'er compound;
All parts are bounds, the thing compounded piece,
And bounds to boundleſs never can increaſe.

Bleſt Spirit, void of mixture, ſhape, or part,
Beſt known by not conceiving what Thou art;
Thy Majeſty ten thouſand ſuns outvies,
A ſight too radiant for the ſeraphs' eyes;
Their dazzled view they with their feathers caſe,
Unable to behold Thy glorious Face;

'Tis hard for our arithmetic to count
How much th' Atlantic may one drop ſurmount;
More difficult the difference to adjuſt
'Twixt the terraqueous globe and ſingle duſt;
But 'tis impoſſible for man to gueſs
'Twixt infinite and finite the exceſs;
If, Lord, with Thee we heaven and earth compare,
They not proportion of one atom bear;
When Moſes humbly aſk'd Thy glorious Name,
That he might tell the tribes from whom he came,
Jehovah, and I Am, Thou then didſt own,
The awful names by which Thou wouldſt be
known;
Thou only canſt be truly ſaid to be,
All creatures nothings are, compared to Thee;
Thou art the boundleſs, everlaſting Source
Of all exiſtence, of all vital force.

Thou Rock of Ages doſt the ſame abide,
While our durations by ſhort minutes glide;
We live in flux, and by degrees, but Thou
Art all at once, in an eternal now;
What's infinite no diſſipation knows,
Self-ſtagnating, it neither ebbs nor flows;
Itſelf collected with itſelf conſiſts,
It uniform, immutable exiſts;
Above all change unchangeable abides,
And as it pleaſes caſual changes guides;
Thy Deity, uncircumſcribed by place,
Fills heaven and earth, and extramundane ſpace.

Thou preſent art in the infernal ſhade,
The damn'd are of Thy vengeance there afraid;
Thy boundleſs glories in eternal light
Angelic hierarchies to hymn excite;
Thou preſent art in this terreſtrial ſphere,
Where'er we fly, or hide, Thou ſtill art near;
Thou preſent art, when ſinners dare Thy ſtroke,
Thou preſent art, when ſaints Thy aid invoke;
Thou, in all ſin's receſſes, doſt ſurvey
Pollution with an unpolluted ray;
Thou preſent art all creatures to ſuſtain,
And influence Thy univerſal reign;
Thou in the temple of the world doſt dwell,
All bleſſings to confer, all ills expel;
Benign, or dreadful, Thou ſtill preſent art,
In every ſaint, in every ſinner's heart;
Thy ſaints there for Thy Godhead temples build,
Which with Thy gracious Shechinah are fill'd;
And from Thy preſence ſinners feel within
Anticipations of wrath due to ſin.

Thy ſuper-immenſe Godhead, Lord, to none
But Thy unmeaſurable Self is known;
And in Thy own ſelf-comprehending Thought
The clear ideas of all things are wrought;
What future ſhall, what poſſible may be,
Thou in Thyſelf eternally didſt ſee;
The preſent, paſt, and future, all unite
In Thy eternal unſucceſſive Sight;
Thou doſt the ſecrets of all hearts inſpect,

And to Thy glory ſinful acts inflect;
To all ideas in Thy mind immenſe,
Thy power an actual being can diſpenſe;
Millions of multifarious worlds, and more
Thou canſt produce out of Thy boundleſs ſtore;
Thou who didſt other poſſibles refuſe,
This ſeries for futurity didſt chooſe;
Thy wondrous works Thy mighty power declare,
Which yet faint ſketches of Thy glory are,
By them Thy might we cannot fully rate,
Thou nobler canſt to eternity create;
And ſhouldſt Thou endleſs new creations tend,
Thou yet Thy force couldſt not fatigue nor ſpend.

Holieſt of holies, Thou art God alone,
On Thy all-glorious, everlaſting Throne;
Thy Nature is immaculately pure,
Cannot the leaſt approach of ill endure;
To Thee all excellencies we aſcribe,
Which from Thy fontal fullneſs we imbibe;
We thoughts diſtinct of Thy perfections frame,
In Thee all undiſtinguiſh'd and the ſame.

Great God, I Thy infinity adore,
Admire devoutly what I can't explore;
Congratulating, with a joyful heart,
All that Thou doſt poſſeſs, all that Thou art;
Thou art immutable, I change like wind,
Fix my backſliding and inſtable mind;
O let Thy Preſence o'er all nature ſpread,

Strike me with conſtant reverential dread;
I cannot ſin but in Thy awful view,
Sin nowhere can eſcape Thy vengeance due;
O raviſh with Thy endleſs bliſs my eyes,
That I may ſublunary joys deſpiſe;
Thou Searcher of my heart, my heart poſſeſs,
Thy own idea deeply there impreſs;
May I in dangers on Thy power rely,
Safe ſhelter find, whene'er to Thee I fly;
O purify me, Lord, as Thou art pure,
From the polluting world my ſoul ſecure;
Thy image re-engrave; to copy Thee
Is my chief prayer, ſhall my ambition be.
Though no one mortal e'er Thy face ſurvey'd,
Yet we can love Thy goodneſs when diſplay'd;
Within the rocky cleft O may I ſtand,
Supported by Thy own propitious hand;
That as Thy awful glory paſſes by,
I may like Moſes Thy back parts deſcry.

Lord, when Thy mighty notion fills my mind,
No words to vent that boundleſs thought I find;
Thou all perfection, Thou all lovely art,
And ſhouldſt Thou not Thyſelf to us impart;
Shouldſt Thou bare being give, and heaven detain,
Thou yet all intellectual love wouldſt gain;
Thy Lovelineſs no mind could ever know,
But muſt enamour'd of Thy Godhead grow;
In Thee all that is amiable or ſweet,
All irreſiſtible attractives meet;

Nothing or charms or beauty can poſſeſs,
But what it borrows of Thy Lovelineſs;
Incomprehenſible Thou art, above
My utmoſt thought, but not beyond my love;
High as Thou art, Thou canſt not love tranſcend,
I love Thee more, the leſs I comprehend;
The more Thou art above expreſſion raiſed,
Thou art the nobler Subject to be praiſed;
But ſhould I love in moſt intenſe degree,
How incommenſurate is all to Thee!
Lord, I now love by faith, a loftier flight
My love will take, when I ſhall love by ſight.

SUNDAY NEXT BEFORE EASTER.

Name of Jeſus.

Wherefore God alſo hath highly exalted Him, and given Him a Name, which is above every name: that at the Name of Jeſus every knee ſhould bow, of things in heaven, and things in earth, and things under the earth.—*Phil.* ii. 9, 10.

MY God, Thy wiſe, propitious Will
Raiſed greateſt good from greateſt ill,
What Adam did amiſs,
Turn'd to our endleſs bliſs;
O happy ſin, which to atone,
Drew Filial God to leave His Throne!

Should all the race of Adam meet
In a convention as complete
As that at the Laſt Day,
When they reſume their clay,
To aſk of Heaven what all deſire,
They all in Jeſus would conſpire.

Not all the muſic of the ſpheres
Sounds half ſo ſweet in angels' ears,
As when to hearts contrite
We Jeſus' Name recite,
That Name with ſweetneſs overflows,
Creates full joys, and damps our woes.

The angels never ſang an air,
Which could in melody compare
With that at Jeſus' birth,
When ſent to tell the earth
That the co-gracious Three deſign'd
Great Filial God to ſave mankind.

When Gabriel firſt ſpake Jeſus' Name,
The heavenly orbs, the earthly frame,
Which direful ſhocks ſuſtain'd
E'er ſince the deluge reign'd,
Felt inſtantly diſorders ceaſe,
The univerſe was bleſs'd with peace.

When Jeſus human air firſt drew,
Sun, moon, and ſtars, to gain His view,

Painted their beams to meet,
To kiſs His ſacred Feet,
And ſent an envoy ſtar, whoſe ray
Should ſhew the world where Jeſus lay.

In Heaven angelic Orders nine,
From ſingle to thrice treble ſhine,
Of Jeſus ever ſing,
Adore their humble King,
Each in man's purchaſed bliſs delights,
And Jeſus them to hymn excites.

On earth, ſince God the promiſed ſeed
In pure philanthropy decreed,
The Faithful, glory gain'd
By Jeſus, unexplain'd,
Clouded in prophecies and type,
'Till men were for the ſubſtance ripe.

The ghoſts apoſtate doom'd to dwell,
Since baniſh'd Heaven in loweſt hell,
Lapſed man with envy eye
On Jeſus who rely;
And when of Jeſus ſaints diſcourſe,
Tremble at His ſalvific force.

My Jeſus, at Thy Name I bow,
Myſelf Thy holocauſt I vow,
Of Jeſus all day long
Shall be my grateful ſong,
I'll ſtrive each ſong which I commence
To ſing with love ſtill more intenſe.

MONDAY BEFORE EASTER.

On the Agony.

BLESS'D Jeſus, who didſt wondrous grief
ſuſtain,
Eternal joy for wretched man to gain,
Fill me with an intenerating ſenſe
Of all the dolours of Thy love immenſe,
That I, in melting verſe, with guſhing eyes
May with Thy Agony co-agonize.

Upon a mount near Salem, whoſe fat ſoil
Cheers Judah's face with ſoft diſtilling oil,
Which ſhrouds its head in olive-groves from heat,
And in cool Kedron bathes its parched feet,
There is a garden in whoſe ſolemn bowers
Our Lord oft ſpent His conſecrated hours;
He thither, with His faithful train, repairs,
And from the Altar leads them to their prayers,
James, John, and Peter thither with Him go,
While the reſt waited His return below:
You three, ſaid Jeſus, ſhall My ſtay attend,
In prayer and watching thoſe choice minutes ſpend,
Then, heavy and afflicted, He complain'd,
As if already He death's pangs ſuſtain'd;
Grief infinite, and dire internal pain,
Forced His warm Blood to guſh from every Vein

Curſed Invida her ſummons ſtraight diffuſed,
And all the fiends at Salem rendezvouſed;
The leading devils waited by her ſide,
Whoſe malice had in miſchief long been tried;
In arts of tempting moſt minutely verſed,
The reſt ſhe o'er Jeruſalem diſperſed;
As a tired traveller, who ſlumbering lies
Near Zembra's lake, ſtarts up in dire ſurpriſe,
When unicorns, who tread the neighbouring ground,
With taper'd horns his moſſy ſhade ſurround;
Inſultingly the wretch they toſs and gore,
He wounded is, and bruiſed, and bleeds all o'er;
Hell powers and furious Jews were thus intent
In fleſh, in ſpirit, Jeſus to torment;
For every paſſion they their batteries built
To raiſe by force, or by vexation, guilt.
His Father's anger, ſin, the bitter cup,
Whoſe dregs He was devoted to drink up,
His ſpirit gored, Hell the advantage weigh'd,
And general aſſaults upon Him made;
Horror, His dangers and His pangs ſuggeſts,
Impatience, with repinings Him infeſts;
Jealouſy, oft His Father's Love would blame,
Diſdain, urged of the Croſs the ſmart and ſhame;
Hate, moved Him to deteſt outrageous Jews,
Revenge, retaliations would infuſe,
Fear, tempted Him approaching pains to fly,
Deſpair, His cruel Father to deny,
Inceſſantly they toſs'd Him, gave no reſt,

Yet no ill thought upon His ſoul impreſt;
Amidſt the horns of unicorns he pray'd,
And God diſpatch'd a ſeraph to His aid.
Swift flew the glorious envoy from the Throne,
Saw Jeſus ſad, and made for Jeſus moan;
The bliſsful ſpirit, who ne'er grieved before,
Into compaſſion melted was all o'er,
His vehicle into bright tears condenſed,
While thus his heavenly meſſage he commenced.

God Filial, ſecond of the glorious Trine,
To Whom we adoration pay Divine,
For you, though thus debaſed, my God I ſtyle,
Your heavenly joys ſuſpended ſeem awhile,
God ne'er abandons His Beloved Son,
God and You co-eternally are One,
'Tis Your good Father's Will, and 'tis Your own,
That You for human guilt ſhould thus atone
Since curſèd ſin the righteous God diſclaims,
And daringly at God's deſtruction aims;
For every harden'd ſinner has the will
To murder God, could he his wiſh fulfil.
You the ſuſpenſe of Deity muſt bear,
For nothing leſs the outrage can repair;
You ſtill to God immutably are dear,
God is not to His Son, but ſin ſevere,
Man's guilt, and God's fierce wrath, to ſinners due,

By God's decree tranſlated are on You:
The greater load is on your Spirit laid,
God will be more commenſurately paid;
All the vicarious vengeance you ſuſtain,
And all your unimaginable pain,
Will God's eſſential attributes adjuſt,
Purchaſe immortal Life for mortal duſt;
Make ſinners in Your Name for pardon plead,
Infernal powers ſubdue and captive lead,
Make faithful ſouls You their Redeemer own,
Exalt Your human nature to God's Throne,
At God's right Hand eternally to reign,
All Heaven in hymns will worſhip the Lamb ſlain.

Thus ſpake the ſeraph, and to bliſs reflew,
He ſcarce reach'd Heaven but Jeſus grieved anew;
Sin and God's anger were a mighty weight,
Which no ſeraphic comfort could abate.
Thus grieved, from His three votaries he withdrew,
His awful Face on earth He humbly threw;
Addreſs moſt ardent to His Father made,
And with unutterable paſſion pray'd.
If, Father, it conſiſts with Thy decree,
Set Me from this outrageous anguiſh free;
Yet, Father, not My will be done, but Thine,
My will, I wholly to Thy Will reſign.
With that, bleſt Jeſus riſing from the ground,
Chid His three votaries, whom He ſleeping found;
Could you not for one hour forbear your ſleep,

And with devotion this ſhort vigil keep?
O watch and pray, leſt Satan you aſſail,
The ſpirit willing is, the fleſh is frail.
From them the ſecond time He then retreats,
With double fervour the ſame prayer repeats;
Then, coming back, their eyelids faſt were cloſed,
Strong grief to ſtupor had their ſouls diſpoſed;
Again with trebled ardour He retires,
Reiterating ſtill the ſame deſires.
The three He then reviſits, and was grieved
That ſleep again of ſenſe had them bereaved.
Ah! can you ſleep, ſays He, when trouble's near?
The traitor ſoon will raiſe a wakeful fear;
Ariſe, I'll the approaching danger meet,
Saints, when God wills the ſufferings, ne'er retreat.

Foul Invida, who took no reſt at all,
But lived ſelf-tortured ever ſince her fall,
Her black deſign to full perfection brought,
And Jews to her own height of malice wrought:
Even elders and high prieſts ambitious were
In all the envious cruelties to ſhare;
All arm'd with ſwords and inſtruments of rage,
And envy, which no yielding could aſſuage.
The moon in clouds had veil'd her orb of light,
The ſtars withdrew from the deteſted ſight;
And to ſupply their room, the ſavage bands
With lanthorns came, and torches in their hands.
And Judas, leſt the ſoldiers ſhould miſtake,
His kiſs, the ſign, would to direct them, make.

Meeting our Lord, Hail, Maſter, Hail! he cried,
Then kiſs'd Him, and the band the foe deſcried.
Friend, ſaid meek Jeſus, why ſuch force as this?
Canſt thou betray thy Maſter with a kiſs?
Whom ſeek ye? ſaid our Lord, His heavenly Breath
Straight thunder-ſtruck the band, as pale as death;
They, trembling, backward fell upon the ground,
His heavenly rays the armed force confound.
Meek Jeſus ſuffering them to riſe again,
Demands, Whom ſeek ye, with this armed train?
Jeſus, they cry; if Me ye ſeek, ſaid He,
Let theſe My faithful votaries then go free,
Fulfilling what He ſpake, that the Elect,
Whom God had given, He would from force
protect.

Peter, his Maſter's champion to appear,
Drew out his ſword and cut off Malchus' ear.
Our Lord rebuked his raſh, revengeful zeal,
And by His touch vouchſafed the wound to heal.
Shall I, ſaid He, from that dire potion ſhrink,
Which 'tis My Father's pleaſure I ſhould drink?
Twelve arm'd angelic legions ready ſtand,
Would I uſe force, to come at My command.
Why as a thief, ſaid Jeſus to the crew,
Do you thus arm'd My innocence purſue?
I daily in the Temple taught, and there
None to commit this violence would dare;
But I muſt ſuffer, 'tis My Father's Will,
And by My ſufferings Holy Writ fulfil:

For Jew and Hell, 'tis the inſulting hour,
You to afflict Me, have permitted power.
With that the armed rabble Him ſurround,
While with rude cords His ſacred Hands they bound;
Accurſed Invida in every breaſt
Her fury ſo indelibly impreſt,
That nor His God-like Look, His heavenly Tongue,
(Which to the earth the trembling warriors flung)
Nor the kind miracle on Malchus wrought,
Could raiſe ſo much as one relenting thought;
So wholly unreclaimable are they
Who Love immenſe with outrages repay.

Like Thy bleſt Self, Lord, teach me to ſubmit
To all my Heavenly Father ſhall think fit;
To yield the full ſubjection of a ſon,
Pray, Father, not my will, but Thine be done.
He ever lives unviolenced by ill,
Who to His God devoted, has no will;
Since Thou my Father art, O God, I right
Claim in Thy boundleſs Goodneſs, Wiſdom, Might:
Thy Wiſdom will my ſoul in doubts direct,
Thy Might will in calamities protect,
Thy Goodneſs ne'er will cauſeleſsly afflict,
With all the three I'll keep a union ſtrict;
They'll me proportion what for me is beſt,
In their diſpoſals I entirely reſt;

I into Thee refund my borrow'd mind,
To centre in Thee by a will reſign'd.

All praiſe to Jeſus! Who our griefs to cure,
Would agonies unſpeakable endure.
Glory to Jeſus! ran the mountain o'er,
Whoſe limbs were bathed in His own Tears and
Gore.

TUESDAY BEFORE EASTER.

The Arraignment of Jeſus.

JESU, Who, man in bliſs to reinſtate,
Wouldſt be the object of Judaic hate,
Help me to ſing of the unbounded woes
Which in Thy Soul at Thy arraignment roſe.
Curſed Invida now thought her plot ſecure,
Yet that ſhe Jeſus' death might more inſure,
She orders gave to all the fiends that night
Anew to irritate the Jewiſh ſpite.
The guard, our Lord now bound, to Annas led,
His envy with that wiſh'd-for ſight was fed,
And having took his diabolic fill,
Sent Him to Caiaphas to complete the ill.

Soon as they at the palace gate arrive,
The council meet, His ruin to contrive.

Some perjured wretches ſtudiouſly they ſought,
Whoſe teſtimonies might with bribes be bought.
O'er all Jeruſalem they ſearch'd in vain,
His very foes durſt not His virtue ſtain;
Till Invida with Avarice combined,
And two baſe villains to the fact inclined,
Who ſwore that Jeſus offer'd in three days
The Jewiſh Temple to deſtroy and raiſe,
But yet in circumſtantiating the deed,
They in their depoſitions diſagreed.
Caiaphas ſtrove the crime to aggrandize,
Which yet to capital could never riſe:
Then aſks His anſwer. Jeſus the miſtake
Well knew, diſdaining a return to make.
Next he abjures Him in God's Name to ſhew,
Whether He were the Chriſt, God's Son, or no?
You, Jeſus ſaid, the Son of Man ſhall eye,
Enthroned one day at God's right Hand on high,
And in a cloud of glory thence deſcend,
To judge thoſe judges who His death intend.
That anſwer ſacerdotal rage foments,
His ſacred veſture he in madneſs rents;
What need, he foam'd, of witneſs? ye all hear
The blaſphemy which deſecrates our ear.
Worthy of death all Jeſus then conclude,
And treat Him with inſults profane and rude,
They buffet, ſcoff, ſpit in His ſacred Face,
All ways they ſtrive to grieve Him, or diſgrace;
They ſmite Him blindfold, and then urge to know,
By His prophetic ſkill, who gave the blow;

A thouſand more bold blaſphemies they ſpoke,
Yet not the leaſt impatience could provoke.

But our dear Lord was more by Peter grieved,
Than by the wrongs He from His foes received.
Getting admittance at the High-Prieſt's gate,
He curious was to learn his Maſter's fate;
While with the rabble at the fire he ſtay'd,
And every paſſage punctually weigh'd,
Apiſtos urged him Jeſus to abjure,
Who nor Himſelf, nor votaries could ſecure.
Fear next ſtrove frightful fancies to inject,
That Jeſus' votaries muſt His fate expect:
Apiſtos could not unbelief perſuade,
But Fear prevail'd confeſſion to evade.
Thou waſt with Jeſus, then a damſel cried;
The Man you name, I know not, he replied:
And for a while into the porch withdrew,
While his firſt crow the cock at midnight crew;
A ſecond damſel the ſame charge repeats,
And with like obſtinate denial meets.
Some boldly him a Galilean named,
And that his dialect his birth proclaim'd:
One vow'd, that man he with the priſoner ſaw
Againſt ſtate officers his ſabre draw;
And he by terror the third time attack'd,
With oaths and curſes his denial back'd:
As from his lips his third denial came,
The cock began the morning to proclaim:
Our Lord, whoſe Heart, by that denial gored,

Lapſed Peter, next to His own pains, deplored,
Caſt on His guilty lover ſtanding by,
Such a ſoft, chiding, ſweet, endearing eye,
Which penetrated with a force ſo kind,
Each power of his love-violating mind,
That haſtening out, a lonely place he ſpies,
And there unſluiced the cataracts of his eyes.

While Jeſus, worried by the Pagan crew,
Storm'd by hell powers, and the co-helliſh Jew,
In piercing cold, void of friend, comfort, reſt,
With grief incomprehenſible oppreſs'd;
With patient meekneſs His tormentors tired;
Curſed Invida afreſh their malice fired;
Early the Council met, the ſecond time
Conſult how they may charge Him with a crime,
But could no credible invention frame,
And the High-prieſt was forced to aſk the ſame,
Art Thou the Chriſt, the Son of God, or no?
Yourſelves, ſaid Jeſus, often ſtyle Me ſo.
Hear the tremendous blaſphemy, they cry,
And the Blaſphemer by our law muſt die.

Satan, who in falſe Judas kept abode,
And in his heart fix'd his malicious goad,
Since he had now play'd all the traitor's parts,
A fierce deſpair into his conſcience darts;
With horror tortured, and confounding ſhame,
Too great to lay to any pardon claim,
He to the Council haſtes, confeſſion made,

That he had ſpotleſs Innocence betray'd,
His bribe he would refund, which they reject,
Treating him with contemptuous neglect.
Swell'd up with rage he to the Temple goes,
And on the floor the thirty pieces throws,
'Twas the vile price of a deſpiſed ſlave,
Which vileſt Jews for God Incarnate gave,
All there conclude the price of blood, not fit
Into the hallow'd treaſure to admit,
And bought with that curſed ſum the potter's field,
Which ſhould a burying-place to ſtrangers yield,
Now ſtyled the field of blood, that all might own,
'Twas the event by prophecy foreſhewn.

Judas, of mercy having loſt the hope,
Reſolved his life to ſhorten by a rope;
A ſliding cord he threw his neck around,
One end upon a lofty bough was bound,
Then headlong falling, that he ſoon might choke,
His heavy carcaſs the ſtrong halter broke,
And falling on a ſtake, the wretch accurſed,
In horrid manner ſtraight aſunder burſt,
And while his limbs in blood and bowels roll,
He devils importunes to ſnatch his ſoul.
O unrepealable, and dreadful doom
Of thoſe, who to betray their Lord preſume.

The Jews to Pilate's palace Jeſus lead,
Reſolving there the priſoner to implead,
Yet enter'd not, leſt by impure contact

Of Gentiles, they uncleanneſs ſhould contract,
That they might eat the Paſſover unſtain'd,
And Jeſus was within the hall arraign'd.
The chief-prieſts, ſcribes, and elders, in the name
Of the whole land, againſt our Lord declaim,
Cry Him a malefactor, and demand
His ſpeedy doom, from his impartial hand.
But Pilate, who their furious ravings ſaw,
Remits Him to be judged by Jewiſh law.
We have no power, they ſaid, of life and death,
That, now depends upon the Roman breath.
Thus Jeſus' word minutely was fulfill'd,
Into His votaries often pre-inſtill'd,
That by a Roman crucifixion He,
Not by a Jewiſh death, ſhould martyr'd be.

We to your bar, they ſaid, this wretch have brought,
Who impious doctrines o'er the land has taught;
Of Cæſar's due the payment He diſſuades,
Styles Himſelf King, and Cæſar's throne invades.
The name of king made jealous Pilate ſtart,
Withdrawing, he examined Him apart;
Art Thou a Jewiſh king, as people rave?
But no reply determinate He gave.
You hear, ſaid Pilate, what momentous things
The awful Sanhedrim againſt you brings:
But Jeſus ſilent, all defence declined,
To meet that fate Paternal God deſign'd.
Pilate, who by His ſilent meekneſs gueſs'd

His innocence, Him innocent profeſs'd.
With envious rage His perſecutors fume,
And Pilate urge the hearing to reſume.
Art Thou a king? ſaid Pilate. Jeſus ſpake,
Aſk you this for your own, or Judah's ſake?
I am no Jew, ſaid Pilate, nor am ſkill'd
In prophecies they dream ſhall be fulfill'd;
The Council and all Iſrael hither run,
To charge you: ſay, what evil have you done?
My realm, ſays Jeſus, waives all worldly might,
My ſubjects elſe would for my reſcue fight.
Did ever crown, ſaid Pilate, you adorn?
I am a King, ſaid Jeſus, and was born,
That I on earth a ghoſtly realm might ſway,
And make My ſubjects heavenly truths obey.
Then Pilate publicly declared his mind,
I in this Man no fault at all can find.
The Jews with a freſh fury clamour loud,
That He had ſown rebellion through the crowd,
From Galilee to Salem men amuſed,
With peſtilential maxims He infuſed.
Pilate, when Galilee was named, would know
Whether He Galilean was or no;
Inform'd he was, he Him to Herod ſends,
While Paſchal Rites at Salem he attends.

That tyrant had his life in inceſt led,
At his command our Lord's forerunner bled,
O'er Galilee he cruel tetrarch reign'd,
And in the Jewiſh law had long been train'd;

Oft he had heard of Jeſus' mighty fame,
And joy'd when Jeſus to his palace came,
With expectation that from Jeſus he
Should myſteries hear, or miracles ſhould ſee
Our Lord, Who well their hearts obdurate knew,
No anſwer gave to Herod, or to Jew:
They ſtrong convictions had contemn'd before,
And God thus outraged would vouchſafe no more.
The king who ſaw Him reſolutely mute,
Concludes Him idiot, and of no repute;
He and his furious guards our Lord deride.
The Animal with fierce inſultings plied,
In a white robe, they the mock King array'd,
And to their fill their cruel paſtimes play'd;
Herod, who thought his majeſty debaſed
His indignation on a Sot to waſte,
To Pilate ſends Him to receive His due,
Where His malicious foes their rage renew.

Rome's Juſtice, Pilate ſaid, this man acquits,
And Him even Herod uncondemn'd tranſmits;
No crime in Him, or he or I can ſee,
He ſhall chaſtiſement ſuffer, and go free.
'Tis cuſtomary at this ſolemn feaſt
One priſoner for your ſake ſhould be releaſed;
And this ſhall be the Man: for well he knew
Their envy, not His guilt, the odium drew.
At freeing Jeſus, they with fury rave,
We not this Man, but we Barabbas crave;
Whoſe horrid crimes to all the Jews were known,

They chooſe the villain, and the Saint diſown.
What ſhall I do with Jeſus, he rejoin'd,
Whom, oft examined, I ſtill guiltleſs find?
Then with a rage unanimous they cried
Let Jeſus be condemn'd, and crucified.
To ſatisfy, ſaid he, the nation's cries,
I will the guiltleſs, the oppreſs'd chaſtiſe.
No ſober counſel could allay their heat,
Crucify, crucify! they all repeat.

While Pilate thus the rapid torrent ſtemm'd,
He ſtriving to acquit, Whom they condemn'd;
His wife entreaties ſent, he ſhould take care
In murdering that Juſt Man to have no ſhare;
By a tremendous dream ſhe well foreknew,
That God the fact with vengeance would purſue.
Pilate then, Jeſus' ſpotleſs life to ſave,
Command to ſoldiers, for His ſcourging gave;
Within the common-hall the armed bands
Strip Him, and to a pillar tie His Hands;
With knotted cords His tender Fleſh they laſh'd,
Long gaping furrows in His Muſcles gaſh'd;
His Blood which guſhing ran from every pore,
Bathed Him a ſecond time in His own Gore;
His Head they with a wreath of thorns ſurround,
And every thorn gave a peculiar wound;
His Blood afreſh in ſhowers came trickling down,
From the ſharp, numerous gorings of His crown;
Mock-purple robes He on His Shoulders wore,
For ſceptre, in His Hand a reed He bore;

With bended knee His patience they abuſe,
Spit in His Face, and cry, Hail, King of Jews!
Then ſmite Him with His own mock-ſceptre reed,
Even Jews could ſcarce their outrages exceed.

Thus robed, crown'd, ſceptred, bleeding, full of woes,
Pilate, to move ſome pity, Jeſus ſhows;
Behold the Man! Whoſe innocence I urged,
Yet for your ſakes have thus ſeverely ſcourged;
It were a ſhame I ſhould afflict Him more;
Crucify, crucify! they foaming roar,
We have a law, with clamour they reply,
And by our law blaſphemers ought to die.
This proud, ambitious Wretch, meek as He ſeems,
Styles Himſelf God's own Son, and God blaſphemes.
That Name ſtruck Pilate with an awe profound,
And he withdrew, this queſtion to propound;
Whence art Thou? Jeſus ſilent ſtood, then he,
Have I not power to crucify or free?
And art Thou ſilent? Jeſus made reply,
The power you have is given you from on high,
If you that power abuſe, you God offend,
Jews, who know more, your guilt the more tranſcend.

Still Pilate ſtrove their malice to aſſuage,
Urged His releaſe, which raiſed impetuous rage;

All loudly bellow, he himſelf would ſhow
Not Cæſar's friend, ſhould he let Jeſus go,
Who courts by magic popular renown,
Styles himſelf King, and aims at Cæſar's crown.
Pilate then Jeſus, in His royal weed,
Crown'd with ſharp thorns, and ſceptred with a reed,
In the Prætorium placed in all their views,
Behold your King, ſaid he, the King of Jews.
We no king, they return, but Cæſar own,
And you with watchful care ſhould guard his throne.
Away with Him, away with Him! they cry,
And let the Wretch by crucifixion die!

When Pilate ſaw their malice higher ſwell,
He thought it vain their fury to repel:
But waſh'd his hands; I guiltleſs am, he ſaid,
From this Juſt Perſon's Blood you thirſt to ſhed.
In horrid curſe their anſwer they expreſt,
His Blood on us, and on our children reſt.
Pilate, Tiberius to incenſe afraid,
And by the clamours of the Jews diſmay'd,
Deſpairing ſafely to prevent the ill,
Delivers Jeſus to their envious will;
Commands the guards Barabbas to unbind,
And Jeſus to the dolorous Croſs conſign'd.
May I devoutly, Lord, Thy patience weigh,
Oh, let no ills me rancour or diſmay!

On Thy ſupport may I in troubles lean,
And keep in worldly ſtorms a ſoul ſerene.

All praiſe to Jeſus! Who with ſin unſtain'd
Was for our guilt content to be arraign'd.
Glory to Jeſus! o'er the mountain goes,
Who for lapſed man endured ſuch bitter woes.

WEDNESDAY BEFORE EASTER.

The Paſſion.

MELT me all o'er, eternal, gracious Dove,
Into the utmoſt tenderneſs of love:
That while I ſuffering Jeſus have in ſight,
Condoling love may a ſoft ſong indite.
Oh! tune my heart to that ſweet, tender ſtrain,
In which the virgins worſhip the Lamb ſlain;
While on their ſympathetic harps they play
To the new ſong, which none can learn but they.

When timorous Pilate Jeſus' death decreed,
And that He ſhould by crucifixion bleed,
The Jews, by Invida poſſeſs'd, to pleaſe,
The rude, remorſeleſs ſoldiers on Him ſeize.
Then His mock-purple robe away they tear,
That He might only His own garments wear;
His ponderous Croſs they on His Shoulders lay,

With ſpears they goad Him through the dolorous way.
But Jeſus, ſpent with loſs of blood and pain,
Unable was the burden to ſuſtain.
They ſaw Him ſink, yet would no pity ſhow,
But to reſerve Him for His dying woe;
Good Simon, whom they for his friend ſuſpect,
To bear His Croſs they from the crowd ſelect.
O happy ſaint! in Jeſus' griefs to ſhare,
To eaſe bleſt Jeſus, Jeſus' Croſs to bear!
Two thieves they with Him couple, to imply,
He for like crimes with them alike muſt die.
The evangelic prophet this foretold,
That He ſhould with tranſgreſſors be enroll'd.

His faithful votaries follow'd the ſad train,
And ſympathiſed with Him in every vein.
The tender ſex His view afflicting kept,
Their hearts bled faſter than their eyelids wept.
With re-condoling Love and melting eyes,
Jeſus to their afflicted love replies:
Drain not your tears, My anguiſh to deplore,
Weep for yourſelves and for your children more:
I by My ſufferings ſhall to glory riſe,
But dreadful vengeance ſhall this land ſurpriſe.
Ah! Salem's daughters, near is the ſad day
When in extremity of grief you'll ſay,
Thrice happy are the wombs once barren ſtyled,
Thrice happy paps which never ſuckled child.
Then to the hills and mountains men ſhall call,

To ſhelter us from wrath, upon us fall!
Nor hills, nor mountains will regard their woes,
Obdurate and relentleſs as their foes.
Like a green tree with a well-water'd root,
I yielded for your food, life-giving fruit;
The faithleſs, like trees with no moiſture fed,
Cumbering the ground, unfruitful are and dead;
God, who permits the green ſhall trampled lie,
Juſtly decrees the felling of the dry.
If ſuch afflictions Innocence attend,
Think what dire judgments over guilt impend!

Soon as they at Mount Calvary arrived,
Where malefactors were of life deprived;
For anodyne, to criminals then uſed,
Of wine, with frankincenſe and myrrh infuſed,
The envious Jews, His angours to augment,
A cup of gall and vinegar preſent:
He thirſty, of the odious potion ſips,
And from it ſtraight withdrew His injured Lips.
Naked they ſtript Him, to increaſe diſgrace,
Then on the Croſs His Frame ſupine they place;
His tender Hands and Feet with cords they retch,
And when extended to their utmoſt ſtretch,
With nails, to fix Him to the Tree, they gore,
Of a large ſize, to make the wider bore:
Jeſus thus nail'd, the Croſs on high they heaved,
And that He might be with freſh torments grieved,
Each, the ſame moment, letting go his hand,
Into the hole in which it was to ſtand,

With ſuch a mighty torturing jerk it fell,
The malice could not be outdone by Hell.
His Body, which His Wounds alone ſupport,
Feels now of torment the extreme effort,
It racks His Joints, unſockets all His Bones,
Each Muſcle in Him agonizing groans,
Each Artery, Nerve, Tendon, Fibre, Vein,
Each atom felt ſtrong confluential pain.
But midſt His dire convulſions, pangs and throes,
No wrongs His charity could diſcompoſe;
He pardon begs for Pagan and for Jew,
Father, forgive, they know not what they do.

The crime for which the malefactor bled,
Was by old cuſtom labell'd o'er his head;
This ſole inſcription Pilate choſe to uſe,
Jeſus of Nazareth, the King of Jews.
As He in torment hung, contemn'd and ſcorn'd,
God with this public witneſs Him adorn'd.
Of ſacred Truth, though Pilate nothing knew,
He gave the title to Meſſias due.

The thieves on either hand on croſſes hung,
And one reviled Him with a hell-fired tongue;
If Thou art Chriſt, Thyſelf and us now free,
And ſave us from this painful, murdering tree.
The other made a pious, grave reply,
How dareſt thou with words reproachful die?
We of our crimes the juſt chaſtiſement bear;
Pilate was forced Him guiltleſs to declare;
Of God's tremendous bar haſt thou no fear,

At which we in few minutes muſt appear?
With that, he deeply ſighing for ſins paſt,
Soft, penitential eyes on Jeſus caſt,
Ah Lord, remember me, he humbly cried,
When Thou art in Thy kingdom glorified!
At the firſt triumph which His Croſs had made,
Jeſus, amidſt His pains, was pleaſed, and ſaid,
Die with this conſolation, thou ſhalt be
This very day in Paradiſe with Me.
One act intenſe may in God's mild repute
For a whole age of penances commute.

High Heaven, which could not the ſad ſight endure,
To ſee the Source of Light Divine, obſcure,
Its cheerful glories on a ſudden ſhrouds,
In thick, black, mournful, confluential clouds;
The ſun, who of its light then wholly fail'd,
The full-cheek'd moon which hinder'd it, bewail'd;
The ſpheres, which moved in harmony before,
Began in groans their Maker to deplore;
Sun, moon, and ſtars, withdrew their conſcious light,
Egypt ne'er felt ſuch horrid, diſmal night;
From the ſixth hour until the ninth, the realm
Of darkneſs ſeem'd the land to overwhelm;
The ſoldiers in four parts His veſture tear,
Each ſcoffing claims a remnant for his ſhare;
But for His ſeamleſs coat, they lots would throw,
Fulfilling what the prophecies foreſhew.

As on the Croſs afflicted Jeſus hangs,
Oppreſs'd with ſtrong, innumerable pangs,
To heighten inward dolours, all the pains
He for His perſecutors there ſuſtains,
He's contemn'd, ſcorn'd, mock'd, and paſtime made,
By thoſe for whom He ſo dear ranſom paid.
Nothing can more heart-breaking grief excite
Than utmoſt love, repaid with utmoſt ſpite.
The Jews, by torch-light, as His pangs they eye,
Wagging their heads, in loud deriſion cry,
Thou, Who didſt boaſt the Temple to deſtroy,
And in three days rebuild, Thy power employ
To ſave Thyſelf; now from the Croſs come down,
And take poſſeſſion of the Jewiſh crown;
The ſcribes, chief-prieſts, and rulers, ſcoffing rave,
Let the world's Saviour try Himſelf to ſave.
If Thou art Chriſt, God's Son, and Iſrael's King,
Come from the Croſs, and we'll Thy triumph ſing;
In God He truſted, Who no ſaint forſakes,
God Him abandons, and no pity takes.
The cruel ſoldiers at His groans exult,
And with rude mockery o'er Him inſult.
Curſed leading ghoſts, and all their helliſh train,
Feaſted their malice with His boundleſs pain;
Even Envy, never ſated ſince the fall,
Stood nonpluſs'd, boaſting ſhe had done her all;
And the damn'd ghoſts from Tophet with her flown,
All envied her the envy ſhe had ſhown.

But the moſt tender Wound our Lord received,
Was to behold His deareſt Mother grieved;
The Virgin, John, and Saints of either kind,
Who thither came, themſelves to grief reſign'd:
He in the weeping crowd, His Mother ſpies,
Bemoaning Him, with ſoft, heart-draining eyes;
Maternal pity pierced her through and through,
Up to the hilt her ſword-like ſorrow flew,
At the wide-gaping wound her ſoul took vent,
And in outflowing yearnings was nigh ſpent;
When His ſoft, melting Eyes towards John He roll'd,
Bleſs'd Woman, there thy Son, ſaid He, behold,
Then John's regard He towards His Mother drew,
Loved John, He adds, thy future Mother view.
Thence John his houſe the Virgin's manſion made,
And always filial duty to her paid.

Our Lord, with anguiſh infinite o'erpreſs'd,
Was, with man's guilt and wrath it drew, diſtreſs'd.
While Godhead, from humanity withdrawn,
Gave Him no one conſolatory dawn;
No tongue His unimaginable woes,
During that ſhort ſuſpenſion, can diſcloſe.
What is the loſs of Godhead? Who can think,
To finite, from infinity to ſink?
A loſs like this, our ſuffering Jeſus grieved,
Of influential Deity bereaved;

While in a dying paroxyſm He ſpake,
My God, my God, why doſt Thou Me forſake?
Strong dolours, not diſtruſt, made this complaint,
My God, implies aſſurance of a ſaint.
Then, all His death-predictions to conclude,
He cried, I thirſt! and a tormentor rude
A hyſſop-reed, which with a ſponge was tipp'd,
In vinegar and gall by malice dipp'd,
Preſented, to embitter His laſt breath,
And irritate the agonies of death.
Our Lord received the loathſome drops, and cried,
The prophecies are now all verified;
O Father, I Thy Prieſt, to Thy mild eyes
Preſent Myſelf for men a Sacrifice;
Their ſhame, guilt, woes, concentre on My Head,
For them I now My Blood vicarious ſhed;
If this Thy wrath, O Father, not atones,
O ſtill prolong and multiply My groans!
In pity to loſt man I'll ſuffer more,
That to Thy favour I may him reſtore;
That I may ſave him from eternal pain,
Though love for Love he pays Me not again.
But if I now have paid the utmoſt mite,
O let My pangs Thy pity ſoft excite:
O Father, to My dolours put an end,
Into Thy Hands My Spirit I commend!
Paternal God declared His wrath appeaſed,
And with the Offering infinitely pleaſed.
His head in adoration He inclined,
And to His Father His dear Soul reſign'd.

Bright Michael, with twelve legions, who had
ſtay'd
To give, if call'd, afflicted Jeſus aid,
A ſquadron ſent to plague apoſtate ghoſts,
Who of deſtroying Jeſus made their boaſts;
They laſh'd the fiends to hell, with terrors ſcared,
Where new-forged tortures were for all prepared;
Curſed Invida with her own ſaws they jag,
And in the furrows of the filthy hag
They her own ſerpents and her vipers cramm'd,
And to accumulated torments damn'd.

All Nature, when the God of Nature bled,
Was ſtruck with horrid, univerſal dread,
Deſpairing Filial God to have ſurvived,
From Whoſe high Will it origin derived.
The rocks cleft, earth to hell began to quake,
And to increaſe the fiery brimſtone lake,
From its dark, ſubterraneous ſtores to throw
Whole mines of flaming ſulphur down below;
Infernal ghoſts ne'er ſuffer'd, ſince they fell,
So hot, ſo inſupportable a hell;
And all the tortured ſpirits curſed the day
When they ſent Judas, Jeſus to betray;
The graves flew open, and expoſed their ſtore,
And into bodies ſhook the human ore;
The troubled ſea its bed no longer kept,
But o'er its ſhores its inundations wept;
The temple corner-ſtones were ſeen to yield,
And to and fro the labouring fabric reel'd;

The hallow'd loaves were thrown the floor about,
And the ſeven golden burning lamps went out,
The ſacred incenſe loſt its odorous ſcent,
The awful veil was into pieces rent,
The trembling prieſts leave holy rites undone,
Affrighted Levites from their ſtations run,
Harps, pſalteries, cymbals, trumpets, on the ground
Lie bruiſed and broken all the Temple round.
Caiaphas hid his ſelf-upbraiding head,
The impious Council were from Gazith fled;
Black horrors haunted the accurſed room,
Where envious ſinners hatch'd their Saviour's doom;
The evening lamb, which was but newly fired,
As on the Croſs the Lamb of God expired,
Grew on the altar, on a ſudden, cold,
And from the grate the dying embers roll'd.

The Pagan ſoldiers trembled in their ſtands,
Down dropp'd their weapons from their feeble hands,
None ever had recover'd of the fright,
Had not our God reſtored the ſolar light.
Aloud the thoughtful, wiſe centurion cried,
The Mighty Son of God is crucified;
Each envious Jew-ſpectator ſmote his breaſt,
And in his actions plainly Chriſt confeſs'd;
They all, convicted at that moving ſight,
Denied Meſſias only out of ſpite;
Tyrannic ſin of empire lay bereft,

The idol ghoſts their tottering temples left,
Of their own fatal oracles afraid;
Which, forced by Heaven, unwelcome truth
diſplay'd.
Eden's bright cherub ſheathed his two-edged flame,
Heaven bid him open Paradiſe proclaim;
Fear the old world into hard labour threw,
It groan'd till 'twas deliver'd of a new.

If heaven and earth, dear Lord, Thy Paſſion felt,
Ah! how ſhould I with love and ſorrow melt!
Thy precious blood 'twas wicked I who ſpilt,
I grieved, I pierced, I nail'd Thee by my guilt.
Lord, to thoſe very Wounds I gored, I fly,
My hopes of pardon in my outrage lie;
As Thy dear ſweeteſt Mother ſaw Thy ſmart,
Thou, when the ſword went through her tender
heart,
With weapon-love didſt then anoint the blade,
It gently cured, juſt as the wound it made;
May I, in penitential tears immerſed,
Contemplate Thee, my Jeſus, Whom I pierced,
And by ſweet ſympathy Thy anguiſh feel,
Deep wound my heart with Love, and wounding,
heal.

All praiſe to Jeſus! who, lapſed man to free,
Hung on the painful, ignominious Tree.
Glory to Jeſus! the whole mount replied,
Offended God, Who for offenders died.

THURSDAY BEFORE EASTER.

The Lord Jeſus, the ſame night in which He was betrayed, took bread; and when He had given thanks, He brake it, and ſaid, Take, eat, this is my body.—1 *Cor.* xi. 23-4.

HOW Godhead to our human fleſh was join'd,
Tranſcends the reach of an angelic mind.
How God and Man with bread and wine unite,
Is too ſublime for bounded human ſight:
To boundleſs Godhead both united are,
God tabernacles here, and temples there.
There undivided God and man exiſt,
The fleſh aſſumed is ne'er to be diſmiſs'd;
'Tis tranſient here, and when a Judas eats
The ſacred bread, Chriſt's Shechinah retreats.
The day and night each other ſtill expel,
Pure God in ſouls impure can never dwell.
God, to exalt His power, and man debaſe,
Inſtitutes mean conveyances of grace.
Bleſs'd water in the font is ſtill the ſame,
As when unbleſt it from the river came,
Though worthleſs in itſelf, in ſacred uſe
It graces ſuperhuman can produce.
Thus bread and wine, by Jeſus ſet apart,
Preſentiate God Incarnate to the heart.
Wiſe gracious God, ſign ectypal[1] ne'er made,

[1] *Ectypal* (from ἐκ and τύπος), a copy.

By which the archetype ſhould be convey'd;
But every ſaint in the appointed ſign
Partakes of the Original Divine.

When Peter cried out, ſinking in the wave,
And Jeſus ſtretch'd His Hand the ſaint to ſave,
Had Jeſûs been in Heaven when Peter pray'd,
And ſent inviſible, yet mighty aid,
He as effectually had Peter freed,
Had been as preſent in the time of need,
As if He had been treading on the main,
And reach'd His Hand His votary to ſuſtain.
Chriſt's virtual Preſence may as Real be,
As if we ſhould His Perſon preſent ſee.

Writ Sacred, baptiſm, ſanctity and prayer,
All to derive God's grace true conduits are:
But His propitious wiſdom found a way,
More Love to ſhed, more bleſſing to convey;
The greateſt Love unbounded God could ſhow,
Was to reſign His Son to bear our woe.
The greateſt Love could from the Son proceed,
Was to aſſume our fleſh, and for us bleed.
The Euchariſt to ſouls both Loves diſplays,
Love emulous of infinite to raiſe;
As if to die had been a love too low,
He on His lovers would Himſelf beſtow.
Our Lord Himſelf becomes our heavenly meat,
United to us like the food we eat.

The ſaints, next hypoſtatic union, none
More noble than the ſacramental own.

O wondrous feaſt! which manna far exceeds,
In which each ſaint on God Incarnate feeds.
The manna which God's wandering Iſrael fed
Was mortal food, the eaters all are dead;
But Jeſus, our Immortal Food, remains,
And ſouls to all eternity ſuſtains.

Lord, Who to waſh Thy votaries' feet didſt deign,
Ere feaſted with the Lamb unſpotted ſlain;
Set open a full ſpring in either eye,
Which a capacious laver may ſupply:
That, bathed all o'er in penitential tear,
I at Thy bliſsful feaſt may clean appear.
But tears can never cleanſe ſpiritual ſtains,
Waſh me in drops of Thy own bleeding Veins.
Thy purple Blood can waſh a ſinner white,
And change dark ſpots to a celeſtial bright.

When at Thy Altar, Lord, I proſtrate fall,
Thy dolorous crucifixion to recall,
Make my ſoul fuel to ſupernal fire,
Into my heart devotion warm inſpire.
Shame and contrition vileneſs to deplore,
Firm reſolutions never to ſin more;
An humble, pure, and charitable mind,

From all remains of wilful ſin refined.
Faith, hope, deſire, joy, praiſe, thankſgiving, zeal,
Languors, and ardours which Thy lovers feel;
All grateful paſſions which have ever ſtream'd
From ſinners by the Blood of God redeem'd.
Into all love my powers, my ſpirit turn,
Love which unquenchable may ever burn;
May every thought I of Thy ſufferings frame
Suſtain, invigorate, increaſe the flame.
Nouriſh'd by Thee, I no fatigue ſhall feel,
And tread Thy ſteps with perſevering zeal;
Or if Thou ſhorten by the croſs my way,
Fill'd with Thy Love, I gladly ſhall obey.
Before Thy death this Feaſt Thou didſt ordain,
The antidote againſt internal pain.
Thy ſaints will imitate Thy ſolemn care,
And by the Altar for the croſs prepare.

GOOD FRIDAY.

A SONG of Jeſus I deſign,
But ſtumble at the leading line,
Of Jeſus' Paſſion I would ſing,
And for this day's oblation bring;
But cannot the diſpute decide
'Twixt Grief and Love, which me divide.

When Jeſus' ſufferings I review,
And know myſelf to be the Jew,

Whoſe ſins created all the woe
God-fleſh aſſumed to undergo;
I dread my guilt, and in my eyes
Of tears I feel two fountains riſe.

But when ſweet Jeſus to my ſight
Appears in a ſalvific light,
Where on the Croſs He ſuffers pain,
That I may bliſs eternal gain,
O then my heart with love runs o'er,
And is inclined to grieve no more.

While thus my ſoul is at a bay,
Which of the paſſions me ſhall ſway,
Mind on a ſudden intervenes,
And with ſweet temper both ſerenes;
She promiſes ſhe'll both permit,
And to keep peace their umpire ſit.

Mind bids me grief and love unite,
And then from both a ſong indite;
For hallow'd grief from love is bred,
Love only grateful tears can ſhed;
Love for offending Love immenſe,
Leſs eyeing vengeance than offence.

To Love entirely then my mind
The conduct of my tears reſign'd;
And from the Garden I began
To trace the ſufferings of God-man;

I felt into ſoft tears devout
Love at firſt entrance burſting out.

I kept it lively in my mind,
That God and man in Jeſus join'd,
That Godhead every ſoul foreknows,
For whom the Manhood ſuffers woes;
And while His pains my ranſom bought,
I and my ſins were in His thought.

Mind could no pang of Jeſus ſee,
But ſtill ſhe cried, It is for me;
I the inflammative received,
And all the way both loved and grieved;
God-man for me enduring ſmart,
Both deluged and enflamed my heart.

I ſaw Incarnate God at prayer,
With awful, yet enamouring air,
Each tear Paternal God endear'd,
He humbly loved, He ſweetly fear'd,
He kneel'd, fell proſtrate on the ground,
Aſpired with ardency profound.

Complaint of inward grief He made,
I ſaw dire pangs His ſoul invade,
With tears He offer'd up ſtrong cries;
Ah then I ſaw Him agonize,
Ah! I beheld the ſurface wet
With droppings of His bloody ſweat.

He His own load foreſaw, had ſenſe
Of ſin, and of God's wrath immenſe,
And pray'd that He the cup might waive,
If a leſs price lapſed man would ſave;
Yet, to His Father's Will reſign'd,
Content to ſuffer for mankind

I loved and grieved at Jeſus' pain
I ſaw Him for my ſins ſuſtain;
Yet only eyed the outward part,
And could not reach His dolorous Heart;
His ſorrows there none ever knew,
Too infinite for bounded view.

With grief His prayer grew ſo intenſe,
Methought His Godhead in ſuſpenſe;
Withheld conſolatory beam,
That agony might be extreme.
Of ſuch ſuſpenſe what heart can gueſs
The unconceivable diſtreſs?

God ſent an angel from the throne,
With ſweet ſupports to eaſe His moan;
And ſince He ſuffer'd in the place
Of Adam's univerſal race,
We judge His woes proportion'd were
To all the guilt He deign'd to bear.

To God as He reſign'd His will,
He roſe to meet approaching ill.

I ſtood the traitor to behold,
Who for vile price his Maſter ſold;
I ſaw God-man from lips impure
With patience meek a kiſs endure.

I ſaw the arm'd inhuman bands
Stretch towards God-man audacious hands,
His Voice ſtruck all to earth with dread,
He ſuffering each to raiſe his head,
They Him when bound to Annas drew,
While from their Lord His votaries flew.

With Jews was leagued infernal power,
Curſed Satan knew the fatal hour,
His legions he review'd, and all
The devils, to revenge their fall,
Blaſpheming vow'd, with utmoſt might,
On God's loved Son to wreak their ſpite.

My love began freſh tears to ſhed,
When Jeſus was to Caiaphas led,
With the High-prieſt the Council join'd,
All in His violent death combined,
With envious rage I ſaw them ſwell,
All unappeaſable as hell.

With buffetings they Him aſſail'd,
His Face they ſpit on, and then veil'd,
Bid Him by prophecy diſcloſe
Which was the hand that gave the blows.

Shame mix'd with pain in all His woe,
Ills which from ſin coeval flow.

To Pilate next they drag Him bound,
With cruel clamours Him ſurround:
The Pagan the accuſed acquits,
And ſtraight to Herod Him tranſmits;
He and His guards, meek Jeſus made
Their ſcorn, and in mock-white array'd.

To Pilate back they Jeſus ſent;
He, Jewiſh malice to prevent,
Propoſed that Jeſus at the Feaſt
Might be the criminal releaſed;
But for a murderer they cry,
Barabbas free, let Jeſus die!

My Love, my Tear now higher riſe,
Incarnate God is in your eyes
Tied to a pillar, naked, ſtript,
By unrelenting ſoldiers whipt,
His ſacred fleſh is wound all o'er,
His blood is ſtreams, 'twas rills before.

Thus bleeding, with redoubled rage,
They chooſe the common-hall their ſtage,
They crown Him with a wreath of thorn,
With a mock-purple robe adorn,
For ſceptre they provide a reed,
And to inſult Him all agreed.

With bended knee, Hail, King! they cried,
Spat on His Face, and mockeries vied,
Then took the reed, and ſmote His crown,
To make the thorns ſink deeper down;
To Jews God-man, thus full of woes,
To move their pity, Pilate ſhews.

The hell-infuriated crowd
Reiterate, Crucify! aloud,
On our own heads and race the guilt
Shall reſt, ſoon as His Blood is ſpilt:
And Pilate, by their threats inclined,
The guiltleſs to their rage conſign'd.

My Love, my Tear, your force collect,
You now muſt on the Croſs reflect,
There pain and ſhame are at full ſtreſs,
And for my ſins God-man oppreſs
See, He begins the dolorous way,
From Pilate's houſe to Golgotha.

His ſacred head with thorn is crown'd,
His bleeding furrows dye the ground,
In His own garments re-array'd,
His ponderous Croſs is on Him laid,
With bleeding faint, o'erwhelm'd with woes,
Beneath His load He trembling goes.

Ah! now He ſinks, and to ſuſtain
His burden, Simon they conſtrain,

Love wiſh'd herſelf had then been ſeized,
Her ſuffering Saviour to have eaſed;
My Love, my Tear, you now muſt count
The dolours felt on Calvary mount.

Inſtead of the accuſtomed wine,
They offer a mock anodyne,
For wonted myrrh malicious Jews
The moſt embittering gall infuſe;
No anodyne bleſs'd Jeſus knew
But Will Divine, and lips withdrew.

Between two thieves He thither came,
To ſtigmatize Him with their ſhame,
Then naked, to augment His woe,
Him on the Croſs ſupine they throw,
Nail Hands and Feet, with gorings pain'd,
Unſluice His blood, till now undrain'd.

The Croſs between the thieves they raiſe;
Soon as the crowd upon Him gaze,
They wag their heads, mock, grin, blaſpheme,
With ragings various and extreme;
He, patient, for tormentors pray'd,
With gracious yearnings hate repay'd.

Of thieves, the bad 'gainſt Jeſus raved,
The good His pity meekly craved,
Bleſs'd Jeſus ſpake, immenſely prone
To eaſe a penitential moan.

Thy ſoul the angels ſhall this day
To Paradiſe with Me convey.

While Jeſus on the Croſs was nail'd,
The ſun in clouds its ſplendour veil'd,
At the eclipſe of Fontal Light,
Fear'd it ſhould never more be bright,
In ſhame and pain three hours He hung,
Shot through with darts of venom'd tongue.

My Love, my Tear, you weeping ſee
The Virgin-Mother near the Tree;
O learn of her to love and weep,
And Jeſus in your heart to keep,
Yet even her tender Love and Tear
Reach'd only woes ſhe ſaw appear.

The length, the breadth, the depth, the height
Of inward woe tranſcended ſight;
Ah, could our elevated eye
Into His dolorous Spirit pry,
A ſorrow infinite is there,
No ſpeech angelic can declare.

Mad dogs from the infernal dark,
About the Croſs at Jeſus bark,
Their foam they in ſuggeſtions vent,
And all His inward pangs foment,
And yet their ſtudied utmoſt ſpite
No one repining could excite.

My God, My God, I agonize,
Why doſt Thou Me forſake? He cries;
Ne'er ſince the world began was known
Such an immenſe heart-breaking groan;
God-man ne'er made complaint in vain,
'Twas but proportion'd to His pain.

Reflux of Godhead Him relieves,
'Tis but ſhort time bleſs'd Jeſus grieves,
Yet that ſhort time God's mercy ſways,
Man's ranſom to His juſtice pays,
Since God's co-equal undergoes
The quinteſſence of ſinners' woes.

Paternal God's co-boundleſs Son,
For ſinners now His all has done,
His Head He to His Father bends,
His Soul into His Hands commends,
And ſweetly breathing out His laſt,
Into His Father's Boſom paſs'd.

The God of Life gave up the Ghoſt,
Amazed ſtood the angelic hoſt;
Curſed fiends were laſh'd to treble pain,
The Temple-veil was rent in twain,
Earth quaked, back flew the ocean-waves,
Rocks cleft, and open ſtood the graves.

The good centurion Jeſus own'd,
The very crowd His woes bemoan'd;

And of His death all doubt to clear,
His Side was wounded with a ſpear:
That wound the Jewiſh outrage cloſed,
And then He in His grave repoſed.

Soon as I ſaw bleſs'd Jeſus dead,
I found ſad Tear from Love was fled;
Love, left alone, with joy beheld
His ſhame, His anguiſh now diſpell'd;
With that ſhe call'd to hymn for aid,
In ſong His Love ſhe re-ſurvey'd.

All praiſe be to Incarnate God,
Who for my ſake the wine-preſs trod,
Who in pure, boundleſs Love inclined
To give His life for lapſed mankind,
Who miſeries immenſe endured,
That I might live from all ſecured

May I, like bleſſed Paul, to know
Dear Jeſus, my choice hours beſtow,
The Croſs is the ſole book I need,
In that all-ſaving truths I read,
God's attributes all harmonized,
Evanid[1] wealth, pomp, joys, deſpiſed.

Man's heinous guilt apparent made,
For which the Blood of God was paid,
Sin's curſed attendants, pain and ſhame,
With horrors of infernal flame,

[1] Vain, apt to decay.

Death and the terrors of the grave,
From which God-man could only ſave.

All graces which adorn the mind,
An ardent love, a will reſign'd,
A lamb-like meekneſs, conſcience clean,
A patience humble and ſerene,
Obedience conſtant and ſincere,
Undaunted courage, filial fear;

Large charity, a temper ſweet,
All men like brethren prone to treat,
Devotion fix'd, a zeal right aim'd,
Self-holocauſt, all paſſions tamed;
I with all theſe, and numerous more,
From Jeſus' Croſs myſelf may ſtore.

Lord, in Thy Croſs is all my truſt,
I'll crucify all ſenſual guſt,
And if Thou call'ſt me to the ſtake,
Help me to ſuffer for Thy ſake,
Thy Croſs I'll daily keep in eye,
And learn from that to love and die.

EASTER EVEN.

GOD-MAN, Who on the dolorous Tree
Didſt ſacrifice Thyſelf for me,
For me! O wonder! What am I,
That great God-man ſhould for me die?

I who 'gainſt Love immenſe rebel,
A ſlave to ſin, and claim'd by hell.

But Thou haſt my deliverance wrought,
Thou haſt me out of ſlavery bought,
Thou boundleſs vengeance haſt allay'd,
By price ineſtimable paid;
I am by purchaſe wholly Thine,
And juſtly can ſtyle nothing mine.

Ah, wo is me! I, Lord, am prone
To rob Thee hourly of Thine own,
For ſenſual joys I oft purvey,
Which ſteal from Thee my heart away,
Thou canſt no ſacrilege endure,
My heart, O help me to ſecure!

God-man, while here to live He deign'd,
In ſelf-oblation ſtill remain'd:
Centred in Jeſus I ſhould live,
Myſelf entirely to Him give,
Himſelf He to redeem me gave,
Which makes me His devoted ſlave.

His ſlave? O no, in pity He
From ghoſtly bondage ſet me free,
By His own Blood He me redeem'd,
That I ſhould be His friend eſteem'd.
Strange Love to ſlaves, which thought tranſcends,
God bleeds to raiſe them to His friends!

I with my Friend ſhould ſympathiſe,
And live to Thee in ſacrifice,
I will remember what I coſt,
Thou, Lord, ſhouldſt all my powers exhauſt,
My faith ſhould keep my Friend in ſight,
His Will ſhould be my ſole delight.

The more ſouls love, the more they ſtrive
To their friend's likeneſs to arrive;
My ſoul, Lord, Thy Veronique[1] make;
That I may Thy reſemblance take,
That Will may be in both the ſame,
And both may have one heavenly aim.

EASTER-DAY.

SAY, bleſſed angels, ſay,
How could you ſilent be to-day?
Your hymn the ſhepherds waked that morn,
When great God-man was born,

[1] It is an ancient tradition that when our Saviour was on His way to Calvary, bearing His croſs, He paſſed by the door of a compaſſionate woman, who, beholding the drops of agony on His brow, wiped His face with a napkin, or as others ſay, with her veil, and the features of Chriſt remained miraculouſly impreſſed upon the linen. To this image was given the name of Vera Icon—the *true* image—ſubſequently, the name given to the image was inſenſibly transferred to the woman of whom the legend is related.—JAMESON'S *Sacred and Legendary Art* (1848), vol. ii. p. 269.

But when He roſe again,
They heard no Euchariſtic ſtrain.

You ſaw God-man expire,
Did you His riſing not admire?
How when His ſoul at parting breath
Enter'd the realm of death,
He conquering forced His way,
And re-inſpired His buried clay.

Had you His riſe admired,
Hymn is by admiration fired;
But you profoundly were amazed
When you upon Him gazed,
And while amazement reigns,
It all poetic force reſtrains.

Your intellectual eyes
Saw Heaven and earth from nothing riſe,
You then admired the noble ſight,
And hymn'd God's boundleſs might;
Yourſelves from nothing raiſed,
In your firſt moment Godhead praiſed.

When you ſaw Jeſus dead,
The ſtrangeneſs then was mix'd with dread,
The King of Terrors had ſurpriſed,
God-man when ſacrificed,
You ghoſts apoſtate quell'd,
Yet with amaze that Death beheld.

At Jeſus' dying groan,
The graves by earthquake open thrown,
All the tremendous horrors ſhew'd,
In frightful death's abode,
You with amazement ſaw
God-man the tyrant over-awe.

Amaze not long could laſt,
But into admiration paſs'd;
The wonder calmly you conceived,
And grace of hymn retrieved;
And hymning ſtill remain
The Lamb triumphant, Who was ſlain.

To a ſublimer height
That I may faith and love excite,
I Calvary this morn intend,
As pilgrim to aſcend,
To ſee the hallow'd ground,
For Jeſus' ſepulchre renown'd.

Impulſed with zeal, my mind
Soon reach'd the mountain I deſign'd;
Two angels there I could behold,
Who firſt the riſing told,
Came down on radiant wing
Their Eaſter annual hymn to ſing.

I heard them with delight,
And as they ſpread their wings for flight,

In Jeſus' Name beſought their ſtay,
To perfect my ſurvey:
The angel, they replied,
Who guards the mount, will be your guide.

My fervour to foment,
The Guardian mildly gave conſent,
And, leſt my ſight ſhould be oppreſs'd,
He damp'd his glorious veſt;
I then to every place
Could every leading footſtep trace.

Within, ſaid he, the womb
Of this hard rock was Jeſus' tomb,
That ponderous ſtone which on it lay
The angel moved away,
Deſcending in pure white,
With look like awful lightning bright.

The guards his preſence fear'd,
And like dead men all pale appear'd,
The ſolid earth's foundation ſhook,
Down as his flight he took,
In open'd graves the juſt
Felt life rekindling in their duſt.

Clothed in celeſtial ray,
There Heaven's two envoys fix'd their ſtay,
Each on the ſtone poſſeſs'd his ſeat,
At Jeſu's head and feet,

To watch 'gainſt Jew and hell,
And to good ſouls glad tidings tell.

The female ſaints took care
Embalming odours to prepare,
To Jeſus they firſt honour gave,
They ſaw the empty grave,
And Magdalen took flight,
To tell His votaries the ſight.

Loved John, and Peter ran
To ſearch the grave where lay God-man,
The ſhroud and napkin they admired,
Yet in ſuſpenſe retired,
Diffidence veil'd their eyes,
Slow to believe their Lord ſhould riſe.

Soft Mary there remain'd,
That ſhe had loſt her Lord complain'd
To the two angels with ſad tears,
While her dear Lord appears,
At Whoſe reviving beams
Sweet tears of joy flow'd down in ſtreams.

Of all the truths reveal'd,
The riſing is moſt firmly ſeal'd,
Heaven took peculiar care that none
Who think, ſhould it diſown,
That Love Divine to fire,
The motive might remain entire.

The angels from the Throne,
Sent to the monumental ſtone;
The ſaints who, riſen from the dead,
The truth o'er Salem ſpread;
The earthquake which expoſed
The graves, and ſcatter'd duſt recloſed;

The prophecies of old;
Types which the promiſed Seed enfold;
Our Lord's predictions now fulfill'd;
The lie by Jews inſtill'd;
The guards who truth confeſs'd,
The Reſurrection co-atteſt.

From death bleſs'd Jeſus rear'd,
Ten ſeveral times to ſaints appear'd,
Was undeniably made known
To votaries when alone,
Oft when in numbers join'd,
Who view'd Him with conſiderate mind.

Five hundred you might count,
Who ſaw Him on the hallow'd mount;
He forty days with ſaints diſcourſed,
Truths heavenly reinforced,
With them He drank and eat,
By miracle created, meat.

When preſent to their view,
His Voice they heard, His Shape they knew,

His Hands, and Feet, and wounded Side,
They felt and nicely eyed,
Infallibly aſſured
'Twas Jeſus, Who the Croſs endured.

Full power bleſs'd Jeſus gain'd,
By which o'er Heaven and earth He reign'd;
The power which Heaven on Him beſtow'd,
From Him to votaries flow'd;
All ſent with aid Divine,
To teach the Faith of Godhead Trine.

To them He promiſed might,
To put infernal ghoſts to flight,
The force of all diſeaſe to break,
In various tongues to ſpeak,
Drink poiſons moſt acute,
Or cruſh the moſt envenom'd brute.

That, in cleft tongues of fire,
The Holy Ghoſt ſhould them inſpire;
His influence ſhould with them remain
When He ſhould bliſs obtain;
All punctually fulfill'd
When they began the Church to build.

Succeeding ſaints, who weigh'd
Thoſe motives when together laid,
To Jeſus with firm faith adhered,
And love which nothing fear'd.

Thus God to ſaints abounds,
And faith in conſtellation founds.

Spite Pagan, magic ſkill,
The devils from their minds of ill,
Fierce tyrants, who long rack'd their brains
For quinteſſential pains,
Though they the ſaints aſſail'd,
The Reſurrection ſtill prevail'd.

This, when the angel ſaid,
In wonted ſplendour re-array'd,
He ſtraight inviſible retired,
Left me with truth inſpired:
I gracious God adored,
Who faith with ſuch bright motives ſtored.

God-man be ever praiſed,
Who, when from death Himſelf He raiſed,
That He our joy might not delay,
Roſe early the third day;
And yet entomb'd ſo long,
Gave of His death conviction ſtrong.

God-man be loved, Who roſe
Victorious o'er infernal foes,
Who death, and ſin, and hell diſarm'd,
That lovers might unharm'd
Live, of their bliſs ſecure,
And gladly ſhort-lived woes endure.

From ſin which ſouls deſtroys,
By deadneſs to celeſtial joys,
May I, with penitential cries,
To a new life ariſe,
And reſt when I revive,
Dead to the world, to Heaven alive.

MONDAY IN EASTER WEEK.

Yea, and certain women alſo of our company made us aſtoniſhed, who were early at the ſepulchre; and when they found not His Body, they came, ſaying, that they had alſo ſeen a viſion of angels, which ſaid that He was alive.

S. Luke xxiv. 22, 23.

WHEN Jeſus Truth celeſtial taught,
And miracles propitious wrought,
And humble, in a Life Divine,
Diſplay'd the Love of Godhead Trine,
That penitents might pardon gain,
And with God-man in glory reign,

The tender ſex to Him adhered,
His awful goodneſs ſome revered,
Some for the loaves made up His train,
Some cure for ailments to obtain;
But none till Magdalen appear'd
To have from guilt her conſcience clear'd.

She early to bleſs'd Jeſus came,
Led by the odour of His Name.
All ſouls, with ſin's hard bondage tired,
A Jeſus ardently deſired,
And ſoon as ſhe of Jeſus heard,
Jeſus was to her heart endear'd.

But oh! how could a guilty breaſt,
While by ſeven devils 'twas poſſeſs'd,
Give entrance to the Godhead pure,
Or God that odious ſight endure?
Jeſus firſt drave the fiends away,
And cleanſed her ſpirit with His ray.

Great God, though outraged by our ſins,
In pity yet our change begins,
O wondrous Love, 'twas that which broke
The ſinful Mary's grievous yoke,
She inſtantly impatient grew,
To keep ſweet Jeſus in her view.

From the firſt moment of her turn,
The Love divine began to burn;
A ſinner who her ſin bewails
Weighs ſin and pardon in juſt ſcales;
Dear Jeſus' Name them both involves,
And hearts to love and tear diſſolves.

When ſouls in love with Jeſus fall,
They conſecrate to Him their all:

Mary a box of ointment brought,
Which for a liberal ſum ſhe bought,
Yet 'twas too mean, in her eſteem,
For Him, Who ſhould the world redeem.

Entering where Simon made his treat,
She with her tears waſh'd Jeſus' Feet,
Then kiſs'd them, to give Love its ſhare,
And wiped them with her looſen'd hair;
Then on His Head pour'd rich perfume,
Which ſweetly ſcented all the room.

O heart, by Jeſus highly prized,
Soften'd by Love, in tears baptized!
From ſins habitual, numerous, great,
Your Abſolution was complete,
Jeſus Himſelf to ſpeak it deign'd,
From thence you lead a life unſtain'd.

When Jeſus journey'd to and fro,
Seed heavenly o'er the land to ſow,
The female votaries, by you led,
Still follow'd His inſtructive tread;
You from your ſtores His wants relieved,
And for the ills He ſuffer'd grieved.

But when you through the dolorous way
Follow'd God-man to Golgotha,
Your love, your tear, ſeem'd then at height,
At that ſad, wondrous, tender ſight,

Yet both increaſed each ſtep you trod,
After diſtreſs'd Incarnate God.

Out of your broken heart there came
A flood of tears, a fervent flame,
The flood ran down, the flame aſpired,
One moiſten'd, and the other fired,
Yet they in mutual aids combined,
And in one centre Jeſus join'd.

Each dolour which you wept to ſee,
Your love cried out, Ah! 'tis for me,
You in His veſt beheld the ſtains
Of His late agonizing pains,
Freſh blood, from gorings of His crown,
And from His furrows trickling down.

You ſaw Him with the Croſs oppreſs'd,
How on Mount Calvary diſtreſs'd,
You on the Croſs beheld Him laid,
The wounds which by the nails were made,
Saw Blood from His wide nailings ſtream,
And heard ſpectators Him blaſpheme.

His dolorous cry you heard Him make,
My God, why doſt Thou Me forſake?
With gall you ſaw His potion mix'd,
And with a ſpear His Side transfix'd,
To His bleſs'd Mother you ſtood near,
And vied with her in love and tear.

You ſaw His Soul its manſion quit,
The Lord of Life to death ſubmit,
Recounting then the boundleſs pain
You ſaw God-man for you ſuſtain,
You ſaw the guilt of ſin diſplay'd,
When dying God our ranſom paid.

As at dear Jeſus' Croſs you ſtood,
Weeping from either eye a flood,
'Twas then your tendereſt love and tear
Fill'd all the expanſion of its ſphere,
While your compaſſionating eyes
Saw love unbounded agonize.

Of Jeſus' Love a lively ſenſe,
Mournful, endearing, and intenſe,
To martyr's height raiſed love and tear,
Love which like Jeſus caſt out fear;
In grace your progreſs was much more
Than e'er it was in ſin before.

Eve's guilty daughters, who ſhall hear
The bliſs you gain'd by love and tear,
Will of their ſins take ſtrict review,
They'll ſtrive to love and weep like you,
You! next to His own Mother bleſs'd,
Beloved by God Incarnate beſt.

With female ſaints, by break of day,
You your laſt honours came to pay,

For richeſt gums you ſpent your gold,
In them you would have Him enroll'd,
By the void grave you weeping ſtay'd,
To learn the place where He was laid.

God with a viſion graced your ſight,
You ſaw two angels robed in light,
An angel you aſſurance gave,
That Jeſus had unbarr'd the grave,
Jeſus, the more you to endear,
Would firſt to your bleſs'd eyes appear.

You were His envoy to infuſe
Into the apoſtles the glad news,
His deareſt Mother never knew
Her Son aroſe, till told by you.
Souls purified in God's mild eye
Thus with pure ſouls, in favours vie.

O may we learn, for life miſpent,
Of weeping Mary, to repent!
Heaven her for our example ſet,
Her progreſs we ſhould ne'er forget,
We, if like her in love and tear,
Shall be alike to Jeſus dear.

TUESDAY IN EASTER WEEK.

The Reſurrection.

Thus it is written, and thus it behoved Chriſt to ſuffer, and to riſe from the dead the third day.—*Luke* xxiv. 46.

BLESS'D Jeſus, on the Croſs in boundleſs pain,
In boundleſs joy, when Thou didſt riſe again,
One of Thy joyful rays be pleaſed to dart,
Headed with Love Divine, into my heart,
That ardent love and joy my ſoul may raiſe,
To ſing Thy Riſing in exalted lays.

Our Lord His diſſolution had commenced,
And Deity His Soul re-influenced,
Infernal malice now had reach'd its height,
And God had to the land reſtored the light,
When the chief prieſts the Governor beſpeak,
That ſome the malefactors' legs ſhould break.
By Pilate's order, with a ponderous ſtroke,
The two thieves' bones were by the ſoldiers broke,
To haſten death, leſt hanging on the tree
Upon the feaſt, it might polluted be.
But ſeeing Jeſus dead, they paſs'd Him by,
God watch'd Him with a providential eye,
That all the prophecy fulfill'd might own,

Meſſias ſhould not have a broken bone.
One thruſt his ſpear into His tender Side,
And from His Pericardium ſtreaming eyed
Both Blood and Water, and from thence we know
From His Heart-love, Rites Sacramental flow;
The wound was mortal, and the ſpiteful Jews
With a feign'd death could not the world abuſe;
The wound predicted in the Sacred Book,—
They on Meſſias, Whom they pierced, ſhall look.

The pious Joſeph then to Pilate goes,
Begs he of Jeſus' Body might diſpoſe:
Pilate conſents, and in the marble womb
Of a hard rock, where was a new-dug tomb
For his own burial in his garden made,
Our Lord took reſt, where never man was laid,
Leſt, when He roſe, it might ſuggeſted be,
Some other there entomb'd aroſe, not He;
Or that He roſe not by His Power Divine,
But contact of ſome ſaint's or prophet's ſhrine.
Good Nicodemus, to adorn his hearſe,
Brought odours o'er His Body to diſperſe,
All was enwrapp'd in a fine linen fold,
And a huge ſtone upon the entrance roll'd.

Meanwhile His ſeparate Soul to Hades flew,
The receptacles of the dead to view,
O'er ghaſtly death His triumph to proclaim,
And make all Tophet tremble at His Name.
A bright angelic ſquadron on the wing

Attended on their death-ſubduing King,
With a bright Croſs of rays tranſverſed made,
And His inſcription at the head diſplay'd,
In great reſplendent characters, like thoſe
Which God's celeſtial Book of Life compoſe.
Our Lord began His awful radiant march,
Deſcending firſt to the infernal arch,
Damn'd ghoſts at His dread ſight began to quake,
Flouncing for ſhelter in the burning lake;
He their malicious tyranny reſtrain'd,
And orders gave they ſhould be all rechain'd.
The priſon next where ſouls polluted dwell,
Infeſted daily by near neighbouring hell,
Where they too late impenitent bewail,
Reſerved for judgment in that dolorous jail,
He enters, with ſtrange terror each was daſh'd,
And with freſh ſtings of guilty conſcience laſh'd.

Thence He to Paradiſe aſcends direct,
Where holy ſouls with languor Him expect,
There ſaints are in the interim at reſt,
Till, judgment paſs'd, they are completely bleſs'd;
There each good ſoul remains in widow'd ſtate,
In longings till remarried to its mate;
Thither our Lord the Thief benignly brought,
Who to the ſaints the Crucifixion taught.
The holy ſouls their gracious Lord revered,
And He with ſweet ſupports their languors cheer'd,
Advanced their joys to a more rapturous height,
And placed them nearer to the bliſsful ſight.

Some He for preſent reſurrection choſe,
His train at His own Riſing to compoſe,
Whoſe tombs then open by the earthquake lay,
Ordain'd a while to re-aſſume their clay.
The third day's dawn gave Him His riſing call,
He pour'd out heavenly favours on them all.
Down then He flew with His ſelected train,
That He and they might glad re-union gain.

The envious Jews once more to Pilate came,
His jealouſy thus ſtriving to inflame;
We oft have heard that great Deceiver ſay,
That He would re-inſpire His buried clay;
A guard we for the ſepulchre implore,
Which day and night may ſtrictly watch the door,
Leſt His admirers ſome new fraud impoſe,
And then affirm He from His grave aroſe.
At their requeſt ſtraight Pilate guards aſſign'd,
And watchful duty to them all enjoin'd:
The Jews, leſt votaries ſhould His Body ſteal,
See the watch ſet, and ſtone ſepulchral ſeal,
Wiſdom divine Judaic malice ſteer'd,
And they, the truth they ſtrove to ſmother,
clear'd.

Bleſs'd Jeſus' Fleſh and Spirit re-unite,
He roſe from death by His own boundleſs might:
His Blood re-circling made His Pulſes beat,
All vital channels felt rekindled heat.
The ſeventh day's Jewiſh Sabbath breathed its laſt,

And into desuetude eternal pass'd,
The first day's hallow'd gleams were then begun,
Illumined by God's co-eternal Son;
When a new earthquake gave the awful sign
Of God Incarnate rising from His shrine.

In the first, earth and air at every pore
Transpiring thunders globe terraqueous tore
The frighted sea its channel then forsook,
Foundations of the globe terrestrial shook,
The pillars on which arch'd heavens rely,
Were on their several bases screw'd awry:
But in the second, by propitious force,
All things recover'd their connatural course;
Back to their magazine the waters roll'd,
Fix'd were foundations which the earth uphold,
The pillars screw'd aright which heaven sustain'd,
The world, with Jesus, resurrection gain'd.
His foes alone had of the omen dread,
And fear'd His glorious Rising from the dead:
The guard who watch'd the tomb, in horrid
fright,
To the chief priests took instantaneous flight,
They told the wondrous truth, while envious
Jews,
(Convinced, but not converted at the news,)
Bribed high the soldiers, charging them to say,
His votaries stole Him, while they slept, away:
And if the Governor should doubt the tale,
They would for their impunity prevail.

The ſoldiers took the bribe, and could not hold,
But all abroad both truth and fiction told.

Exploſions which the ſecond earthquake gave,
By Heaven directed, open'd Jeſus' grave;
They raiſed the ſtone erect, while Jeſus roſe,
Which ſtraight fell down, the ſepulchre to cloſe,
Till from high Heaven a mighty Angel flown,
Roll'd quite away the monumental ſtone,
That ſaints who thither came their tears to
ſhed
Might ſee plain marks of riſing from the dead.
The tender ſex got of the men the ſtarts,
They firſt the tribute paid of thankful hearts;
They, ere the ſun could gain the morning point,
Haſte Jeſus with rich odours to anoint.
The guard was fled, the ſtone away was roll'd,
And on the ſtone an Angel they behold,
His face like unafflicting lightning bright,
His veſture than the new-fall'n ſnow more white,
The guard he ſtruck into amazing fears,
But the ſoft votaries he benignly cheers;
'Tis Jeſus whom ye ſeek, be not afraid,
Come ſee the empty tomb where He was laid,
The living 'mongſt the dead ye ſeek in vain,
He oft foretold that He ſhould riſe again;
'Tis now fulfill'd, haſte to His votaries make,
That they may of the happy news partake;
Two other Angels, each in radiant veſt,
The ſame propitious wonder co-atteſt.

The news, too good in haſte to be believed,
Was with ſuſpicions at the firſt received;
Loved John, and Peter gave them greateſt heed,
Both ran to reach the ſepulchre with ſpeed,
With Magdalen they both the tomb ſurvey,
Minutely all the circumſtances weigh,
The grave they enter, linen ſhroud they view,
And the impreſſion which His Body drew;
The napkin which around His Head was tied,
Wrapt up, they in another place deſcried,
They both believe, yet doubts were intermix'd,
Till freſh illuminations faith refix'd.
They both returning, Magdalen remain'd,
Showers from her eyes into the tomb ſhe rain'd,
At head and feet where Jeſus lay ſhe ſaw
Two radiant Angels ſit with humble awe:
Why weepeſt thou, they mildly her beſpeak,
Ah me! ſhe ſaid, I here loved Jeſus ſeek,
But they have moved Him from His burial-place,
And I, alas! their motions cannot trace.
Our Lord with that to her glad view appears,
And changed afflicting into joyful tears.
Jeſus on love and tears ſets value high,
And firſt with His dear ſight, bleſs'd Mary's eye.
To His great Father in the garden ſhade,
Jeſus firſt-fruits of reſurrection paid,
In hymns divine and euchariſtic joys,
And next a glorious Angel He employs,
To carry to His Mother the glad news,
Which o'er her ſoul high rapture ſhould diffuſe.

The ſaints departed who with Jeſus roſe,
To Salem came the wonder to diſcloſe:
Jews them beheld with a ſurpriſe profound,
Who roſe, when no laſt trump was heard to ſound,
Known by their bodies, they with ſaints converſed,
Each heart they with the Love of Jeſus pierced.
To female ſaints Himſelf He early ſhow'd,
Whoſe tears like Mary's had His tomb o'erflow'd;
To James, to Peter, to the ſaints who talk'd
Of Jeſus, as they to Emmaus walk'd,
To His diſciples in aſſembly join'd;
When Thomas ſtay'd by accident behind,
Peace to you all, was His benign ſalute;
Their want of faith to chide, and to confute,
He ſhew'd His wounded Hands, and Feet, and Side,
That by their ſenſe His Body might be tried.
He food demanded, and before them eat,
Beyond all doubt conviction to complete;
Peace to you, Jeſus ſaid, I now decree,
To ſend you, as My Father firſt ſent Me:
Then breathing, adds, the Holy Ghoſt receive,
To tender you, when I My votaries leave.
Heaven will the ſins, you here abſolve, remit,
And no bold ſinners, whom you bind, acquit;
When Thomas preſent was, He them reviews,
His ſolemn benedictions He renews;
His hands into the Wounds of ſpear and nails,
Whilſt Thomas thruſts, paſt doubting he bewails;
My Lord, my God, he paſſionately cried,

The ſame now riſen, Who was crucified.
Our Lord made viſit to His friends again,
As on Tiberias' ſea they fiſh'd in vain:
A wondrous draught made riſen Jeſus known,
By Whom a greater miracle was ſhown;
For as to land the mighty ſhoal they drew,
A fire, broil'd fiſh, and loaves, they had in view;
Our Lord with them at the ſame table fed,
Or by the angels, or creation ſpread.
For Peter's trine denial, there a trine
Profeſſion, He required of Love divine;
Bade him His lambs and ſheep with zeal to feed,
Predicting, he by martyrdom ſhould bleed;
To heavenly ſolitude He then withdrew,
Where angels to congratulate Him flew.

Weak, conquer'd death, on Jeſus I rely,
And all your whole artillery defy;
You of dire terrors are no longer king,
By Jeſus diſenvenom'd is your ſting;
Our Jeſus' Riſing, has unbarr'd the grave,
From your inſulting horrors ſaints to ſave;
Your force, which you by ſin accurſed gain'd,
Is now by His all gracious might reſtrain'd;
You may the body for a while ſurpriſe,
But from its fall, it ſhall to glory riſe.
May I, Lord, by repentance ſin bewail,
Sin, which arm'd death, o'er ſinners to prevail,
And early riſing from a life impure,
My riſing to eternal bliſs ſecure.

All praiſe to Jeſus! Who from death aroſe,
And triumph'd over our infernal foes.
Glory to Jeſus! o'er the mountain rolls,
Who riſing, opens Heaven to faithful ſouls.

FIRST SUNDAY AFTER EASTER.

Jeſus on Tabor.

St. John xx. 19-23.

BLESS'D Jeſus from His radiant cloud deſcends,
Thus ſweetly greeting His ſurrounding friends:
Peace to you all; peace which ſhall never fail,
Peace which o'er worldly trouble ſhall prevail;
Peace at your death, peace in your wills reſign'd,
Peace with your God, eternal, unconfined.
Over all heaven and earth, all power divine,
Is now become, by reſurrection, Mine:
This of My Croſs is the immortal gain,
I now renew My mediatory reign.
Renew; for ſoon as man his God forſook,
I his redemption freely undertook.
All ſaints, from Abel, to the pious Thief,
By My devoted Blood, had full relief.
What they of old beheld in ſhadows dim,
You ſee completed, and devoutly hymn.

You, who My choſen miſſionaries are,
Muſt to the world all-ſaving truth declare.

Mercy no more to Jewry is confined,
Go out with zeal, diſciple all mankind;
In name of Father, Son, and Holy Ghoſt,
Baptize, co-hymn'd by the celeſtial hoſt;
Teach ſaving truth to Gentile and to Jew,
Teach faithfully all truths I taught to you.
The gracious Paraclete ſhall in ſhort time
Your ſpirits fill, enlighten, and ſublime.
The truths derived from the Eternal Source,
You ſhall with wondrous miracles enforce.
You, in My Name, ſhall devils diſpoſſeſs,
And in all languages your thoughts expreſs;
Unharm'd, the deadlieſt ſerpents ſhall take up,
And ſafely drink of an empoiſon'd cup;
Your hands you on the dying ſick ſhall lay,
Reſtore firm health, and drive diſeaſe away.
I'll at your humble prayers your wants ſupply,
When ſuffering for My ſake on Me rely,
I'll influentially with you abide,
My Spirit always ſhall with you reſide;
I'll give my angels charge your ſouls to aid,
That you may ne'er be conquer'd or diſmay'd.
The world awhile your perſons may oppreſs,
My comforts ſhall endear your worſt diſtreſs.
Be valiant for the truth, no labour ſpare,
You are My Father's, and My tender care.

With that, their ſpirits, which till then were
cloſed,
He open'd, and for heavenly truth diſpoſed;

Their minds were from that moment unperplex'd,
They clearly underſtood the ſacred text.
Then their Illuminator they adore,
Amazed they ſhould not ſee bright truth before.
Their vows of firm obedience all renew,
And Jeſus to His ſolitude withdrew.

All praiſe to Jeſus! Who from death aroſe,
And for our faith that ſtrong foundation choſe.
Riſing from death was an appropriate ſign
Of power moſt inconteſtably divine:
A ſign which men could by their Senſe diſcern,
And we by uniform Tradition learn.
Five hundred ſaints, who in the mount remain'd,
Of virtue and veracity unſtain'd,
Who heard His voice, His Wounds could feel and ſee,
Aſſured that Jeſus could no phantom be;
Truths at the ſpring could by their ſenſes know,
Which down by a traduced ſenſation flow.
Whether at Jordan's fountain-head I ſup,
Or at his diſemboguing fill my cup,
I quench my thirſt alike, and his whole courſe
Is but continuation of the ſource.
My faith on this Tradition, Lord, relies,
As firm as if I ſaw Thee with my eyes.
But faith will ſtronger grow by ghoſtly ſenſe
Of emanations from Thy Love immenſe;
Of that dear Love let me the influence feel,
And with my blood Thy ſacred truth I'll ſeal.

SECOND SUNDAY AFTER EASTER.

I am the Good Shepherd: the Good Shepherd giveth His life for the ſheep.—*St. John* x. 11.

WHENE'ER my voice of Jeſus ſings,
My fingers meet th' exilient ſtrings,
Which leap up into chords, to ſhow
What ſweets harmonious, from Him flow.
Diſcordant ſouls He puts in tune,
To ſing the praiſe of God Triune.

Of Jeſus I a ſong intend,
Whoſe Loves, all other loves tranſcend;
While I of Jeſus ſing, my ſheep
At that dear Name will ſilence keep,
They'll meekly liſten to my air,
And all the while their food forbear.

Guide me, my ſtrings, and every line
Shall with your leading chords combine,
He's the Great Shepherd of the plain,
And He deſerves the nobleſt ſtrain:
And while my ſong to Him takes flight,
My love ſhall give it flame and height.

Shepherds no fitter theme can find
Than Jeſus to employ their mind,
He's the Good Shepherd, juſtly ſtyled,
And governs with an empire mild;

He on His flock caſts tender eyes,
His boundleſs Love all wants ſupplies.

His flock He in rich paſture feeds,
To cryſtal ſtreams the thirſty leads,
He watches with kind wakeful care,
Againſt thief, lion, wolf, or bear,
Provides agreeable retreats,
In freezing cold, or ſcorching heats.

The teeming ewes He gently drives,
His boſom dying lambs revives;
Supports the faint, the ſick reſtores,
Sets broken bones, heals all their ſores;
He every ſheep diſtinctly knows,
And ſympathiſes with their woes.

But now, my guiding ſtrings, methinks
You languiſh, and your vigour ſinks;
Ah, 'tis no wonder you can well
What I muſt ſing of next, foretel;
Yet keep your movements juſt alive,
The ſofteſt chords you can, contrive.

Tears beſt with thoſe ſoft chords will ſuit,
My tears ſhall drop while love is mute;
I'll write in the ſad tears I ſhed,
What I of Jeſus would have ſaid,
The Sov'reign Shepherd, Who from on high
Came down for His dear ſheep to die

My ſtrings, now change your ſofter vein,
In chords with ſorrow mix diſdain;
My tears ſhall with your chords conſent,
That I may all paſt ſins lament,
And water the ſurrounding ſhade,
That I His Love ſo ill repaid.

'Twas that Good Shepherd I forſook
The ready way to death I took;
I ſtrove His tender calls to ſhun,
And into endleſs dangers run;
His boundleſs Love would me purſue,
Which I deſpiſed, and faſter flew.

But now, my ſtrings, your chords prepare
To ſound a ſoul-enamouring air;
Sweet Jeſus ſought me all about,
Ne'er left till He had found me out;
The ſtray He on His ſhoulders laid,
And gently to His fold convey'd.

Angelic quires my welcome ſung,
And I recover'd my loſt tongue;
My tongue, which ſtopp'd with grief before,
Shall never now lie ſilent more;
I'll ſing His praiſes day and night,
And love ſhall every ſong indite.

THIRD SUNDAY AFTER EASTER.

Submit yourſelves to every ordinance of man for the Lord's ſake, whether it be to the king, as ſupreme: or unto governors, as unto them that are ſent by him, for the puniſhment of evildoers, and for the praiſe of them that do well.—1 *Peter* ii. 13, 14.

THE king who with juſt title reigns,
The magiſtrates whom he ordains,
All fathers, mothers, maſters, to whoſe care
Others ſubjected are,
All paſtors who the flocks of Jeſus feed,
To be our parents God decreed.

God gives to them a power in truſt,
They to their ſtations ſhould be juſt,
They for God's Glory all things ſhould contrive,
From Whom they power derive,
Should exemplary be, benign, and mild,
To treat inferiors as a child.

Inferiors, who ſubjection owe,
Muſt juſtice in ſubmiſſion ſhew,
Love, honour, reverence, eſteem, obey,
For their ſuperiors pray,
Be patient when rebuked, their poſts attend,
Prone to pleaſe, tender to offend.

Juſt are all men, who human race
With a fraternal love embrace,

Do wrong to none, and all with ſweetneſs treat,
Free from revengeful heat,
Who to all others meaſure juſt the ſame
Which they themſelves from others claim.

O happy age, would men unite
In giving all degrees their right,
Men's jarring ſouls would co-harmonious be,
From war and rapine free,
Few would be their accounts, death their releaſe,
When with the world and God at peace.

FOURTH SUNDAY AFTER EASTER.

Nevertheleſs I tell you the truth, it is expedient for you that I go away: for if I go not away, the Comforter will not come unto you; but if I depart, I will ſend Him unto you.—*John* xvi. 7.

ETERNAL Dove, by Jeſus ſent
Love heavenly to foment,
Since we of Jeſus are bereft,
Thou, Comforter, art left,
And Thou doſt in Thy ſaints abide,
Their ſouls to ſtrengthen, comfort, guide.

I would invite Thee to my heart,
Thence never to depart,
Thou ſource of hymn and Love Divine,
To both doth ſouls incline,

But know Thou never canſt endure
To temple in a heart impure.

My heart, bleſs'd Paraclete, refine,
That it may Thee enſhrine,
Thy tender Wings o'er me extend,
Make me to Thee propend,
From the kind heat Thou wilt diſpenſe,
I ſhall ſpiritual life commence.

Thou, boundleſs Love, doſt love excite
Where'er Thou takeſt Thy flight,
To raiſe a penitential ſhower
Thou haſt the gracious power,
My eyes, when kiſs'd by Thy ſoft Wings,
Will guſh in never-ceaſing ſprings.

In tears I'll bathe, then bathe again,
My eyes I ne'er ſhall drain,
To ſin expoſed while I live here,
Sin will ſupply my tear,
Or ſhould my fountains chance to ſtop,
One gentle ray will make them drop.

Thou didſt Thy Plumes on Mary ſpread,
And glorious influence ſhed,
With Hymn and Love Thou didſt her ſtore,
Ere great God-man ſhe bore,
No mortal ſin could her invade,
For Hymn and Love ſhe chiefly pray'd.

I Hymn and Love of Thee implore,
And beg one bleſſing more,
Tears of Love filial, to bemoan
That I to ſin am prone,
Soft tears and ſin are ſo allied
They ne'er can ſeparate abide.

When I my vial full have wept,
And God ſhall it accept,
O let Thy Wings their virtue dart
From eyelids to my heart,
O ſoul-intenerating Dove,
Melt me entirely into Love.

Love will afreſh my eyelids fill,
In rivers to diſtil,
That on the world I love ſhould ſpend,
And Love immenſe offend,
I Jeſus in my eye ſhall keep,
Love will with conſolation weep.

While I diſſolve in filial tear,
Thy Wings my ſoul will cheer,
Celeſtial joys will me o'erflow,
And make a Heaven below,
And Thou my ſpirit wilt ſublime
To love, joy, weep, at the ſame time.

FIFTH SUNDAY AFTER EASTER.

Pure religion and undefiled before God and the Father is this, To viſit the fatherleſs and widows in their affliction, and to keep himſelf unſpotted from the world.

James i. 27.

OF Jeſus' brethren to take care
You never ſhould or purſe or labour ſpare,
Your very life you muſt not dear eſteem
Bleſs'd Jeſus' brethren to redeem,
Your purſe, your pains, your life, are of no weight
When you the Croſs of God Incarnate rate.

All kindneſs to His brethren ſhown,
As done to Himſelf He'll moſt benignly own,
With Jeſus' Love all ſaints who overflow,
Joyful on Him their all beſtow,
Cold water He accepts, and every mite
With boundleſs treaſure pays in endleſs light.

Fear not the ſtench nice ſenſe may meet,
Or loathſome objects tenderly to treat,
You'll find the fumes which bleſs'd Arabia ſheds
Leſs ſweet than priſons or ſick beds,
Where Jeſus in His poor grieved brethren cries
For ſympathy and opportune ſupplies.

Alms for the poor, aids for diſtreſs'd,
For hungry food, for naked limbs a veſt,

Salves for all wounds, medicines for each diſeaſe,
Cordials for faint, for painful eaſe,
Relief for priſoners, ranſom for the ſlaves,
Shrouds for the dead, for the unburied graves.

Urania's[1] love would you obtain,
Learn Jeſus' Love, and how to love again,
When Jeſus in His brethren you perceive,
Jeſus Himſelf in them relieve,
Count that day loſt when in your alms and prayers
Dear Jeſus wants His conſecrated ſhares.

ASCENSION-DAY, OR HOLY THURSDAY.

MY faith and hope, your powers unite,
While I a hymn indite,
You are twin-graces, fledged this day,
And warm'd by the ſame ray,
And you, my love, make up the Trine,
This day you reach'd maturity Divine.

You faith and hope, till Jeſus ſhined,
Were embryos of the mind,
Lodged, or in dark prophetic ſchemes
Where truth gave languid gleams,

Urania. Wiſdom. See Paradiſe Loſt, Book 1, "Deſcend from Heaven, Urania," &c. And In Memoriam xxxvii. "Urania ſpeaks with darken'd brow."

Or with terreſtrial promiſe fed
In which ſupernal hardly could be read.

When Jeſus here diffuſed His Light
Faith was abſorb'd by ſight,
Aſſurance ſuperſeded hope,
Love gain'd a freer ſcope,
Till our Redemption was complete
Man ſcarce had full inflammatory heat.

On Olivet's fair lofty head,
His votaries Jeſus led,
That they His glory ſhould behold,
And to the world unfold,
And His paſt loves, with hands uprear'd,
By bleſſing valedictory endear'd.

As the celeſtial fountain ſtopt,
Which heavenly ſweetneſs dropt,
A cloud deſcended, one of thoſe
God for His chariot choſe,
Which opening Jeſus to ſurround,
With gentle force remounted from the ground.

Bleſs'd Moſes, ſeized with ſacred awe,
Received of God the Law,
Thick cloud the Mount then overſpread,
Which Iſrael ſtruck with dread,
And while he there his ſtation fix'd,
The cloud with a devouring fire was mix'd.

The cloud in which God-man was rear'd,
Benign and bright appear'd,
Like what ſaints ſaw on Tabor ſtream,
Enlighten'd by His beam,
God ſpeaking from effulgence clear,
This is My Son beloved, Whom all muſt hear.

The horſe and chariots were of flame,
Which for Elias came,
The whirlwind hurrying them through air,
Fann'd them to frightful glare;
He paſs'd through an ethereal glade,
Steer'd and ſupported by God's gracious aid.

But when to Heaven bleſs'd Jeſus flew,
Cloud only was in view,
He, to accelerate His ſpeed,
Of chariot had no need;
Incarnate God, by His own might,
Both roſe from death, and took His heavenly flight.

The ſaints the cloud, with ſteady eyes,
Traced as it paſs'd the ſkies,
But ſoon it reach'd celeſtial height
Tranſcending human ſight,
And, as it ſwift to glory ſoar'd,
Incarnate God devoutly they adored.

Ere their ejaculation cloſed,
Our Lord in bliſs repoſed;

Bleſs'd Jeſus re-aſſumed His Crown,
And at God's Right ſat down;
Think with what wondrous ſpeed He paſs'd,
In a few moments, the expanded vaſt.

Should a ſwift eagle heavenwards ſpring,
With an unwearied wing,
And ſwifter make through Heaven his way
Than when he flew for prey,
Scarce in a million of years
He'd ſhoot the gulf of the ſupernal ſpheres.

When God is preſent in a place
He paſſes through no ſpace,
By Will, not motion, He from nought
Things into being wrought;
God-man in bliſs His Perſon will'd,
Which in a minute He Himſelf fulfill'd.

Good ſouls would tire who heavenward fly
Ere they could reach the ſky,
Or numerous painful ages ſpend
Ere they could Heaven aſcend,
If they on wing were bound to keep
All their long paſſage through ſupernal deep.

A ſeraph, though on twice ſix wings
His meſſage down he brings,
And quicken'd with warm, heavenly zeal,
His meſſage to reveal;

Yet 'midſt ethereal wave would fail,
If he on unaſſiſted wings ſhould ſail.

God wills juſt ſouls ſhould mount on high,
Wills angels down ſhould fly,
Almighty Will impreſſes force,
For each appointed courſe.
The ſaints by that at bliſs arrive,
And ſwiftly up the waves unfathom'd dive.

With near an inſtantaneous flight,
Fly rays of morning light;
A million-fold they ſwifter go
Than arrows from a bow;
A myriad-fold an angel flies,
Swifter than morning ſplendour gilds the ſkies.

The heavenly orbs flew open wide,
When they their Maker eyed;
The ſtars left off their morning lay
To ſing that glorious day;
On either hand they back retired
To clear the road in which God-man aſpired.

The angels to the heavenly gate
Flew, on God-man to wait;
The ſaints outflew the radiant hoſt,
They took the nobler poſt,
And, to attend Him to His Throne,
Each guardian left that day his charge alone.

All Heaven to a new ſong agreed,
For great God-man decreed;
But a ſweet emulation roſe
Who ſhould the ſong compoſe;
The angels urged God's Will, that they
Should to His Firſt-Begotten worſhip pay.

Saints urged, God-man His Blood reſign'd
For none but lapſed mankind;
Place then to ſaints the angels gave,
Whom Jeſus died to ſave;
Yet, ſince for penitent ſouls they joy'd,
With them they would in ſong be co-employ'd.

Saints on the Lamb, for ſinners ſlain,
Sang a new heavenly ſtrain,
With them join'd all angelic quires
With their harmonious lyres;
Heaven never ſong more grateful heard,
A fuller concert ne'er in bliſs appear'd.

My guardian, who then bore his part,
Trajected to my heart,
That he the ſaints and angels eyed,
How they in ſinging vied,
And, though he both admired, confeſs'd
Saints the more ſweet enamourments expreſs'd.

They call bleſs'd Jeſus' Loves to mind,
All for their bliſs deſign'd,

Take ſuper-effluent delight
In His endearing ſight,
And their new anthems to complete,
To the Lamb ſlain doxologies repeat.

When Jeſus had withdrawn His Light,
Two angels, robed in white,
Beſpake the ſaints in ſuch amaze,
Why upwards do you gaze?
God-man, Whom you aſcending ſaw,
At His return ſhall ſtrike the world with awe.

When the laſt trumpet ſounds aloud,
In flaming fire and cloud,
He to the Judgment ſhall deſcend,
The dead ſhall Him attend,
He'll then pronounce to all their doom,
The wicked damn, the juſt to bliſs aſſume.

The ſaints who Jeſus ſaw when pain'd,
Joy'd that He bliſs had gain'd,
That Manhood at God's Right was placed,
With higheſt honour graced,
That ſeſſion endleſs reſt implied,
With the eternal Word co-glorified.

In hymns they all reſolved to ſing
Their dear redeeming King,
Their courſe to Salem then they bent,
Exulting as they went,

There charged to ſtay, till on them all,
The Holy Ghoſt ſhould in full ſplendour fall.

There in God's ſacred Houſe they dwelt,
His gracious Preſence felt,
To perpetuity of praiſe
Devoting all their days,
And waiting for the happy hour,
When the Eternal Dove ſhould them empower.

Our Heavenly King in glory reigns,
Infernal ghoſts reſtrains,
All to His Throne have free acceſs,
To open their diſtreſs,
From thence He cheers each ſoul who prays,
With mighty, ſweet, benign, enamouring rays.

From thence His goodneſs overflows,
And heavenly gifts beſtows,
From thence He ſends the ſpotleſs Dove,
The Source of Holy Love,
And in His own aſcent declares
The bliſs of ſaints who are with Him co-heirs.

Our great High-prieſt there intercedes,
For ſinners pardon pleads,
Preſents to His dread Father's Eyes
His own dear Sacrifice,
And gracious God by that atoned,
Forgives each ſin, as ſoon as 'tis bemoan'd.

To Jeſus, though He diſappears,
My ſteady faith adheres,
My hope on Jeſus now unſeen,
Shall as my anchor lean,
I Jeſu's bleſſing ſhall receive,
Since though I ſee not, firmly I believe.

My love, ſince Jeſus' Love you ſee
Riſe to ſuch high degree,
Your ardours to no meaſure bind,
Expatiate unconfined,
Call faith and hope their aids to bring,
Of Love Incarnate the aſcent to ſing.

All praiſe to Jeſus now above,
Below, diffuſing Love,
Who manſions for the ſaints prepares,
Makes them His tender cares,
Who with His Church unſeen abides,
And full ſupplies for all her wants provides.

May we our ſouls to Jeſus rear,
While in this vale of tear,
Long to our heavenly home to go,
While ſtrangers here below;
A heavenly mind can never miſs,
To ſit like Jeſus enthronized in bliſs.

SUNDAY AFTER ASCENSION-DAY.

Jeſus Preſent.

WHEN our redemption was complete,
Thou, Jeſus, didſt to Heaven retreat,
And on the Throne Divine
Make up the Godhead Trine,
There Heaven Thy glorious Body ſhall retain,
Till Thou at Judgment ſhalt the world arraign.

Yet with Thy ſaints 'tis Thy delight
To ſtay, converſe, and to unite,
The Church in humble prayers
Thy gracious preſence ſhares,
Thou at our hearts, when they are cloſed, doſt knock,
And entering dwell, if we the door unlock.

How Thou, Who wilt not Heaven forſake,
Canſt in my heart Thy manſion make,
Is by experience taught,
Though it tranſcends my thought.
I feel Thee knock, my heart fly open wide,
Enter dear Jeſus, and with me abide.

My Jeſus now my ſpirit fills,
His Love in ſuavities diſtils,
Preventions, tractions ſweet,
Devout Chriſt-hymning heat;

Kind checks, and calls benign, and gracious might,
And coruſcations of the joys in light.

With theſe and with a thouſand more,
Thou, Lord, art pleaſed my mind to ſtore,
Thy Love long-knocking ſtay'd,
While I my bliſs delay'd,
Thou of my heart, dear Jeſus, haſt the key,
Why didſt not Thou unlock for entrance free?

Free entrance is from love alone,
My heart was then obdurate grown,
And till it ſofter grew
Declined Thy awful view:
Break it, my Lord, wide open to remain,
Never againſt Thee to be ſhut again.

Thou while below wert yet on high,
By omnipreſent Deity,
And Thou doſt condeſcend
Sweet hours with ſaints to ſpend.
O lovely Jeſu, keep my love on fire,
Thou from Thy lovers never doſt retire.

My Jeſu, while I Thee enjoy,
I'll on Thy Love my powers employ,
Thy Love will mine excite,
I'll hymns of Thee indite,
By meditation I'll prolong Thy ſtay,
And Thou ſhalt bleſs me ere Thou goeſt away.

Away Thou canſt not, Jeſu, go,
Or to Thy lovers ſtranger grow,
Thou mayſt effulgence ſhroud
Awhile in ſome dark cloud,
But ſtill Thy gracious, Thy all-ſeeing Eye,
Inſpects Thy ſaints, all bleſſings to ſupply.

When, Lord, Thou preſent wert below,
Saints felt a virtue from Thee flow,
Which at a diſtance cured
Diſeaſes long endured;
Lord, when from me Thou wilt Thyſelf conceal,
Let virtue from Thee ſtream my ſoul to heal.

If up to Heaven Thou wilt aſcend,
Though Heaven I cannot open rend,
Though I want wings to ſoar
Where ſeraphs Thee adore,
I'll draw Thee down from Heaven by violent prayer,
To viſit me, and re-aſſume my care.

To Heaven when my petitions flown,
Wait for admittance at the Throne,
I'll to the Altar fly,
There offer up my cry;
My Jeſus, I am ſure is preſent there,
And I in His ſweet influence ſhall ſhare.

Lord, when Thou to Thy Throne wilt riſe,
I offer Thee this compromiſe,

The Paraclete depute,
Who ſhall for Thee commute,
He'll love, devotion, conſolations ſhed,
And with freſh grace of hymn inſpire my head.

He'll wing my prayer with ſigh and groan,
More ſwiftly to approach the Throne,
Than ſages thought of old
Celeſtial orbs were roll'd;
And never leave the Throne till from on high,
It ſhall as faſt with bleſſings pray'd for, fly.

Glory to Jeſus at God's Right,
Enthroned in majeſtatic light,
Yet to converſe is prone,
With ſaints below alone.
Live, Lord, with me, and when Thou wilt return,
Take my ſoul with Thee, and my duſt in-urn.

WHIT SUNDAY.

O FOUNTAIN of all Grace Divine,
Third of the co-eternal Trine,
We on Thy ſacred day
To Thee devoutly pray,
To Thy full praiſe to tune our hearts,
That we with ſaints above may bear our parts.

For Thou to all the ſaints above,
Art Author of both hymn and love,
Thou doſt exalt their ſight
To beatific light,
Eternal hymn, love moſt intenſe,
Riſe from clear view of Lovelineſs immenſe.

On chaos, dark, inactive, rude,
Thou with creating force didſt brood,
Thou art to every thing
Of life and motion Spring,
And when the world was made anew,
From Thee all ghoſtly life and motion drew

In ſin we are by nature dead,
And can no ſtep to glory tread,
By Thee we born again,
Are freed from native ſtain,
We at the font from death ariſe,
To live to God perpetual ſacrifice.

Bleſs'd Jeſus to His promiſe true,
The Holy Ghoſt, when He withdrew,
Sent from His Throne on high,
His preſence to ſupply,
His Church to form, erect, control,
And be His Body's Univerſal Soul.

God-man, when He His bliſs regain'd,
The great inflammative remain'd,

But ſin ſtark coldneſs wrought,
Froze up celeſtial thought,
Till thaw'd by inward heavenly Fire,
The kindled flame to Jeſus ſhould aſpire.

Next to the Love God-man diſplay'd,
When on the Croſs our Victim made;
He none to us below,
More infinite could ſhow,
Than when eſſential Love He choſe,
In whoſe ſoft care His Church He would repoſe.

Eſſential Love from Glory came
To ſaints, in cloven tongues of flame,
And reſting on each head,
All gifts, all graces ſhed,
Sublimed them to celeſtial Light,
And warm'd their love to a ſeraphic height.

High wiſdom the ſtraight courſe to ſteer,
Of myſteries a knowledge clear,
Faith which bleſs'd Jeſus eyed,
And tortures all defied,
Power which diſeaſe ſhould put to flight,
Of miracles a full commiſſion'd might.

Prophetic preſcience, God-like view,
Of ſpirits to diſcern the true,
All tongues which men confound,
To ſpeak and to expound,

That they united truth might ſpread,
As their diviſion had curſed idols bred.

Aid to the ſaints high truths to write,
And to the Church traduce their ſight,
And prieſthood to ordain,
Who ſhould thoſe truths explain,
That every ſoul, with rule and guide
To perfect heavenly Love, might be ſupplied.

Theſe gifts eſſential Love beſtow'd,
When Jeſu's votaries He o'erflow'd,
Gifts which divinely ſhined
On teachable mankind,
And of the myſteries they taught
An irreſiſtible conviction wrought.

When Fontal Love o'erflow'd the whole,
He ſtream'd on every faithful ſoul,
Love was the leading grace
Shed on the heaven-born race,
Love which to God devotes our hearts,
And to all other graces force imparts.

Love of God loving joy excites,
In pleaſing the Beloved delights,
Sweet peace ſerenes the mind,
To boundleſs Love reſign'd,
Minds which the joys of Love ſerene,
From filthy paſſions keep a conſcience clean.

A temper ſweet, long-ſuffering, mild,
Still yielding to be reconciled,
Prone bleſſings to diſperſe,
To all deceit averſe,
In provocations wrath reſtrain'd,
All appetites by moderation rein'd.

Theſe fruits from Love each ſoul derives,
Who Fontal Love to copy ſtrives,
Love's influential ray
Makes evangelic day,
Love, ſouls enlightens and enflames,
Love, founds to Grace and Heaven our filial claims.

Eſſential Love enlivens, leads,
With ſighs, groans, ardours intercedes,
Our frailties He relieves,
Our ſlidings He retrieves,
Devotion fervent He inſtils,
And turns to God the pondus[1] of our wills.

That heavenly Paraclete, a ſaint
Supports and comforts ſad or faint,
From ſin the ſpirit clears,
Caſts out tormenting fears,
With conſcience co-atteſts our zeal,
And of our bliſs is both the pledge and ſeal.

Of loves which from the ſpirit ſtream,
None more illuſtrious ſaints eſteem,

[1] *Pondus*, weight, burden.

None love more vigorous darts,
More elevates their hearts,
Than when their ſouls Love's temples are,
And Love vouchſafes His gracious preſence there.

Of heavenly gifts though Love has ſtore,
'Tis Love, Love only I implore;
Flow out Thou boundleſs Source,
With full enamouring force,
Till Thou haſt deluged all my breaſt,
My prayers, my ſighs ſhall never give Thee reſt.

Thou art Oil, Water, Wind, and Fire,
How can theſe different powers conſpire?
Yet they harmonious be,
May they combine in me,
Diſpel all ſenſual clouds like wind,
When it grows languid, agitate my mind.

With Oil of gladneſs me reſtore,
Diffuſing ſweetneſs through each pore,
Do Thou my Spring remain,
To purge each daily ſtain,
To quench my thirſt for Love Divine,
And be Thou Fire to lighten, warm, refine.

Eſſential Love, juſt is their doom,
Who Thee to grieve or damp preſume,
Who Thy ſweet force oppoſe,
With fiends impure to cloſe,

Even hell itſelf with hate extreme
Shall torture all who Love immenſe blaſpheme.

When Jeſus bade the Baptiſt lave
Upon His Head clear Jordan's wave,
And to the bank retired,
His ſoul in prayer aſpired,
And Heaven its gates all open threw,
Of great God-man to have tranſporting view.

Paternal God proclaim'd His Love,
Down flew the co-eſſential Dove,
And, hovering o'er His Head,
His beams celeſtial ſpread,
Which on His human nature ſtay'd,
And boundleſs Love co-breathed His conduct ſway'd.

From this idea we derive
The grace which keeps our ſouls alive,
We on God's Love rely,
His gracious promiſe eye,
And when we for the Spirit pray
We ne'er are with denial ſent away.

Ten days from great God-man's Aſcent,
His votaries in the Temple ſpent,
Ere to their prayers devout
Eſſential Love flow'd out,
Love who, endearing His delays,
Can acquieſcence with ſweet languor raiſe.

May we, Thou God of Love, in prayer
Perſiſt, till in Thy Love we ſhare;
Thou canſt no filth endure,
Doſt dwell in ſpirits pure,
O may we, waſh'd in tears contrite,
To temple in our ſouls Thy Love invite.

From Thee the grace of hymn proceeds,
Its ſtreams Thy fontal effluence feeds,
All love, all praiſe to Thee,
Since we Thy temples be,
Within Thy hallow'd Temple's bound,
Heaven-emulating hymns ſhall daily ſound.

MONDAY IN WHITSUN-WEEK.

All Bleſſings by Jeſus.

For God ſent not His Son into the world to condemn the world, but that the world through Him might be ſaved.—*John* iii. 17.

FROM Adam all, to thoſe who ſtay
Alive at Judgment-day,
Who hear the awful trumpet ſound
Ere reaching underground,
Heaven, by the promiſed Seed obtain,
And freedom from or guilt or ſtain.

Great God averſe to lapſed mankind,
Born to curſed ſin inclined,
Till by God Filial reconciled,
Had all from Heaven exiled,
Juſt God might have no pity ſhown,
And barr'd approaches to His Throne.

When Jeſus Filial God appear'd,
God's clouds of wrath were clear'd,
The ſource of pity, till then ſtopt,
With ſweeteſt mercy dropt,
And rivers by degrees guſh'd out
Of bleſſings on all ſouls devout.

Saints, who approach the Throne by prayer,
Found glad acceptance there,
God Filial could His ſufferings plead,
Which He for man decreed,
All things are preſent to God's Eye,
The Father then ſaw Jeſus die.

In promiſe only ſaints of old
Our Jeſus could behold,
We ſee perform'd what was decreed,
Bleſſings which thought exceed;
Paternal God no good beſtows
But what through Jeſus on us flows.

Thou, Filial God, the world haſt made,
And earth's foundations laid,

Thy Power to creatures Being gave,
Confined the ocean's wave,
Caſt Heaven by Thy ideal mould,
And all the orbs harmonious roll'd.

Thou in the new creation art
The Former of the heart,
Grace, pardon, love, life, ghoſtly light,
Joy, conqueſt, bliſsful ſight,
All bleſſings of the gracious Dove
Deſcend through Thee from Fontal Love.

My Lord, our Mediator none
Could be, but Thou alone,
Nothing to mediate could excite
But pure Love infinite,
And mediation to complete,
In union God and man muſt meet.

Praiſe to the Father, Who was pleaſed
To have His wrath appeaſed,
Who Filial Deity reſign'd
To die for lapſed mankind;
Infinite God that we might live,
Godhead co-infinite would give.

Godhead co-infinite when paid,
Full ſatisfaction made,
Godhead could not be paid to ſave,
Till ſubject to the grave,

Godhead muſt ſtoop to mortal duſt,
His mediation to adjuſt.

O Love, O Wiſdom without bound,
Which ſuch a medium found!
O who can Filial God offend,
Who thus would condeſcend?
O what can God to ſaints deny,
Who gives God-man for them to die?

Yet woe is me, how oft denied
Is Jeſus crucified!
Our hearts on joys deſtructive ſet,
Love infinite forget;
Hell-pains by all are juſtly felt,
Whom Love unbounded cannot melt.

Love's Source, which all our vacuums fills,
Which through God-man diſtils,
When God is outraged ſtraight is dried;
Sweet Jeſus' Love defied,
Makes ſouls beyond the devils pain'd,
Who ne'er a Saviour's Love diſdain'd.

My Jeſus, I'll to Thee adhere,
Than all the world more dear,
On all Thy loves I'll daily muſe,
Till they freſh hymns infuſe,
Or ſhould my ſoul be in arrears,
I'll add ſoft penitential tears.

On Thee in co-eternal beams
Co-equal Godhead ſtreams,
Lord, out of Thy co-boundleſs ſtore,
I love-ſupplies implore,
On me from Fontal Godhead ſhine,
Be always ſtreaming Love Divine.

TUESDAY IN WHITSUN-WEEK.

Then laid they their hands on them, and they received the Holy Ghoſt.—*Acts* viii. 17.

OH, I ſhall ne'er forget the happy hour
When of the gracious Dove I felt the power;
I in a moment was no more
The odious thing I was before,
All my propenſions heavenwards ſtream'd,
I felt enamourments of ſouls redeem'd,
To my own conſcience I was reconciled,
I joy'd that glorious God would own me for His child.

I the perpetual motion learn'd from Love,
I felt my powers in circulations move,
Love from the Source of Love deſcends,
My love to God, Who fired it, tends,

And love, ſoon as it mounts on high,
Brings down of Heavenly Love a freſh ſupply,
When love returns, I ſend it back for more,
Inceſſantly I ſpend, and yet increaſe my ſtore.

God in all lights moſt amiable appear'd,
Endearing moſt, and moſt to be endear'd,
In Him alone my boundleſs mind
Commenſurable bliſs can find,
I felt a love my ſoul poſſeſs,
Congratulating God His Lovelineſs,
Love incommunicable and intenſe,
Striving with all its force to ſtretch to Love immenſe.

To pleaſe my Love was my chief care and aim,
My tender zeal to honour His great Name,
To do Love's Will was my delight,
The thought of God would love excite,
Yet love oft felt damps, wanderings, cold,
Which, though involuntary, I condoled,
And on remembrance of my ſinful years,
The joys of pardon mix'd with penitential tears.

Ah, did the world the conſolations know
Which from the tears of ſweet contrition flow,
With fervent prayer they'd day and night
Implore from God a heart contrite,
And learn as the firſt tear diſtill'd
From thoſe high joys which then their ſpirits fill'd,

What joys there are above, where tears are
dried,
When tears ſhed here below ſo rapturouſly glide.

As the fair trees which odorous Gilead crown,
Secure from harm, drop tears balſamic down,
Perfuming all the mountain's head,
And pleaſure take their ſweets to ſhed,
Thus when I learn'd of Love to weep,
Though free from dread my tears no bounds
would keep,
Their trickling gave me ſoft enamouring eaſe,
O gracious force of Love, which makes our ſor-
rows pleaſe!

My heart was turn'd, dilated, raiſed, refined,
By the ſoft breathings of a heavenly wind,
I felt a thouſand love-conſtraints,
Yet my free-will made no complaints,
My inclination took the part
Of Love, co-operating with my heart,
My tendencies and temper Love well knew,
And with ſoft cords my ſoul con-naturally drew.

The charming ways Love to inflame me uſed,
Additional inflammatives infuſed,
As the ſoft wax abſorbs the ſeal,
My heart I could thus melting feel,
All Love's impreſſions to receive,
Love's lovely image ſtriving to retrieve,

God loves Himſelf, the more God ſees in me
Of His moſt lovely Self, the dearer ſhall I be.

I cannot love, but I muſt live in pain,
Till of my love I the fruition gain,
My cloſet I frequent, for there
I with my Love converſe by prayer,
The Sacred Books my ſpirits cheer,
There I the Voice of my Beloved hear;
Lord, in Thy courts with ſaints I Thee adore,
There in full meaſure Love communicates its ſtore.

My ſoul Thy Altar with moſt zeal frequents,
Where to our love, God-man Himſelf preſents,
I, when I Thee, bleſs'd Jeſus, meet,
In Thy poor brethren waſh Thy Feet,
Where'er Thy Love diffuſes rays,
There I ambitious am to ſpend my days,
My meditation oft Thy Love revolves,
And ſtays till to high ſea it of freſh Love diſſolves.

But, Lord, Thy amiableneſs, below
We but obſcurely, but remotely know,
Your wings, kind angel, to me lend,
To Heaven I'll inſtantly aſcend,
The ſight of lovely God above
My ſpirit will transform to God-like Love,
But God here wills my ſtay, God's Will is mine,
Lovers to the Beloved wholly their wills reſign.

Shouldſt Thou, dear Lord, protracted life decree,
Indulge me languors till my ſoul is free,
They who aſſuming to love moſt,
Of love diſintereſted boaſt,
Imperfectly Love apprehend,
All native lovers to fruition tend
To love God all-ſufficient, and abſtract
Propenſion is a thing impoſſible to act.

My God, no dangers, difficulties, woes,
My love ſhall terrify, tire, diſcompoſe,
I am all heart, and all deſire,
In Thee I centre, yet aſpire,
My ſpirit fain would fally out,
At Love's unbounded Source to quench my drought,
I love, would fain love more, O when ſhall I
Fall ſick of Love Divine, and of that ſickneſs die!

Die! O dear Lord, I muſt that word revoke,
Love never feels of death the ireful ſtroke,
Love may ſhake off this lumpiſh clay
Wont ſouls immortal down to weigh,
But when it into freedom ſprings,
It mounts to glory on exilient wings;
To Fontal Love and life it joyful flies,
Enjoys moſt life when here it in appearance dies

TRINITY SUNDAY.

GREAT God Triune, enthroned above,
Thou Trine co-effluential Love,
Of all the powers thou haſt impreſt,
Our love can comprehend Thee beſt.

Immenſely Thou co-lovely art,
To love Thee with ſoul, mind and heart,
Our bliſs, our duty is, both join
To make us love the Loves Divine.

The ſacrifice for Loves immenſe
Is to re-love with love intenſe,
Though knowledge ſoon may ſoar too high,
Yet Love without reſtraint may fly.

Thy Loves to us in exile here,
At diſtance and in clouds appear ;
Remote and diſtant as they be,
We Trine irradiations ſee.

Paternal God, God Filial gave,
Our loſt rebellious race to ſave ;
And God co-breathed lapſed man refined,
To re-imprint His God-like mind.

Should mighty God, by power divine,
Will three coeval ſuns to ſhine,

From the trine fountain there would ſtream
All o'er expanſe, triunal beam.

Trine beams to us would one appear,
And undiſtinguiſh'd gild the ſphere;
But God by His omniſcient eye,
Diſtinctly could the three deſcry.

Great God thus Unity diſplays,
In ſweet co-penetrating rays,
And co-benignities divine
Guſh out on us from Godhead Trine.

Thus coaleſce in ſacred lays
A trinity, love, joy, and praiſe,
All co-derived from God the Source,
Mix and reciprocate their force.

In this coeval three, the bleſs'd
Duration ſpend, and never reſt;
Triunal loves all three excite,
In ſaints they co-exert their might.

Pure love will joy coeval raiſe,
That love and joy coeval praiſe,
Saints ſtrange co-inexiſtence find,
In thoſe three graces of the mind.

The greater height theſe graces reach,
The clearer they the myſtery teach;
Saints beſt in their own ſouls may read
The illuſtration of their creed.

Three worlds ſhould the Almighty will,
His Godhead all alike would fill;
To all the three He might diſpenſe
Diſtinct, coeval influence.

New men He might create in this,
In that raiſe ſouls to heavenly bliſs,
And in the third diffuſe His grace
On an impure, degenerate race.

One God thus to three worlds below
Would in three different acts outflow,
At the ſame moment there would be
Triunal co-infinity.

Should there exiſt a boundleſs ſpace,
Great God, unlimited to place,
Would o'er the vaſt effulgence ſhed
With an indiviſible ſpread.

God's Preſence is Himſelf; for none
Unbounded is but God alone;
Alike communicable be
God's Preſence and His Deity.

God a pure Act, all men define,
And 'tis con-natural to aſſign
To an eternal boundleſs Might,
Communication infinite.

The mode tranſcending human thought,
Is by no revelation taught;

The thing, in its true light revered,
Is from all contradiction clear'd.

We firmly God Triune believe,
Admire what we can ne'er conceive;
The leſs we can conceive, the more
We Love immenſe, Triune adore.

Saints' love in Heaven has reach'd its height,
Who have of God Triune the ſight;
We here with infinite deſire
Towards bliſsful view and Love aſpire.

Lord, when Thou Adam didſt create
In his primeval God-like ſtate,
Soon as he could be ſaid to be,
He was a coetaneous Three.

Life, thought, and breath in him combined,
All three diſtinct, yet not disjoin'd,
All three though they coeval are,
Yet order and relation ſhare.

Life is the firſt in order ſtyled,
Thought is of life coeval child:
Both life and thought by breath ſubſiſt,
Three thus related, co-exiſt.

In likeneſs of the Godhead Trine,
Since to form man was Heaven's deſign;
We gueſs, from man's coeval three,
At God's adored Triunity.

God is eſſential Life, and gives
Its life to every thing that lives;
God is eſſential Thought, and knows
All that His attributes encloſe.

Self-happy Life and Thought excite
A co-eternal, Self-delight;
God feels Himſelf in thought immenſe,
And breathes ſelf-complacential ſenſe.

Eternal Word, God's Image bright,
Is Source of intellectual Light;
The hovering of the gracious Dove
Creates in ſaints a joyous Love.

Co-infinite Life, Thought, and Joy,
Diſtinct co-une great God employ;
If infinite, then God muſt be,
And Godhead is, a boundleſs Three.

Paul, who had in his rapturous flight
Of Heaven pre-beatific ſight,
That bliſs remember'd, thought, deſired,
Three acts at once in him conſpired.

Remembrance, ever thought implies,
From both deſires coeval riſe;
All three in ſpirits co-unite,
Illumined by celeſtial Light.

An angel when for guardian choſe,
In three coeval acts outflows;

Remembers, thinks, desires the joys,
Which earth immensely over-poise.

Thus Godhead seems three Acts distinct,
In unity essential link'd;
God's Word as Persons them displays,
We to Three Persons offer praise.

God's Word! for it is God alone
Makes His mysterious essence known;
Our feeble thought can ne'er explain
A common insect, weed, or grain.

One self-originated mind,
Immutable, and unconfined,
Is mystery as great, as high,
As Trine, Eternal Deity.

Let curiosity then strive,
In God Triune in vain to dive,
O may I feel the influence trine
Of Life, and Thought, and Joy Divine.

I by experience more shall know,
Than speculation e'er can show;
And by trine grace enflamed, shall sing
Trine Hymn to the Triunal King.

FIRST SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

And it came to paſs that the beggar died, and was carried by the angels into Abraham's boſom.

Luke xvi. 22.

YOU Friend of God, for God's dear ſake,
Show me the gulf, that's fix'd between
The upper Hades and the ſub-terrene;
He yielding, Thought obtain'd a viſta clear,
To lower Hades, from the upper ſphere;
There Dives for one watery drop ſtill cried,
Yet ſtill denied.
You, ſaid Thought, when to Pain confined,
Had a regard for thoſe you left behind;
From diſtributions, which unequal ſeem,
Of temporal things, which worldlings moſt eſteem,
Say, is great God unjuſt, when He beſtows
Wealth on the wicked, and loads ſaints with woes?
Moſt juſt, ſaid Dives, men who dare diſpute
God's juſtice, when in life, in hell themſelves confute;
I, when in life, you know, fed every day
Deliciouſly, wore garments rich and gay;
My ſlaves ſearch'd all Engaddi's vines,
To chooſe the richeſt wines;

I gratified each ſenſe to the utmoſt heights,
Wallow'd in gold, purvey'd for all delights;
The world my preſence honour'd and admired,
O, I had all my luſt deſired,
Yet all could ne'er me happy make!
O, 'tis a damnable miſtake,
To think on earth true bliſs to gain,
Where Solomon found all that glitter'd vain.

Like me, the wicked live in fear
At Judgment to appear;
Th' uncertainty of vital breath,
The certainty of death;
Sharp pains, acute diſeaſe,
When wealth gives neither cure, nor eaſe;
The cries to Heaven of indigents oppreſs'd,
Horrors of conſcience, which corrode the breaſt;
Vexation which on wealth attends,
Inſidious flatteries, and falſe friends;
Of carnal ſweets
The diſappointing cheats;
The terrors of exchanging all
For endleſs torments, at death's call,
All wicked mortals more or leſs infeſt,
That like the troubled ſea they feel no reſt;
They here their hell foretaſte, and none can ſay,
That ſinners live one happy day;
Such terrors to the deep the worldlings ſink,
Whene'er they think;
Or if they think not, greater riſks they run,

Their reprobation is in life begun;
Pride harden'd me the needy to paſs by,
Dogs were more merciful than I.

Fool as I was, I thought my eaſe and health,
Honour, proſperity, command, and wealth,
The bleſſings of kind Heaven, that Heaven had choſe
Me for a favourite, and ſecured from woes;
But now, too late, I find
Heaven only for my trial them deſign'd;
My portion, while I lived, I miſemploy'd,
And what I ſhould have merely uſed, enjoy'd;
What were my idols once, me now forſake,
They no cool drop give in this burning lake.
The fool who to himſelf, from plenteous ſtore,
Promiſed long life, and ne'er to ſorrow more;
Into a neighbouring furnace flung,
Begging, like me, one drop to cool his tongue;
Though fool in life, true wiſdom learnt in hell,
And the like mournful truth can tell.
My luxury would ſpare no time to look
Into the Sacred Book;
Ah! had I caſt on that, conſiderate eyes,
One line of Solomon had made me wiſe;
Wealth fuell'd ſin, and had it been withheld,
In theſe fierce flames I ne'er had yell'd;
I, to my ſad experience, feel too late
The woes of what the world ſtyles happy ſtate;
View Lazarus in bliſs, and me in flame,

And if you can, God's juſtice blame;
On earth men live on purpoſe to be tried,
Death beſt God's juſt allotments will decide.

Thought, next to Lazarus addreſs'd:
When in the world you lived diſtreſs'd,
With painful ſores, and want of bread,
And wanting place to lay your head,
Expoſed to cold, to nakedneſs, to all
That men could miſerable call,
Did you, for your afflicting lot,
On God's ſtrict juſtice caſt a blot?
O no, ſaid he, I ſtill God's juſtice clear'd,
God all my woes endear'd;
I had no merit at God's Throne to plead,
God ſaw 'twas beſt for me to live in need;
A heaven-erected mind,
Good conſcience, and a will reſign'd;
Woes which enervate ſin,
And raiſe a calm within;
Death which would free me in ſhort time
From poſſibility of crime,
The lively ſenſe
Of Jeſu's Love immenſe,
Aſſurance of God's promiſes fulfill'd,
On which glad hope of Heaven the faithful build;
One glance of God's paternal, tender eye,
One ſhort foretaſte of bliſs on high,
Create unutterable joys,

Which worldly woe a thouſand times o'erpoiſe;
No ſaint below men ſhould unhappy ſtyle,
Were his wants great, and his condition vile;
His wants, which God for medicine ſends,
For which one pulſe above makes infinite amends.

SECOND SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

God is Love.

Hereby perceive we the love of God, becauſe He laid down His life for us: and we ought to lay down our lives for the brethren.—1 *John* iii. 16.

THE loved diſciple, full of Love Divine,
Would in one word the Infinite define;
Thou, Lord, art Love, Love only can expreſs
All that Thou art, all that Thou doſt poſſeſs:
Of Thy own Self the amiable ſight
Raiſes eternal, unconfined delight;
Thy Love ſelf-complacential reliſh gives,
It is by Love the Source of Being lives;
Thou art Ideal, Fontal Love, in Thee
Being and Love co-une the bleſſed ſee;
In Thee triunal rays co-equal ſhine,
Love, Lover, and Beloved, in Thee combine.

By various names we Thy perfections call,
But pure, unfathom'd Love exhauſts them all;
By Love all things were made and are ſuſtain'd,

Love, all things to allure man's love ordain'd;
Love, vengeance from lapſed human race ſuſpends,
Love, our ſalvation, when provoked, intends;
Love, Lord, Thy infinite perfections join'd,
Into all forms of love to ſave mankind;
Enlightening wiſdom, and ſupporting might,
Grace to forgive, compaſſion to invite;
Thy bounty in rewards which thought exceed,
Munificence to promiſe all we need;
Truth to perform, paternal, tender care,
A patient mildneſs long to wait, and ſpare;
A juſtice to chaſtiſe Love's hateful foes;
Jealouſy curſed rivals to oppoſe;
Benignity to hear a ſinner's cry;
Unbounded all-ſufficience to ſupply;
They all are Love, Love only is their aim,
My verſe ſhall love and hymn Thee by that name.

All-charming Love, thou doſt my love prevent,
Thou ſweetly doſt conſtrain me to repent;
I never ſhed true penitential tear,
Till I began Love boundleſs to revere;
The thought that I ſhould Love immenſe offend,
Began my heart to chide, grieve, ſoften, rend;
Love, ſhining in, gave with one beam a ſtroke,
My heart it into numerous atoms broke;
And in a tear each atom melting lay,
As of paſt outrages I took ſurvey;
Love would not let my heart lie long in pain,

The beam that brake it made it whole again;
All over waſh'd in penitential dew,
Cleanſed from all wilful ſtains and form'd anew;
My ſoul it into Love's own temple framed,
To Love devoted, and by Love inflamed.

Thee, mighty Love, I praiſe, invoke, adore,
O may I daily love Thee more and more!
Thou, when Thou doſt attract a lover's will,
Infuſeſt ſtrong antipathy to ill;
No greater grief can damned ſouls invade,
Than that they boundleſs Love with hate repaid;
Thou, Lord, art Love, that Name canſt never quit,
And yet, one ſin, Thou never wilt remit;
The ſin, which Thy eternal Dove blaſphemes,
And from the God-deteſting ſpirit ſtreams;
They juſtly ſhall God's endleſs hate endure,
Who the ſole Author of His Love abjure.

My love, the heart, where it was kindled, leaves,
And to Thy Love inſeparably cleaves,
O keep me there, my ſoul to Love unite,
Keep omnipreſent Love ſtill in my ſight;
That I in acts of love my age may ſpend,
No whiſpers of concupiſcence attend;
In that dear union I myſelf would loſe,
Would into Love Immenſe my ſoul transfuſe;
In Love I ſhould entirely acquieſce,
Drown'd in abyſſal Love, feel no exceſs.

To Thee, O Love, my ſpirit I reſign,
O keep me incommunicably Thine;
Thy Love I would appropriate to my heart,
Yet, for Thy ſake, wiſh all mankind a part;
I wiſh that all would love Thee more than I,
Or ſtrive with me, who ſhould in Love outvie;
With all my powers ſtretch'd to their utmoſt might,
I'll love myſelf and love in them excite;
But till I my Beloved in Heaven behold,
Love will feel interruptions damp and cold;
They'll be my conſtant crucifixions here,
And make me long for Heaven, Love's native ſphere;
Yet ſtill my love ſhall ſtrive Thy Love to pleaſe,
Though love in abſence never is at eaſe;
Fruition only gives a lover reſt,
I languiſh of my Love to be poſſeſs'd.

Eternal Father! 'twas Thy Love alone
Gave Thy loved Son Thy anger to atone.
Eternal Son! Love drew Thee from on high,
To be incarnate and for ſinners die;
Eternal Spirit! Thee pure Love inclined,
To build Thy temple in a lover's mind;
O Love Triune! celeſtial Love inſpire,
Help me to love as much as I deſire;
The very ſeraphims would grieve in bliſs,
To think their love's too little, too remiſs;
But that Thou their capacities doſt fill,

And limitation is Thy Heavenly Will;
But Love will ſtrive from limits to get free,
And that ſweet ſtrife will everlaſting be.

Into Thy image, Love transform my mind,
May I, like Thee, become Love unconfined;
I ſing, I joy, with all the ſaints above,
And I congratulate that Thou art Love;
My meditation on Thy Love is ſweet,
On that I feaſt in my devout retreat;
On Love my contemplation loves to ſtay,
And opens to receive Thy lovely ray;
With my Beloved, I with delight converſe,
And ſong of my enamourment rehearſe.

The Bleſſed Three in man's formation join'd,
All Three co-breathed is God's enamour'd mind;
All Three to re-enkindle the quench'd fire,
In co-immenſe philanthropy conſpire;
From God Triune my powers triune diſtil,
My intellect, my memory, and will;
I to Triunal Love devote all three,
They, in that Love, ſhall co-united be;
My intellect ſhall ſail God's Love about,
Find lands unknown, of Love unbounded, out;
Each voyage in infinity I take,
Will of God's Love ſome new diſcoveries make;
My memory ſhall faithful journals keep,
Of bleſſings gain'd in that unfathom'd deep;

Into my will when I unlade my ſtore,
Inſatiate Love will ſend me back for more.

Give me a love, Lord, full of zealous flames,
Which at infinity of loving aims;
Which all things dares, which all things undergoes,
And ſin excepted, no affliction knows;
Give me a love which Thou wilt re-exhauſt,
Beſt found, when moſt in Love's vaſt ocean loſt;
Give me a love which feels no reſt beneath,
Which with impatience after Thee ſhall breathe;
Give me a love which Love celeſtial may
With re-ejaculated Love repay;
Give me a love which martyrdom endears,
Love on the Croſs moſt Jeſus-like appears;
And when my love its utmoſt height acquires,
I'll fill its wants in infinite deſires.

THIRD SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

Likewiſe I ſay unto you, there is joy in the preſence of the angels of God, over one ſinner that repenteth.—*Luke* xv. 7.

YOU bleſſed angels at the Throne
Sing when a ſinner makes his moan;
Have you no ſong to ſing above
When penitents begin to love,

In which you bliſsful love and joy
To hymn the God of Love employ?
O if you have, teach it my heart,
That I with you may ſing my part.

But when with you my part I've ſung,
I yet ſhall want a nobler tongue;
God's Love to ſouls you cannot reach,
It far tranſcends angelic ſpeech;
The ſeraphs ſing the loftieſt tune,
And neareſt are to God Triune,
Yet never could a hymn compoſe
Which to the height of ſaints aroſe.

Can you conceive the Love Divine
Eſſential to the Godhead Trine?
The boundleſs Love the Father ſhews
To Filial God, Who from Him flows?
The boundleſs Love the Son repays
For His communicated rays,
A Love like this God deigns to bear
To all who His chaſte lovers are.

To be beloved to this degree
Is neareſt to infinity;
You angels, though confirm'd in bliſs,
Feel you a Love ſublime as this?
Say, ye celeſtial orders nine,
Should your poetic powers combine,
Say, can ye all a hymn indite
Of ſuch a Love to reach the height?

You in the Heavenly Temple wait,
You hymn God's majeſtatic ſtate,
You keep with God a diſtance due,
And cannot bear too bright a view;
God in His lovers' hearts appears,
There He His Throne and Temple rears,
And here they bliſsfully unite
With God by Love, as you by ſight.

Since ſongs of ſeraphs fall too low,
The praiſes which to God I owe,
Teach me, Eternal Dove, to ſing,
Of ſacred ſong Thou boundleſs Spring;
All I derive from Thy ſweet aid
Shall be in hymn to Thee repaid;
Thus, Lord, between Thy Love and me
Shall dear reciprocations be.

FOURTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

And not only they, but ourſelves alſo, which have the firſt fruits of the Spirit, even we ourſelves groan within ourſelves, waiting for the adoption, to wit, the redemption of our body.—*Romans* viii. 23.

MY God, ſince I in exile here,
Live from the beatific ſphere,
And Thou above
Haſt the ſole title to my love,

I muſt my envoys ſend,
Who ſhall on Thy dread Throne attend,
And there relate
Of my devoted love the various ſtate.

My prayers I ſend up every day,
They meet with frequent juſt delay,
Yet oft deſire
Will in a pulſe to Heaven aſpire,
And in a pulſe re-fly;
But that which ſooneſt mounts on high,
I all my days
Have found to be ejaculated praiſe.

Faſt as a thought, praiſe ſoars direct,
God His own praiſe will not reject,
While praiſe I ſing,
No ſeraph has a ſwifter wing,
When it has made its flights,
It brings a taſte of Heaven's delights,
My gains below
I more to praiſe than ſupplication owe.

Since darted praiſes had ſuch force,
And mounted with ſo ſwift a courſe,
I thought to try
To ſend a ſolemn embaſſy,
And while I prayers deſign'd,
For common envoys of my mind,
Turn'd round my eye
To chooſe ſome fit plenipotentiary.

Of ſacred hymn I ſtraight made choice,
With organ equipaged, and voice;
Soon as my Hymn
Reach'd the ſupernal ocean's brim,
The angels, who before
Stood ready on the heavenly ſhore,
Their friend embraced,
And its high entrance with their chariots graced.

My Hymn its public entrance made
With an angelic cavalcade,
It paſs'd along
Through an immenſe God-hymning throng,
While the celeſtial choir
To welcome ſacred Hymn conſpire,
Which ſung on earth,
Yet from Divine Extraction took its birth.

Soon as my Hymn had reach'd the Throne,
Adoring low the Three in One,
The glorious Three
Acceptance gracious co-decree,
Its failings overlook,
The well-meant ſong benignly took,
It brought rich ſtore
Of Love, and I ſtraight ſent it back for more.

Since that, I every night and morn
A new ambaſſador adorn,
A hymn prepare,
To lie my daily ledger there,

It at the Throne remains,
Still ſacrificing grateful ſtrains,
With languors ſtrong,
Till I in Heaven ſhall perfect every ſong.

FIFTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

Life.

For he that will love life, and ſee good days, let him refrain his tongue from evil, and his lips that they ſpeak no guile. Let him eſchew evil, and do good; let him ſeek peace, and enſue it.—1 *Peter* iii. 10, 11.

O LIFE, what art thou? oft I try
To paint thee to my ghoſtly eye,
I all evanid things ſurvey,
But them when I againſt thee weigh,
A vapour, flower, a ſleep, a dream,
Preponderating turn the beam.

A vapour ere diſſolved in air,
A flower ere ceaſing to look fair,
A ſleep, a dream, ere they expire,
Some ſhort duration ſtill require;
But Life fleets rather than abides,
Away in half a ſecond ſlides.

Methinks, when Death I call to mind,
Life might be eaſily defined;

Death's a privation of our all,
Life then we ſhould fruition call:
Yet nothing we to Life allow,
But the fruition of this Now.

Thought Life infers; to duſt we ſink
That moment when we ceaſe to think:
From thought to thought my life runs on,
'Tis irretrievably ſoon gone.
Thought, ere I can enjoy it, flies,
Till a new thought freſh life ſupplies.

O fool, of ſhort-lived goods poſſeſs'd,
In mere incertainties to reſt,
From your full barns and bags of gold,
To dream of ſlowly growing old;
Can you bribe Death with all your ſtore,
To reſpite you one moment more?

Ah! who can this ſhort life enſure,
That it beyond this thought ſhall dure?
Of millions Death the end has wrought,
Juſt in the middle of a thought.
This life of mine each moment lies
In danger of a like ſurpriſe.

Surpriſe! Ah me, that word I dread,
To drop down on a ſudden dead,
And be by fiends to judgment haled,
Ere prayers for mercy have prevail'd;

No wretch but quakes, when we relate
The horrors of ſo dire a fate.

Tell me, my ſoul, is there no art
To arm againſt Death's ſudden dart?
Has gracious Heaven contrived no way
Of lengthening here our mortal ſtay,
Or on this momentaneous ſtage
In a ſhort time to live an age?

'Tis ſin which ſhortens vital day,
And when we feel our breath decay,
Convictions then come ruſhing in,
That Life has been but death in ſin;
On time miſpent we ne'er reflect,
Till we are damn'd for its neglect.

The infants, from the font who fly
Unſullied to the joys on high,
Live longer than obdurate men,
Who ſin to threeſcore years and ten:
Old ſinners ne'er true life obtain,
Till ghoſtly babes and born again.

Were I Immortal Life to ſpend,
In all the woes which ſin attend,
In dangers, ſickneſs, troubles, pain,
Which we in wretched life ſuſtain;
I Death would court, this life not prize,
And immortality deſpiſe.

Souls who to endleſs joys aſpire,
This life endure, but Death deſire:
The ſhorteſt life they deem the beſt,
The ſooneſt freed from ſin and bleſs'd;
No weary pilgrim but revives
When he at wiſh'd-for home arrives.

Saints live eternally above
In beatific joy, hymn, love,
At Life's unbounded Source they drink,
Of God they never ceaſe to think.
We thoſe dear moments only live,
Which we to God devoutly give.

Lord, may I never loſe Thy ſight,
May I in Thy ſole Love delight;
I am, live, move in Thee alone,
God-man will for my ſins atone;
While I by trebled zeal and tears
Strive to retrieve my careleſs years.

SIXTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

Jesus our All in All.

Therefore we are buried with Him by baptism into death: that like as Christ was raised up from the dead by the glory of the Father, even so we also should walk in newness of life.—*Romans* vi. 4.

MY Jesus, since Thy Love Divine
Indulges me to call Thee mine,
Assist me while I cast accounts,
To what a sum my stock amounts,
A fulness I in Thee possess,
Beyond the reach of human guess.

The wealth which dazzles worldly eyes,
Which in gold mines or diamonds lies,
Is vain, short-lived, and gaudy dirt,
Can heal no wound or mortal hurt;
Can cure no sickness, ease no smart,
And sticks with thorns the miser's heart.

To souls born blind, their cheerful sight,
The radiance of salvific light,
Love, which the pondus of the will
Shall weigh to good, averse to ill,
Wild passions tamed, a soul serene,
From wilful guilt a conscience clean.

Patience or ease in sharpest pain,
All loss for Jesus turn'd to gain;

Afflictions to the foul endear'd,
All clouds of God's diſpleaſure clear'd,
In martyrdom ſupport and joy,
The force of torture to deſtroy.

In weakneſs vigour to oppoſe,
And conquer our infernal foes,
A yoke benign, a burthen light,
Omnipotent and gracious might,
A price ineſtimable paid,
The blood of God our ranſom made.

To penitents full pardon ſeal'd,
Truth, graced with miracles reveal'd;
Acceptance to our worthleſs prayers,
A freedom from diſtracting cares,
In trouble conſolations ſweet;
God's preſence in devout retreat.

In error's labyrinths when we ſtray
Guides to direct the heavenward way,
To frailties a compaſſion mild,
Wiſdom to keep us unbeguiled,
A purity from native ſtain,
Souls new-inſpired, and born again.

The curſe original ſuppreſs'd,
And all our earthly portion bleſs'd,
Love providential which contrives
For ſaints the bleſſings of both lives,

To be God's ſons, and when we die
Co-heirs with Filial God on high.

God Filial pleaſed to condeſcend
To be our all-ſufficient Friend,
And though exalted to His Throne
That dear relation ſtill to own,
And ſend the boundleſs Source of grace,
The Spirit, to ſupply His place.

Our riſing from death's diſmal ſhade
In bodies glorified array'd,
In Heaven eternally to ſhare
In all the joys and glories there,
Which ſeraphs who that bliſs imbibe,
Want comprehenſion to deſcribe.

Theſe bleſſings and unnumber'd more,
For all our needs a boundleſs ſtore,
To the bleſs'd lot of lovers fall,
Jeſus to them is All in all,
Saints here who Jeſus make their choice,
Ne'er ceaſe to triumph and rejoice.

Jeſus, ſhouldſt Thou forſake my heart,
With Thee I with my All ſhould part,
And ſhould my All abandon me,
Love would annihilated be,
But Thee and Love to keep I'll ſtrive,
I cannot my loſt All ſurvive.

SEVENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

I ſpeak after the manner of men, becauſe of the infirmity of your fleſh: for as ye have yielded your members ſervants to uncleanneſs, and to iniquity, unto iniquity; even ſo now yield your members ſervants to righteouſneſs, unto holineſs.—*Romans* vi. 19.

LET others ſail the world about,
To find ſtrange countries out,
A land unknown I have within,
Inhabited by ſin,
Which from my intellectual view
Long time itſelf withdrew.

My thought had often made eſſay,
Its limits to ſurvey,
But ſtill it found out ſomething new,
Which ne'er before I knew,
And though I launch'd my thought again,
Its voyage made in vain.

It glides away like floating iſles,
My anchor it beguiles,
Worſe monſters there excite my dread,
Than Afric ever bred,
Proud Babel's ruins never bore
Such a miſſhapen ſtore.

To God I then myſelf applied,
That He my courſe would guide;

Kind Heaven a compaſs to me gave,
To ſteer me in the wave,
And coaſting round the moving ſands,
My thought upon it lands.

It was my heart I ſearch'd, unknown
To all but God alone;
It was by God's all-gracious aid
I my diſcoveries made,
His law my needle, in ſtraight line,
Turn'd to the Pole Divine.

With that I o'er the region ſtray'd,
It was of labyrinths made,
And I when diſengaged from one,
Into another run.
When their amuſements me aggrieved,
My needle me relieved.

Equivocation, mints of wile,
All ſhapes of baneful guile,
Of all impieties the ſprings,
The ſerpent's bites and ſtings,
Reſerve, lie, ſalvo, and excuſe,
The conſcience to ſeduce.

Luſts ſiding with the powers of hell,
Which 'gainſt great God rebel,
Strong averſations to God's law,
All theſe and more I ſaw,

I could much ſooner count my hairs,
Than all its mazy ſnares.

Long time theſe furies had declined
The empire of my mind,
A thouſand ſtratagems had tried
Themſelves from me to hide;
But I the rebels vow'd to chain,
My empire to regain.

When of the foe I had this ſight,
I then began the fight;
And I by ſuccours from on high
Made my heart proſtrate lie,
I placed my ſpirit on the throne,
Forced all its rule to own.

But traitorous luſts me ſtill waylaid,
Conceal'd in ambuſcade,
They ſtorm'd my mind with new-ſpun cheats,
Till laſh'd to their retreats;
And if I chance my watch to ſlack,
My ſoul they re-attack.

To gracious God I made my prayer,
Miſtruſting my own care,
The Guardian of my heart to be,
Which was too hard for me,
He deign'd my offering to accept,
He ſafe my ſpirit kept.

God will its frauds to me impart,
Sole Searcher of the heart,
It ſhall no more on me impoſe,
Or with the tempter cloſe.
The more its powers to Thee incline,
Lord, 'twill the more be Thine.

EIGHTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

Brethren, we are debtors, not to the fleſh, to live after the fleſh. For if ye live after the fleſh, ye ſhall die: but if ye through the Spirit do mortify the deeds of the body, ye ſhall live.—*Romans* viii. 12, 13.

O FOOLISH heart, which often ſtrays,
And for deſtructive luſts purveys,
You numerous experiments have tried,
Yet ſtill return diſſatisfied,
Why ſeek you thus in vain,
For what you never can obtain?

All worldly joys which glittering ſeem,
And at a diſtance raiſe eſteem,
Soon as they have admittance to your arms,
Betray their meretricious charms,
The cheat apparent grows,
You only court eternal woes.

Egypt, with various idols ſtored,
Such idle fancies ne'er adored,
When to their onions they their worſhip paid,
Their hunger was by them allay'd;
But all things you purſue,
Allay not hunger, but raiſe new.

Would you one minute make eſſay
Yourſelf againſt the world to weigh,
You then would ſoon perceive the world confined,
And the immenſeneſs of your mind,
'Twixt an immenſe and bound,
Think what proportion can be found.

It is not narrowneſs alone
Should make you this low world diſown,
Since it for ſin was curſed, it is impure,
Saints its empoiſon'd baits abjure,
And where it once intrudes,
It damns, as well as ſouls deludes.

Fix, O my heart, your ghoſtly eye
On God's immenſe benignity,
God is the only Object which can fill
The ſphere of your capacious will,
While you to God aſpire,
You all poſſeſs you can deſire.

In God is all-ſufficient ſtore,
My heart, O never wander more:

O that I had a cherub's numerous eyes,
To guard me from a re-ſurpriſe!
Lord, to my ſuccour haſte,
To Thy dear Love, O keep me chaſte.

NINTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

I ſay unto you, Make to yourſelves friends of the mammon of unrighteouſneſs, that, when ye fail, they may receive you into everlaſting habitations.—*Luke* xvi. 9.

MORE bleſs'd to give than to receive,
We, taught by Heaven, believe:
That, copies Deity immenſe,
This, ſprings from indigence.
To that the ſaint with zeal propends,
Which infinitely this tranſcends.

To covetouſneſs I am inclined,
When that I call to mind,
I would at every foreign ſhore,
Freight boundleſs precious ore;
I Dives' mighty treaſures crave,
The fool's full barns I fain would have.

Like Solomon I would abound,
With gains more precious crown'd,
Yet wealth, ore, treaſure, barns and gem,
I wholly ſhould contemn;

Had I not Solomon's large heart,
Gold to the needy to impart.

O happy riches, which o'erflow
To all in want or woe!
Which have no wings to fly away,
But with the liberal ſtay,
Of friends and wealth, they ſtore provide
In Heaven immenſely multiplied.

Happy rich man! did he but know
How riches to beſtow,
Who truſts not in his plenteous ſtores,
Or idol wealth adores;
God's goodneſs who to copy ſtrives,
And gains the bleſſings of both lives.

My God, we indigent below
Have nothing to beſtow;
Our all is from Thy gracious Throne,
We nought can ſtyle our own,
And when to Thee we offerings bring,
The drops are of Thy boundleſs ſpring.

But, O benignity divine!
When offering what is Thine,
Thou doſt as ours Thy own accept,
For which rewards are kept,
We all our days receivers live,
Of what we to the donor give.

A dying giver of God's own,
The living poor bemoan;
He advocates in Heaven will find,
To plead for him combined,
Jeſus' poor brethren will contend,
Who ſhall moſt ſhew himſelf his friend.

Soon as by Heaven's appointment led,
Death ſhall approach his bed,
His Guardian will to th' happy ſphere
Traject his death is near;
And ere one minute drops, the news
O'er happy Hades will diffuſe.

The poor who bliſs before had gain'd,
Whom he in life ſuſtain'd,
At the trajected thought will meet,
And falling at God's Feet,
With ardour for him intercede,
And for joys ſupereffluent plead.

The hungry will recall his bread,
On which they daily fed,
The thirſty, the refreſhing bowls,
With which he cheer'd their ſouls;
The ſtranger wandering in the ſtreet,
His free, his hoſpitable treat.

The naked, clothes which them ſecured
From cold they had endured;

The ſick, the viſits they received,
And how by them relieved,
The priſoners, helps and ſuccours kind
He ſhew'd them when in chains confined.

The debtors, how their debts he paid,
By loſſes when decay'd;
The Chriſtians, ſlaves to Pagans ſold,
Whom he redeem'd with gold;
Widows and fatherleſs, ſupplied
By him, when by the world denied.

His foes for whom Chriſt-like he pray'd
And good for ill repaid,
Damn'd ſouls to whom he warnings gave
And tried all means to ſave,
Shall ſelf-confuſed before the Throne
His charities to either own.

The guardians whom Heaven deign'd to ſend,
The happy poor to tend;
Devoutly will the ſame declare,
Enforcing all their prayer,
And his own Angel will recount
Vaſt ſums to which his alms amount.

None to ſearch chronicles ſhall need,
For a paſt noble deed;
As the great King by Eſther gain'd
For Mordecai ordain'd:

Each grain of charitable gold
Is in the Book of Life enroll'd.

There the poor's prayers recorded lie,
And all his ſuccours by;
There the poor's praiſes patent ſtand
For ſuccours from his hand;
And him the favourite of Heaven's King,
Guardians and happy poor will ſing.

Bleſs'd Jeſus ſolemnly will own
Love to His brethren ſhewn,
And guardians of the poor he fed
Deſpatch'd to his death-bed,
His beatific flight will aid,
With an angelic cavalcade.

Jeſus the Judge will at His Right
Allot him manſions bright,
Among the bleſs'd with a high place,
His bounteous lover grace;
Heaven ſhall in Hymn the truth atteſt,
To give, than to receive, more bleſt.

May I to Jeſus' brethren ſpare
In all His gifts a ſhare,
And not defer till I go hence
My portion to diſpenſe,
A death-bed alms extorted ſeems,
A life of alms God moſt eſteems.

TENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

Jeſus' Love Preſerved.

No man can ſay that Jeſus is the Lord, but by the Holy Ghoſt.—1 *Cor.* xii. 3.

MY Jeſus, Thou all lovely art,
And ſhouldſt be loved with all the heart;
But woe is me, my heart is prone,
Thee, for curſed trifles to diſown;
O with a Love Thy votary bleſs,
Proportion'd to Thy lovelineſs!

Our want, Thou, Jeſu, didſt foreknow,
And didſt proportion'd Love beſtow;
At Thy aſcent Thou in Thy place
Didſt leave the boundleſs Source of Grace.
We at the Source of Love abide,
Where wants of Love are all ſupplied.

O bleſſing, next to that dear Love,
Which drew God Filial from above!
Oh God co-breathed, who Love art ſtyled,
Delighting in ſouls undefiled!
Towards God my whole propenſion turn,
Love heavenly cannot downwards burn.

Great Third of the co-glorious Trine,
O may my ſpirit Thee enſhrine,

O conſecrate my mortal frame
Into a temple to Thy Name!
O be Thou of my ſoul the Soul,
And all rebellious powers control!

O Love Immenſe, within me dwell,
All loves but Thy own Love expel!
Within my heart Thy piercing eye
Will all abſconded luſts deſcry;
Thy goodneſs, which all thought exceeds,
Will bring ſupplies for all my needs.

My ſoul with Truth's bright radiance fill,
Keep me reſign'd to God's ſole Will;
Whene'er I ſtray, be Thou my Guide,
Fix me, inclining to backſlide;
Quicken me when I ſtupid grow,
Deep conſolations, when in woe.

O purify my ſoul from ſtain,
All tendencies towards ill reſtrain;
My ſoul with warm devotion fire,
Which may with ſighs and groans aſpire;
Invigorate me when afraid,
When weak, vouchſafe me heavenly aid.

Truth ſacred in my memory keep,
For ſin create contrition deep;
All filial grace in me excite,
Be Witneſs that I walk upright.

Seal pardon for tranſgreſſions paſt,
Support me when I breathe my laſt.

Be Monitor Thy law to heed,
Be Advocate my cauſe to plead,
By Thee may I be born again,
By Thee celeſtial glory gain;
To me be Water, Oil, Fire, Wind,
To cleanſe, oint, warm, and wing my mind.

Into my ſoul good thoughts inject,
Inculcate them till I reflect;
Conſideration thence will grow,
Affections from conſidering flow;
Affections to reſolves ariſe,
And for eternals make us wiſe.

Such graces, O co-effluent Dove,
Are the effluxes of Thy Love;
No mortal can their numbers tell,
They all arithmetic excel;
And yet, though numberleſs they are,
Each ſaint in all enjoys a ſhare.

I objects ſee; yet in my brain
How viſion's made, cannot explain;
My ſoul the Spirit working feels
While modes of working He conceals;
When God makes in our ſouls abode,
'Tis curioſity to ſearch the mode.

O Love co-breathed, I Love implore,
O give me Love, I need no more;
Gifts are for ſouls heroic meet,
Reſerved for heights or ſufferings great;
But void of Love I cannot live,
In that Thou wilt all graces give.

Jeſu! I'll love, I'll hymn Thy Name,
From Thee co-effluent Godhead came;
Love ſhed by Him, through Thee ſhall riſe,
Paternal Godhead's ſacrifice,
Of Love the co-eternal Three
Are thus the Spring, the Stream, the Sea.

ELEVENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

Jeſus our Prieſt.

For I delivered unto you firſt of all, that which I alſo received, how that Chriſt died for our ſins, according to the Scriptures.—1 *Cor.* xv. 3.

WHEN Adam ſinn'd, and all his line
Loſt the ſimilitude Divine,
Angels who ſaw proud ghoſts rebel
And hurl'd unpitied down to hell,
Expected when Almighty ire
Should thunder-ſtrike our guilty ſire.

Should general flame this world conſume,
As great as at the day of doom,
An holocauſt for fontal ſin,
Big with a vicious race within,
'Twould be too little to atone
God's wrath for His inſulted Throne.

But when God Filial offer made
To be in human fleſh array'd,
To die for man, from bliſsful ſight
They drew of Saviour in juſt light
Ideas clear, and to their lyres
Sang Filial God in all their quires.

O Love, too boundleſs to be ſhewn
By any but great God alone!
O Love offended, which ſuſtains
The bold offender's curſe and pains!
O Love which could no motive have,
But mere benignity to ſave!

O Sacrifice from blemiſh free,
Worthy the God of Purity!
O Sacrifice, like God, immenſe,
Atoning by equivalence!
O Sacrifice too dear to fail
With God Paternal to prevail!

We angels thought ourſelves ſupreme
To ſpotleſs man in God's eſteem;

But God ſhows Love to Adam ſtain'd,
Which ſinful angels ne'er obtain'd;
God's Love we to lapſed man adore,
And Juſtice, which gave angels o'er.

Death only can atone for guilt,
Angels no blood had to be ſpilt;
Had God angelic form aſſumed,
To death He never could be doom'd;
Pure mercy, man condemn'd to die,
That Jeſus might his doom ſupply.

God Filial we admire, decreed
A Sacrifice for man to bleed;
But for a prieſt we look intent,
Who ſhall the Sacrifice preſent;
O there is none but God's own Son,
Both Prieſt and Sacrifice are one.

Thus angels ſang, who but began
To ſee Love future of God-man:
Soon as Redemption was complete
Their hymns had more ecſtatic heat,
God-man His Throne then re-poſſeſs'd,
And to His Father thus addreſs'd:

Great Father, to ſoft pity prone,
I Myſelf offer at Thy Throne,
I for lapſed man My Blood have ſhed,
Transferr'd his guilt on My own Head,

And My Blood ſpilt before Thee plead,
That man may be from vengeance freed.

Thy tender Bowels yearn'd on Me,
When I hung tortured on the Tree;
May thoſe dear Bowels yearn on all,
Who ſeek recovery from their fall;
Thy attributes full glory gain
In Me, Thy Son co-equal, ſlain.

My Sacrifice before Thy Eyes,
Eternally, to melt Thee lies,
Forgive all ſins, no grace refuſe
To votaries who My Name ſhall uſe;
May all who have to Thee recourſe,
Of My Atonement feel the force.

Rays more benign than ever ſhined,
Since the firſt riſe of human-kind,
From God's Paternal Sweetneſs ſtream'd
On His dear Son Who man redeem'd,
God melting, like His Son all o'er,
Gave all He heard His Son implore.

O Love, which at the Throne remains,
Which all inflammatives contains,
Which gives to all a free acceſs,
Compaſſion ſhews to all diſtreſs!
O Love, in which all joys conſpire,
Which fill and terminate deſire!

O ſin, God's hatred for which, none
But Filial God could God atone!
Paſt ſins which grieve me, Lord, forgive,
Thy prieſt and ſacrifice I'll live,
Till I, like Thee, in Heaven above
Re-offer and complete my love.

TWELFTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

Likeneſs to Jeſus.

If the miniſtration of death, written and engraven in ſtones was glorious; ſo that the children of Iſrael could not ſtedfaſtly behold the face of Moſes for the glory of his countenance, which glory was to be done away; How ſhall not the miniſtration of the Spirit be rather glorious?

2 *Cor.* iii. 7-8.

MOSES on high twice twenty days,
Ingulf'd in majeſtatic rays,
And had ideas bright
In elevated ſight,
Of all the ſacred things which God ordain'd
Should in His tabernacle be contain'd.

See, ſaid Jehovah, all things made,
Like to the patterns you ſurvey'd;
The numerous precepts he
Kept ſtored in memory,

And all things by thoſe heavenly patterns drew,
Preſented on the mountain to his view.

My Jeſus, when in bleſs'd retreat,
I Thee in meditation meet,
Thou doſt exalt my eye,
Thy beauties to deſcry,
Each grace which in Thee ſhines, devotion fires,
I to abide with Thee am all deſires.

My ſoul, which ſhould Thy temple be,
From all pollution ſhould be free;
But though now waſh'd in tear,
My treacherous heart I fear,
Warp'd to the world, may make it too impure,
For pureſt God the building to endure.

Ah ſhould it warp, I'd weep it clear,
A temple then to thee I'll rear,
Adorn'd with every grace
I in Thy footſteps trace;
O keep Thy graces lively in my mind,
That all my powers by Thee may be refined.

Thou ſweetly doſt my ſoul enjoin
To copy out each grace divine;
Lovers at likeneſs aim,
That two may be the ſame:
Thou infinitely amiable art,
I by Thy model long to form my heart.

Thou, God's loved Son, haſt God appeaſed,
God is immenſely in Thee pleaſed;
May I, like Thee, be ſtyled
Paternal Godhead's child:
The more I like to the loved Son appear,
The more I ſhall be to the Father dear.

My Jeſus, when Thou goeſt away,
All Thy ideas ſoon decay,
I want a longer time
To treat of things ſublime;
I forty years too ſhort a ſpace eſteem
To live abſorb'd in Thy tranſporting beam.

Dear Jeſus, long, long with me ſtay,
When of my heart I take ſurvey,
Thy dread, all-ſeeing eye,
Into each thought will pry,
Shouldſt Thou one moment leave my heart alone,
It to my ſearch may leave reſerves unknown.

Thy Love, ſweet Jeſus, Thee inclined
To ſtoop to frailties of mankind,
Thou, pitying our lapſed ſtate,
Doſt of our debt abate,
Thou doſt no hard ſeverities impoſe,
Short tears begin our joys, and end our woes.

Jeſus, when Thou from me wilt part,
Deep grave Thy image on my heart,

O conſcience, keep awake,
Care of the image take,
And from its likeneſs, when my life declines,
Check me, and rectify my devious lines.

Loved and adored be Thy great Name,
My Jeſus, Who doſt ſouls reframe,
To a true God-like height,
Tranſcending Adam's flight,
Ere the curſed tempter his conſent o'erpower'd,
And lovely virgin innocence deflower'd.

THIRTEENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

Which now of theſe three, thinkeſt thou, was neighbour unto him that fell among the thieves?—*Luke* x. 36.

SEE there a Jew from th' hallow'd town
To Jericho is going down,
Unguarded as he goes that way,
To bloody thieves becomes a prey;
They rob, ſtrip, wound, and bruiſe him ſore,
There he lies weltering in his gore;
A Prieſt and Levite ſee his ſtate,
But fearing like diſaſtrous fate,
Left him half dead, and gaſping lie,
And paſs in haſte their brother by;
But a Samaritan, a name
To Jews moſt hateful and infame,

When he ſees where the Jew was caſt,
Who bleeding ſeem'd to breathe his laſt,
Soft pity pierces deep his breaſt,
He there draws near his foe diſtreſs'd,
With wine and oil, which by his care
For his own health provided were,
He tries the helpleſs to relieve,
And in the hopeleſs, life retrieve,
His ſores he ſearches with kind hand,
Cleanſes with wine from dirt and ſand,
Pours oil to eaſe and heal each wound,
Which there is with ſoft ſwathing bound;
To ſave the Jew he freely choſe
Himſelf to danger to expoſe;
There on the envious naked Jew
He his own upper garment threw,
On his own beaſt the wretch he lays,
And to a diſtant inn conveys,
To walk afoot to tend him deigns,
And with kind arms his bulk ſuſtains;
There of the inn defrays the ſcores,
Charged them to tend his painful ſores,
There promiſes the reſt to pay
Soon as he ſhould return that way.
This parable by Jeſus was deſign'd
By picture to inform and pleaſe the mind,
To copy the Philanthropy Divine,
Who on the worſt of ſinners deigns to ſhine;
Each ſaint the ſtory to herſelf applies,
By Jeſus taught, go, and do thou likewiſe.

FOURTEENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

And when He ſaw them, He ſaid unto them, Go ſhew yourſelves unto the prieſts. And it came to paſs, that as they went, they were cleanſed.—*Luke* xvii. 14.

BLESS'D Jeſus, Thy propitious Heart
Would ſympathiſe with every ſmart;
When wretches to Thee cried,
No help was e'er denied,
Thy wondrous goodneſs was diſplay'd,
In giving ſuper-human aid:

I bring an object to Thy ſight,
Will glorify Thy gracious might,
A confluence of needs
Here for Thy pity pleads,
I of Thy miracles implore
A mighty confluential ſtore.

Lord, 'tis my heart, let Thy mild Eyes
Vouchſafe commenſurate ſupplies,
To heavenly truths my mind
Is by the lapſe, born blind,
My ears to Thy ſweet calls are cloſed,
My tongue to praiſe Thee indiſpoſed.

By baneful luſts I am poſſeſs'd,
Tempeſtuous paſſions me infeſt,

I'm impotence all o'er,
Inveterate is my ſore,
With leproſy I am beſpread,
Love in habitual guilt lies dead.

My Lord, my God, to Thee I pray,
Unpitied ſend me not away,
My malady control,
Command me to be whole;
Thy word will me to health reſtore,
Speak but one word, I aſk no more.

My eyes Thy Love will then ſee clear,
My ears Thy gracious call will hear,
My ſilent tongue will ſpeak,
And into praiſes break,
Of luſts I ſhall be diſpoſſeſs'd,
Sweet peace will then becalm my breaſt.

Thy powerful aids will me ſuſtain,
Of weakneſs I'll no more complain,
My rocky heart will melt,
When it Thy Love has felt,
No leprous ſpots will me ſurpriſe,
My love from ghoſtly death will riſe.

Thou didſt our frailties undergo,
That Thou mightſt ſoft compaſſion ſhew,
Thy tender Heart condoles
With all afflicted ſouls;

Oh! for Thy dolorous Paſſion's ſake,
Haſte to my reſtoration make.

Thou in one ſingle act divine
A heap of miracles wilt join,
In complicate diſeaſe
Give complicated eaſe,
And when Thou ſhalt my heart reſtore,
With all my powers I'll Thee adore.

Among the ſaints I'll concerts raiſe,
To ſing Thee complicated praiſe,
My heart by Thee refined,
Shall live to Thee reſign'd,
I loves for Loves will ſtrive to pay,
New Hymns I'll offer every day.

Thy Love kept Thy own Mother pure,
And from infernal force ſecure,
No luſt her ſoul could harm,
Supported by Thy Arm,
She in the world lived diſembroil'd,
And God's bright Image kept unſoil'd.

She always ghoſtly health enjoy'd;
My ſoul is with diſeaſe annoy'd,
Do Thou my ſpirit heal,
Do Thou my pardon ſeal:
Oft a deliverance more endears
Than an immunity from fears.

FIFTEENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

The Sermon on the Mount.

S. Matthew vi.

O JESU! with Thy Spirit fill my breaſt,
Deſign'd by Thee on faithful ſouls to reſt;
May He Thy words to my remembrance bring,
That I Thy own divine diſcourſe may ſing.

Incarnate Word upon a mount appear'd,
That He might by the multitude be heard;
And to the twelve, and crowd, who thither flock'd,
The treaſures of true wiſdom thus unlock'd.

Bleſs'd are the poor in ſpirit, vile and low
In their own eyes, who their own frailties know,
Who on God's grace, not their own merit lean,
And like the leper, ſtyle themſelves unclean;
The humbleſt here are higheſt in God's ſight,
Theirs is the glorious realm of endleſs light.

Bleſs'd are all they who mourn, whoſe ſighs their own
And others' ſins with bitterneſs bemoan;
Ne'er in this vale of woe from ſorrow free,
Where they their God ſo oft offended ſee;
They ſow in tears, and from each tear they weep
They ſhall a thouſand-fold of comforts reap.

Bleſs'd are the meek, of temper gentle, ſweet,
Who unimbitter'd, the injurious treat;
They ſhall the earth inherit, and exhauſt
That right to things below, which Adam loſt.
Though others wealth unſanctified retain,
God's bleſſing ſhall on what they have remain;
With God, themſelves, the world, they live in peace,
Anticipating joys which never ceaſe.

Bleſs'd are all they who thirſt and hunger feel
For righteouſneſs, who with unwearied zeal
Strive righteous God's bright image to regain,
And purge themſelves from their congenial ſtain;
All their propenſions ſhall their aims acquire,
Till fill'd with God, they feel no more deſire.

Bleſs'd are the merciful, whoſe melting eyes
With others' griefs benignly ſympathiſe;
Who uncondoled paſs no one's ſorrow by,
No danger, pain, or want, without ſupply;
They mercy ſhall obtain, and all their woes
God for their good ſhall graciouſly diſpoſe;
They ſhall the joys of pardon taſte below,
Their alms ſhall in full ſtreams of bliſs reflow.

Bleſs'd are the pure in heart, who have refined
Each thought, each inclination of the mind,
Who to no foul ſuggeſtions harbour give,
Amidſt pollutions, unpolluted live;

Who keep God's temples holy, and take care
That no abominations enter there;
They ſhall of God have beatific ſight,
Who only in pure votaries takes delight.

Bleſs'd are peace-makers, they who ſweetly
ſtrive,
Fraternal, mutual dearneſs to revive,
Who are themſelves true lovers of mankind,
And wiſh that all to love were co-inclined;
They ſhall be call'd God's children, in them beſt
The God of Peace His likeneſs ſees expreſs'd.

Bleſs'd are all they, who perſecuted are,
Who martyrdom for Love of Jeſus bear:
The greater torments they for Heaven endure,
The more they ſhall their happineſs ſecure;
The heavenly kingdom is more firmly theirs,
Of higher bliſs and brighter manſions heirs,
They future joys more fully ſhall foretaſte,
And to their glory make the greater haſte.

Woe to the rich! who fading riches crave,
They here their ſhort-lived conſolations have;
Woe to the full, who their own guſto feed,
They'll be abandon'd to unpitied need;
Woe to all thoſe who laugh, and pleaſures heap.
They in eternal miſery ſhall weep;
Woe to all thoſe who court evanid fame,
They ſhall ſink down to everlaſting ſhame.

You, whom I to apoſtolate exalt,
To the dark, taſteleſs world, are light and ſalt;
You Heavenly reliſhes from Me derive,
You muſt the taſte of truth in ſouls revive;
You muſt diſſeminate the Love Divine,
Placed in conſpicuous orbs muſt brightly ſhine;
That all who feel your Heaven-enkindled rays,
May God, the Author of your graces, praiſe.

I come the law and prophets to fulfil,
I mental curb, as well as outward ill;
All who henceforth a claim to Heaven pretend,
In ſaintſhip muſt the ſtricteſt Jew tranſcend.

Thou ſhalt not kill, was the old legal ſtyle;
I all forbid their neighbour to revile;
Even odious names ſhall irritate God's ire,
And run the danger of infernal fire:
Their Altar offerings God eſteems defiled,
Who to their brethren live unreconciled.

The law will no adultery endure,
I no one wanton look or thought impure;
You all luſt's ſinful cravings muſt deny,
Though dearer than your own right hand or eye.
The marriage-knot which you ſo oft untied,
Henceforth ſhall indiſſoluble abide;
Perjurious oaths you only ſinful call,
I, in converſe, permit no oaths at all.

You eye for eye, and tooth for tooth require,
And to retaliate injuries desire;
But charity must now revenge assuage;
In no vexatious suits of law engage;
You for peace' sake, must from full rights recede,
And never for too rigorous justice plead;
With private force no outrages repel,
On earth with condescending sweetness dwell;
To needy neighbours freely give, or lend,
To guide ungrateful pilgrims condescend.

'Twas the old maxim of the Jewish state,
To love our neighbours, and our foes to hate;
I love sincere to enemies enjoin,
Do good to them, who ill to you design;
Bless them who curse you, daily pray for those
Who to rude persecutions you expose;
'Tis God's unbounded goodness to ordain,
For bad as well as good, His sun and rain;
You, like your Father, merciful must be,
And copy His immense benignity.

Give liberal alms of all that God gives you,
Give secretly, and shun vain-glorious view;
God's piercing Eye the lowly heart regards,
To secret alms gives visible rewards.

Your closet with devotion oft frequent,
There fervent, humble, secret prayer present.
No prayer by multitude of words esteem,

But by the filial love from which they ſtream;
Vain, ſenſeleſs repetitions caſt away,
And by this form with firm reliance pray:

Our Father, throned in Heaven, Thy Name be praiſed,
Thy kingdom over all the world be raiſed;
May all Thy ſubjects here, Thy ſovereign Will,
Like angels, with alacrity fulfil;
Send bread and due ſupports, by which we live;
Remit our ſins, as we our foes forgive;
Let no temptations us allure or blind,
Guard from all ill our body and our mind;
Thine is the Heavenly Kingdom, Glory, Might,
Thou to diſpoſe of all things haſt the right.

If you forgive not wrongs men offer you,
In vain you ſhall to God for pardon ſue;
Your ſins, by faſting, conquer or chaſtiſe,
Obſerved by none but God's all-ſeeing Eyes;
More ſecret 'tis, the more it God will pleaſe,
He'll hear you and your troubled ſpirit eaſe;
Place not your bliſs on earth, all treaſures there
To ruſt, moths, thieves, and death, ſubjected are;
Make Heaven your treaſure, that can ne'er decay,
And where your treaſure is, your heart will ſtay.
The eye imparts to all the body light,
Let pure intention guide your ghoſtly ſight;
From a dim eye the body cloud contracts,
Intentions ſenſual defecrate your acts.

None can a ſervant of two lords abide,
And equal duties to them both divide,
None God and Mammon can at once obey
They human wills antarctically ſway.
For clothes and food take no immoderate cares,
God, lilies clothes, and food for fowls prepares;
God tenders you much more than fowls or
flowers,
And bleſſings down in their due ſeaſon ſhowers,
Seek Heaven in the firſt place, live ſaint below,
And God will theſe as overplus beſtow.

Judge not, leſt God you with like rigour treat,
You muſt expect the meaſure which you mete;
Cenſure no motes within your brother's eye,
While in your own you will not beams deſcry;
With care your own ſpiritual ſtate attend,
Condemn not others, but yourſelf amend;
Diſtribute wiſely pearls of Truth Divine,
Waſte none on ſouls brutiſed like dogs or ſwine.

Aſk and you ſhall receive, ſeek and you'll find,
Knock and Heaven opens to a humble mind;
For fiſh and bread, what hearts ſo hard are grown,
As to give children ſcorpions or a ſtone?
If earthly fires thus tender are, much more
Is God, when ſons His aid benign implore.
Do that to all you'd have all do to you,
The rule which prophets and the law purſue.
Take heed to chooſe the narrow path and gate,

Found but by few, who reach the bleſſed ſtate;
Through the wide gate and ſin's broad beaten way
Moſt of mankind to endleſs ruin ſtray.

Falſe prophets ſhun, and their inſidious lies,
Wolves inwardly, though clad in ſheep's diſguiſe;
The kinds of trees their native product ſhow,
Thus by ill aims you may deceivers know;
They cry, Lord, Lord! yet God's commands reject,
They not God's glory, but their own reſpect,
They'll boaſt prophetic gifts, and go about
To work ſtrange things, and devils to caſt out;
Their frauds they'll act in God's moſt ſacred Name,
But God will the preſtigious cheats diſclaim;
They'll either Faith deny, or Church divide,
Betray rapacity, luſt, rage, or pride.

They who attend the truths I now inſtil,
And by ſincere obedience them fulfil,
Are like to the wiſe man, who, 'gainſt the ſhock
Of tempeſt, built his houſe upon a rock:
The ſaint all ſtorms which hell can raiſe, defies,
And on the Rock of Ages firm relies.
But all who hear, and ſaving truths withſtand,
Are like the fool who built upon the ſand,—
One blaſt threw down the fabric to the ground;
Thus ghoſtly fools their future bliſs confound.

All praiſe to Jeſus, Who His gracious law
Taught to His ſubjects with endearing awe.
Glory to Jeſus was the mountain's cloſe,
Who would for laws beatitudes impoſe.

SIXTEENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY

Love taught by Jeſus.

That ye being rooted and grounded in love, may be able to comprehend with all ſaints, what is the breadth, and length, and depth, and height; and to know the love of Chriſt, which paſſeth knowledge.—*Eph.* iii. 17-19.

THOSE days I often call to mind,
When God Himſelf in fleſh enſhrined;
Had I beheld the radiant ſtar,
Which eaſtern ſages led from far;
Or had the news ſome angel told,
Sent to the ſwains who watch'd their fold;

God-man had ſo enflamed my ſoul,
That, had I dwell'd at either pole,
Entrench'd in ice, immured in ſnow,
With boiſterous winds toſs'd to and fro,
While from that ſphere the ſun took flight,
And left me in long diſmal night;

O'er rocks of ſnow I would have trod,
Walk'd o'er the frozen ſea unſhod,
The force of winds impetuous ſtemm'd,
Fiends ranging in the dark contemn'd,
All rigours of the cold ſuſtain'd,
Till of God-man the ſight I gain'd.

Soon as I near God-man had drawn,
I ſhould have known Him at firſt dawn,
Benignities would from Him glide,
Which 'twas impoſſible to hide,
The faireſt, ſweeteſt of mankind,
In whom all lovely graces ſhined.

I ſome endearments ſhould have ſpied,
Which angels might not have deſcried,
Of His philanthropy ſome beams
On ſinners flowing in full ſtreams,
And falling proſtrate on the ground,
Adored, loved, joy'd with awe profound.

I ſhould have been all eye, all ear,
My Saviour to behold and hear,
I ſhould have watch'd till I diſcern'd,
That His ſoft pity on me yearn'd;
That yearning would have been the ſign,
To break my mind to Love Divine.

My Lord, my God, I ſhould have cried,
To Heaven the ſinner's only Guide.

O for Thy Infinite Love's ſake,
Tell me the way my ſoul muſt take,
Moſt happy to abide with Thee,
In manſions of eternity!

Ah me! forth from the fire of lie,
Abroad deluding ſpirits fly,
Diſguiſed like angels of pure light,
To faſcinate and cheat my ſight,
A thouſand different ways they ſhew,
All leading to eternal woe.

I live in dread, leſt I to bliſs
The ſingle narrow way ſhould miſs;
But conſcience here my ſpirit check'd,
And bid me on myſelf reflect,
You daily may God-man behold,
And to His Love your mind unfold.

Dear Jeſus' Goſpel would you heed,
You the ſame queſtion there may read,
With His infallible reply,
On that you ſafely may rely,
The reprimand I juſt confeſs'd,
And read with care the volume bleſs'd.

Jeſus there taught the ſcribe that Love,
Love only gain'd the joys above,
Love the command, primeval, great,
Connatural, tranſporting, ſweet,

On which all law divine depends,
Which all our holocauſts tranſcends.

When, that my way was Love, I heard,
A duty which my ſoul endear'd,
Benignly condeſcending, mild,
The taſk not of a ſlave, but child,
I humble thanks to Jeſus paid,
Who Love the way to glory made.

My way to Heaven when taught me clear,
I thither vow'd my bark to ſteer,
But native luſts like adverſe wind,
To ſenſual joys blew back my mind,
I long indulged them to prevail,
And wanted now a proſperous gale.

All winds which on the ocean blow,
Out of God's airy treaſure flow,
And in His Sacred Book is ſtore
Of aids to reach the heavenly ſhore,
Repentance I there learn'd had force,
To turn and keep my heaven-ward courſe.

My Jeſus' Love was in my eye,
Who to excite my love would die:
I grieved I ſhould His Love offend,
Yet joy'd He would my bliſs intend,
That grief, that joy with gentle ſtroke,
My heart, till then reluctant, broke.

From that dear ſtroke my ſoul I felt,
Into a ſoft contrition melt,
Grief for my ſins my eyelids drain'd,
Joy for a Saviour me ſuſtain'd,
I thus ſupported while diſtreſs'd,
To Jeſus diſembogued my breaſt.

Whene'er I chill'd, ſank, wander'd, tired,
The Sacred Book zeal re-inſpired,
My faith kept Jeſus in my view,
His voice in every line I knew,
He ſtep by ſtep my ſpirit led,
And ſmooth'd the ways which I ſhould tread.

SEVENTEENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

Unity.

One Lord, one faith, one baptiſm, one God and Father of all.—*Eph.* iv. 5, 6.

OFT has my mind took flight,
For proſpects of Love infinite;
It forward ſtill aſpired,
It moſt agreeably was tired;
And when it came to port,
I ſent it back to make a freſh effort.

In every flight it made,
Soon as it could its freight unlade;
This always back it brought,
Which I keep treaſured in my thought;
One God I muſt adore,
And 'tis impoſſible there ſhould be more.

Mind daily ſaw on high,
Bright miniſterial angels fly;
Among them, one of thoſe
Who wait on children, out it choſe,
Who ſtill God's Face behold,
And fitteſt ſeem'd the Godhead to unfold.

You, ſaid my Mind, have ſight
Of God in beatific light;
Sits He not there alone,
Or had He partner in His throne?
Alone, he made reply,
There is no partner in infinity.

Were Godhead more than one,
It up to numberleſs might run;
Fecundity divine,
'Tis Godhead only could confine;
And whereſoe'er it ſtops,
All Godhead ceaſes as to bounds it drops.

Were Infinites but two,
And we to pay them worſhip due;

We neither could revere,
And neither boundleſs would appear;
Would greater be combined,
We leſs and more in infinite ſhould find.

Embroilments ne'er would ceaſe,
Should rivals ſhare the realm of peace;
We fiercer war ſhould wage,
Than that againſt apoſtate rage;
Gods then would fight maintain,
If more omnipotents than one ſhould reign.

We on one God depend,
He our Beginning is and End;
Beyond His boundleſs ray
We happy ſpirits cannot ſtray;
In One we acquieſce,
And all in the One Infinite poſſeſs.

Though near the Throne we wait,
We cannot what we ſee relate;
All the angelic choir
Adorable I AM admire;
While we compoſe new ſtrains,
God pure indiviſible One remains.

Our loves on God diffuſe,
His attributes for hymn we chooſe;
Though One, they various ſeem,
We vary, as our views, our Theme;

Men ruder gueſſes make
When views from their compounded ſelves they take.

One God, ſaid he, one Love
There is among the bleſs'd above;
High praiſe to God he ſang,
Juſt as from me he ſprang;
And then began the hymn
Which angels ſing, when the expanſe they ſwim.

Thou, Lord, didſt Thy great Name
With Thy dread Unity proclaim,
When of ſoul, might, and mind,
Love undivided was enjoin'd;
Love ever one ſhould be,
Since out of God it naught can lovely ſee.

The bleſs'd for hymn will none
But Thee, Great One, for ſubject own;
And ſince to Thee below
We like peculiar offerings owe,
I proſtrate at Thy Feet,
Acceptance of my humble ſong entreat.

Praiſe to great One, may I
In love be ever unity;
Thou uncompounded art,
From ſenſual joys, Lord, cleanſe my heart;
May it abide unmix'd,
On Love Triune indiviſibly fix'd.

EIGHTEENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

Thou ſhalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart,
and with all thy ſoul, and with all thy mind.
St. Matthew xxii. 37.

FALSE world, I'll you no more endure,
Vexatious, tranſient, vain, impure,
Too long your friendſhip feign'd
My ghoſtly vitals baned;
You nothing are but univerſal ſnare,
I 'gainſt your charms antipathy declare.

My heart to God would fain reflow,
But I am ſtill detain'd below,
Ah! is there no retreat,
Secure from worldly cheat?
If ſuch a one dear guardian you can find,
O thither me tranſport, there lodge my mind!

Your wings between us two divide,
Each through expanſe on one ſhall glide:
The doves, their wings to ſpare,
On one can ſwim in air;
Our unwing'd arms ſhall round each other lie,
And our wing'd arms ſhall row us in the ſky.

Long we may range, our wings may tire,
And yet not compaſs my deſire;
While God here wills my ſtay,
His grace my powers ſhall ſway:

Grace in a peſt-houſe can my health enſure,
Or ſick with noxious ſteams, my ſpirit cure.

Jeſus, whoſe mind on Heaven was fix'd,
Lived with terreſtrial joys unmix'd,
He ſtill to Heaven aſpired,
To ſolitudes retired,
He in the world, lived from the world; His aim
Was to do good, and worldly minds reclaim.

Thus Chriſt-like charity and prayer
Should all my vacant minutes ſhare,
My buſy part I'll ſpend,
My calling to attend,
When I the poor in my excurſions meet,
They Jeſus' brethren are, I'll waſh their feet.

With ghoſtly alms, I'll ſouls relieve,
Inſtruct, reprove, exhort, retrieve,
With God my heart ſhall cloſe,
And when I die, repoſe:
Should any worldly taint to me adhere,
I'll waſh it off in oratory tear.

Watch, reading, meditation, prayer,
And hymn, of ſaints the employments are;
While theſe we mind,
Hell can no entrance find:
O wondrous goodneſs of the law divine,
Preſervative and duty to combine!

NINETEENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

Having the underſtanding darkened, being alienated from the life of God through the ignorance that is in them, becauſe of the blindneſs of their heart.—*Eph.* iv. 18.

OF all the monſters which appear'd,
Since God the world from nothing rear'd,
None ſhould ſo odious be eſteem'd,
As ſinners, by God-man redeem'd,
Who outrage for that boundleſs Love repay,
To make themſelves to helliſh ſpite a prey.

E'er ſince God-man for ſinners bled,
God His dear Love diffuſedly ſhed,
Of all He the ſalvation wills,
Due grace He into all inſtils;
God reconciled to ſinners, Love became
Of Deity atoned, the proper name.

God who of Love the title choſe,
Averſion to our ruin ſhews,
Love pities, and complains, and grieves,
Whene'er repulſes He receives,
A thouſand ſolemn proteſtations makes,
He no delight in our damnation takes.

Love long for our converſion ſtays,
Gently upbraiding our delays;

Love for each ſoul which torment feels,
Can make unnumber'd juſt appeals:
Ah! what can Love do more to reſcue one,
Who Love contemn'd, and choſe to be undone?

Love, when provoked, to wrath is ſlow,
Unwilling to inflict a woe;
His anger He'll long time ſuſpend,
To try if ſinners will amend:
God even in wrath is of a temper meek,
Remembering He is Love, and man is weak.

Love, when a daring guilt provokes,
Shortens, and moderates His ſtrokes,
On this ſide of eternal pains,
God's wrath, allays of Love retains;
And when they harden'd down to Tophet fall,
Love wiſhes they had hearken'd to His call.

Say, all lapſed Adam's offspring, ſay,
When love of ſin to heart you lay;
When men with devils you compare,
Who have in dying God no ſhare:
Say, if your ſtretch'd imaginations find
More horrid monſters than foul humankind.

Dark intellect, perverted will,
All powers, all paſſions warp'd to ill;
The likeneſs diabolic placed,
Where God's bright image was effaced:

A hell-fired tongue, a heart of ſenſeleſs ſtone,
Are the foul ſhapes by which the monſter's known.

I ſuch a monſter, Lord, remain'd,
While I 'gainſt Love curſed war maintain'd;
Thy Love, Lord, firſt propoſed a peace,
Firſt made hoſtilities to ceaſe:
Thy pure free Love created me anew,
Till from a monſter I a lover grew.

Mind was enlighten'd, paſſions tamed,
My powers re-hallow'd, will inflamed;
I felt Thy image re-impreſs'd,
Well-govern'd tongue, a tender breaſt:
I ever will that Love immenſe adore,
Who when I monſter turn'd, would me reſtore.

TWENTIETH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

Speaking to yourſelves in pſalms, and hymns, and ſpiritual ſongs; ſinging and making melody in your heart to the Lord.—*Eph.* v. 19.

OF all the gifts which Heaven deſign'd
To hallow and adorn the mind,
Sweet poetry has ſuffer'd moſt
By bards from the infernal coaſt,
Who in her beauteous viſage ſpit
The putrefaction of their wit.

The gift of God, by God infuſed,
Should be for God, the Donor, uſed ;
From God primevally it ſtreams,
And ſhould in hymn reflect His beams,
And every ſong it ſtrives to ſing
Should have the flavour of its Spring.

Great God, the Altar to ſupply,
Bright fire commanded from on high,
The heavenly fire Jehovah ſent,
Was only on His Altar ſpent,
And all poetic heaven-born flam
Should be devoted to God's Name.

Great God intends His gifts divine
Should have an influential ſhine,
God is of love and joy the Source,
His gifts ſhould have a God-like force,
And gifted poets ſhould excite
Pure heavenly love, and pure delight.

When bards againſt great God conſpire,
And kindle fervour at ſtrange fire,
When they are warm'd by Pagan heat,
Their borrow'd phraſes they repeat,
Mean and inglorious aims purſue,
And find the Pagans them outdo.

Would they to God devote their wit,
And borrow lights from Sacred Writ,

Their fancies nobler tracks would find,
With brighter thoughts enrich the mind,
They then would take ſupernal flights,
Verſe would retrieve its native heights.

Souls raiſed to a celeſtial ſtand
With freedom might their powers expand,
Of things divine they would diſcourſe,
From the eternal boundleſs Source,
The ſubjects would their ſouls ſublime,
And keep wit ever in its prime.

True poets are a ſaint-like race,
And with the gift receive the grace,
Of their own ſongs the virtue feel,
Warm'd with an heaven-enkindled zeal,
And warm'd itſelf, a ſacred Muſe
Like ardours may with eaſe infuſe.

A poet ſhould have heat and light,
Of all things a capacious ſight,
Serenity with rapture join'd,
Aims noble, eloquence refined,
Strong, modeſt, ſweetneſs to endear,
Expreſſions lively, lofty, clear.

High thoughts, an admirable theme,
For decency a chaſte eſteem,
Of harmony a perfect ſkill,
Juſt characters of good and ill,

And all concentred, ſouls to pleaſe,
Inſtruct, inflame, melt, calm, and eaſe.

Such graces can nowhere be found,
Unleſs on conſecrated ground,
Where poets fix on God their thought,
By ſacred inſpiration taught,
Where each poetic votary ſings
In heavenly ſtrains of heavenly things.

Prophets and poets were of old
Made of the ſame celeſtial mould,
O that the prophets now would ſtrive
That hallow'd union to revive,
They'd ſacred poetry aſſert,
And the degenerate bards convert.

Bards, who will ſtruggle ere they quit
Their bold and falſe pretence to wit,
They'll for a while make hideous cries
At prieſts, who them would exorciſe,
But Chriſtian poets would gain ground,
And Antichriſtians' ravings drown'd.

TWENTY-FIRST SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

Brethren, be ſtrong in the Lord, and in the power of His might.—*Eph.* vi. 10.

THRICE happy man whoſe ſoul is ſtaid
On God's unſeen, but certain aid,
Beneath his ſhadow he'll retreat,
And never fear afflicting heat.

I am by ſweet experience ſure
My God a Refuge is ſecure,
He is my Fort againſt my foes,
In God I truſt in all my woes.

My ſoul, He'll ſave thee from the ſnares
Which helliſh ſpite for thee prepares;
When noiſome peſtilence ſhall reign,
Infection he'll from thee reſtrain.

His gracious Plumes ſhall thee encloſe,
Thy truſt ſhall in His Wings repoſe,
His truth ſhall arms defenſive yield,
It ſhall thy buckler be and ſhield.

Thou ſhalt no terrors fear by night,
No arrows which are ſhot in light,
No dangers which in darkneſs riſe,
Or at noon-day ſhall thee ſurpriſe.

Amidſt ten thouſand round thee ſlain
Thou unaſſaulted ſhalt remain,
And ſee, when ſinners outrage God
The juſt dire vengeance of His rod.

My ſoul, thou doſt on God rely,
And haſt thy ſhelter from on high,
No evil ſhall approach thy bed,
Thou no judicial plague ſhalt dread.

God will command on angels lay
To guide and guard thee night and day,
Thev'll thee uphold in tender arm,
Anc no rude ſtone thy foot ſhall harm.

Thou ſhalt on fierceſt lions tread,
Shalt bruiſe the aſp's and dragon's head,
With the old ſerpent doom'd to hell
Their venom damp, their fury quell.

Hear what God utters from above,—
Since he has fix'd on Me his love,
Has known, and has obey'd My Will,
I'll place him out of reach of ill.

Whene'er he prays his prayers I'll hear,
I'll in his trouble ſtill be near,
Not only him from guilt redeem,
But raiſe him in the world's eſteem.

He long ſhall happy live below,
My bleſſings here ſhall overflow,
When languiſhing for Heaven he dies,
Eternal joys ſhall glad his eyes.

TWENTY-SECOND SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

Prayer for Love.

And this I pray, that your love may abound.—*Phil.* i. 9.

MY prayers for Love to Heaven directly fly,
The God of Love cannot theſe prayers deny,
The God of Love theſe prayers inſpires,
He firſt the incenſe fires,
Which, as it heavenward burns,
What Love ſent down, to Love returns,
God is both Lovelineſs and Love immenſe,
And loves to be re-loved with love the moſt intenſe.

All-gracious God, I cried, make no delay,
Vouchſafe me one inflammatory ray;
And ſtraight a ray of Love Divine
Deign'd on my ſoul to ſhine,
I knew from whence it came,
It kindled in me heavenly flame,
I felt it gently over-ſhine my breaſt,
But its ſweet mighty force can never be expreſs'd.

Down on my ſpirit flew the ſpotleſs Dove,
Pluck'd from His ſplendid Wings a beam of Love,
My heart with that bright beam He fill'd,
Which heavenly Love inſtill'd;
My heart was at one ſtroke
Of that ſoft beam in pieces broke,
I long for its obdurateneſs was grieved,
And wonder'd how the rock could by a beam be cleaved.

When His all-glorious Wings the Spirit ſpread
O'er chaos, and enlivening influence ſhed,
As He deſcended His bright rays
Made ante-ſolar days,
Light on the maſs appear'd
Ere into creature it was rear'd;
Thus on my heart when down the Spirit flew,
Light heavenly on it fell ere 'twas a creature new.

When Jeſus to the man born blind gave eyes,
He all the creatures ſaw with ſtrange ſurpriſe;
Thus Love's diffuſed enamouring light
Gave an amazing ſight,
I clearly ſaw my heart,
Pry'd nicely into every part,
Concupiſcence had made it ſo impure,
Unſpotted Love Divine could not its ſight endure.

Sin now in a true light itſelf diſplays,
And diabolic uglineſs betrays;

O I have lived till now ſtark blind,
Stranger to my own mind,
Ah, I too late begin
To ſee the ſinfulneſs of ſin,
My deepeſt wound is that I ſhould miſpend
My ſtrength ſo much, ſo long, Love boundleſs
to offend.

When I confront my ſins, and Love Divine,
The infinite free Love of Godhead Trine
Has ſuch ſweet force, that it endears
The bittereſt of my tears,
Hearts humble and contrite
In lamentations feel delight,
Each tear alleviates their afflicting moan,
And glad advances makes, Love outraged to atone.

All worldly luſts I from my heart expell'd,
And the loved ſin which furiouſly rebell'd,
I then implored Love's gracious might,
Love ardent to excite;
Soon as my heart was clear'd,
Love in His temple re-appear'd,
My broken heart Love fill'd, and Love re-
cloſed;
And in His temple there Love Infinite repoſed.

TWENTY-THIRD SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

Heaven Firſt Sought.

For our converſation is in Heaven, from whence alſo we look for the Saviour, the Lord Jeſus Chriſt.—*Phil.* iii. 20.

WHETHER I will or no, I find
Myſelf to happineſs inclined,
What happineſs I then deſire,
I next inquire.

I all my inclinations weigh,
What would content them, bid them ſay,
But ſee, they no enough will own,
Inſatiate grown.

Pride, luſt, and avarice ſtill would crave,
Should they ten worlds for portion have,
Intoxicated though with ſtore,
They'd thirſt for more.

I then conſult each learned ſect,
Who authors numberleſs collect,
They who all ſciences purſue
Enough ne'er knew.

In Solomón, of all mankind,
Wealth, honour, pleaſure, wiſdom join'd;

He felt the quinteſſential heights
Of all delights.

He ſtrove with an unbridled will
Of ſenſual joys to take his fill,
Yet to his ſorrow, found his gain
Vexatious, vain.

Our God in that great King deſign'd,
To unbeguile each worldly mind,
And teach that higheſt joys below
Expire in woe.

There's no true ſatisfaction here,
'Tis only in the Heavenly ſphere;
Souls who to perfect joys aſpire
Quite loſe deſire.

In death enough ſaints ſhall not have,
Though fleſh lies ſenſeleſs in the grave;
And he their ſpirits ſhall diſmiſs
To enter bliſs.

Enough no ſeparate ſouls obtain,
Till bodies glorified they gain,
They'll live in languiſhing deſire
For bliſs entire.

Jeſus, to fix our choice aright,
Bids us firſt ſeek the realm of light,
And to His Righteouſneſs Divine
To co-incline.

None but the righteous are diſpoſed
For joys in endleſs light diſcloſed;
Polluted ſouls the region pure
Would not endure.

Leſt the vain world ſhould us allure,
He deigns Heaven's ſeekers to aſſure,
That God their portion juſt decreed
For earthly need.

Thus love unbounded overflows,
Both Heaven and earth on ſaints beſtows:
What can the Infinite give more,
Or man implore?

If Heaven ye worldlings firſt would chooſe,
And not enjoy this world, but uſe;
'Twill pleaſe you, to ſubjection brought,
More than firſt ſought.

My Jeſus, had I ſought Thee firſt,
I ne'er had felt afflicting thirſt;
But this vain world from heavenly view
My ſpirit drew.

Lord, to that ſovereign bliſs I tend,
Which all-ſufficient has no end,
Perfections which belong to none
But Thee alone.

Meanwhile I on my God rely,
The wants, He wills me, to ſupply;

My juſt enough He only knows,
For want or woes.

In God's enough, my ſoul ſhall reſt,
Though here I am but partly bleſs'd,
Saints of the Croſs have ſtill alloy
To temper joy.

Enough we have for earthly need,
Heaven's joys our foretaſtes far exceed,
Enough, my God, is where Thou art,
There lodge my heart.

TWENTY-FOURTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

Heaven.

For the hope which is laid up for you in Heaven.
Coloſſians i. 5.

NOR eye, ear, thought, can take the height
To which my ſong is taking flight,
Yet raiſed an humble wing,
My gueſs of Heaven I'll ſing;
'Tis Love's reward, and Love is fired
By gueſſing at the bliſs deſired.

Gueſs then at ſaints' eternal lot,
By due conſidering what 'tis not,

No miſery, want, or care,
No death, no darkneſs there,
No troubles, ſtorms, ſighs, groans, or tears,
No injury, pains, ſickneſs, fears.

There ſouls no diſappointments meet,
No vanities the choice to cheat,
Nothing that can defile,
No hypocrite, no guile,
No need of prayer, or what implies,
Or abſence or vacuities.

There no ill conſcience gnaws the breaſt,
No tempters holy ſouls infeſt,
No curſe, no weeds, no toil,
No errors to embroil.
No luſtful thought can enter in,
Or poſſibility of ſin.

From all vexations here below,
The region of ſin, death and woe.
Song, to your utmoſt ſtreſs
Now elevate your gueſs,
Sing what in ſacred lines you read,
Of bliſs for pious ſouls decreed.

They dwell in pure ecſtatic light,
Of God Triune have bliſsful ſight,
Of Fontal Love, who gave
God Filial, man to ſave;

Of Jeſus' Love, who death ſuſtain'd,
By which the ſaints their glory gain'd;

Of Love co-breathed the boundleſs Source,
From which ſaints' love derives its force,
Within the gracious ſhine
Of the co-glorious Trine,
The ſaints in happy manſions reſt,
Of all they can deſire poſſeſs'd.

Saints' bodies there the ſun outvie
Temper'd to feel the joys on high,
Bright body and pure mind,
In rapture unconfined,
Capacities expand, till fit
Deluge of Godhead to admit.

In all-ſufficient bliſs they joy,
Duration in ſweet hymns employ;
With angels they converſe,
Their loves and joys rehearſe,
Taſte ſuavities of Love immenſe,
Of all delights full confluence.

With God's own Son they reign co-heirs,
Each ſaint with Him in glory ſhares,
Like Godhead, happy, pure,
Againſt all change ſecure,
In boundleſs joys they ſabbatiſe,
Which Love Triune will eterniſe.

By boundleſs Love, for ſouls refined,
Are joys unſpeakable deſign'd,
When I thoſe joys imbibe,
I then may them deſcribe;
Joys to full pitch will hymn excite,
When from ſenſation I endite.

TWENTY-FIFTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

Jeſus our King.

Behold, the days come, ſaith the Lord, that I will raiſe unto David a righteous Branch, and a King ſhall reign, and proſper, and ſhall execute judgment and juſtice in the earth.—*Jeremiah* xxiii. 5.

BLESS'D Spirit, aid me, while I ſing
Our humble, our Almighty King.
Curſed pride man firſt debaſed,
And from ſweet Eden chaſed;
Man proudly likeneſs to great God deſired,
And loſt all God-like grace which God inſpired.

Man all to God as creature owes,
And his entire dependence knows,
As ſinner he's God's hate,
And muſt his doom await.
Sinner and proud, a contradiction ſeems,
Yet in fall'n man concentre both extremes.

Jeſus the ſovereign ſin to quell,
Which men and devils ſank to hell,

Lowly and meek appear'd,
To God the more endear'd,
He taught how ſweet humility and height
In ſouls would co-harmoniouſly unite.

God ſent an angel to proclaim
Both His Conception and His Name,
Yet a poor Maid He choſe,
Whoſe womb ſhould Him encloſe;
Our new-born King in a poor manger lay,
Which a bright ſtar ennobled with its ray.

God-man, who deign'd to live below,
Endured all the inſults of woe,
Rejected, ſcorn'd, reviled,
And diabolic ſtyled;
Yet all the while wrought miracles divine,
And in the humble man made Godhead ſhine.

When on the Croſs He tortured hung,
Blaſphemed by every hell-fired tongue,
Twelve legions were at hand,
To fly at His command;
The king of terrors, and the helliſh hoſt,
Fled trembling ſoon as He gave up the Ghoſt.

God-man would in His earthly ſtate,
By condeſcenſions, pride abate;
The King adored on high,
Would for His rebels die;

And now enthroned, benignly intercedes
For full ſupplies to humble votaries' needs.

Deſcending from His glorious ſphere,
Our humble King began to rear
His mediatory realm,
And ſet Himſelf at helm;
His realm antarctic to all worldly aim,
Where none but humble ſouls can entrance claim.

Pure ſelf-denial, and the Croſs,
To count all things for Jeſus loſs,
Of ſaints the badges are,
Who live His royal care;
They in Heaven inchoate, have foretaſtes ſweet
Of joys above, which in full confluence meet.

God-man to Jews His realm reſtrain'd,
Till He His heavenly Throne regain'd;
Now o'er the world He reigns,
Allots rewards and pains,
Gives laws, ſupport, deliverance, ſhelter, aid,
To humble ſouls by His kind ſceptre ſway'd.

The Lamb of God is King of kings,
He Death diſarms of all its ſtings:
And when a tyrant raves,
The Lamb, the Shepherd ſaves;
He the ſeven-headed, ten-horn'd beaſt o'erpowers,
Who all the world who worſhip him, devours.

Angelic hoſts the Lamb obey,
Kings at His Feet their ſceptres lay,
The Lamb all Tophet awes,
Souls reſcues from its jaws;
When men, when devils, the Lamb's realm aſſail,
Our mighty King, the Lamb, will ſtill prevail.

Bleſs'd ſaints, whom the meek Lamb of God
Rules with a gracious, gentle rod;
I'll on the Lamb repoſe,
Follow where'er He goes;
And when I ſlip, to the mild Lamb addreſs,
Ready to pardon, ſoon as I confeſs.

Praiſe to the Lamb enthroned, whoſe Love
Sent in His ſtead the heavenly Dove;
O bleſſing paſt compare,
In which the humble ſhare!
They in ſweet reſt, joy, peace ſecure abide,
Who have the Lamb their King, the Dove their Guide.

But when the Lamb His realm lays down,
And God Triune reſumes the Crown,
When ſaints abſolved from ſin,
Eternal joys begin;
May I with them adore the Godhead Trine,
And have my fill of all that is divine.

ST. ANDREW'S DAY.

BLESS'D Andrew! in your call we trace
The conduct of preventing grace,
While we recount the happy ſteps you trod,
To be the favourite of Incarnate God.

You to hard toil and care inured,
A common fiſher's life endured,
On Galilean waves, you night and day,
Expoſed to cold, heat, ſtorm and billows, lay.

Long had the Galilean name
Been reprobated and infame,
Till God convinced the Jews' contemptuous eyes,
That good might out of Galilee ariſe.

Heaven, which God-man's fore-runner ſent
To move Judæa to repent,
With gracious force meek Andrew's heart diſpoſed
To taſte the truths God's harbinger diſcloſed.

The awful tidings reach'd his ear,
Of God's bleſs'd kingdom drawing near,
And he ambitious grew himſelf to mould,
That he might in that kingdom be enroll'd.

His ſins he then with care ſurvey'd,
And every aggravation weigh'd,

Oft with his tears he ballaſted his boat,
As on Tiberian lake it was afloat.

While for his ſins his heart would bleed,
He of a Saviour ſaw the need;
And God, Who always tenders hearts contrite,
Took care to bleſs him with his Saviour's ſight.

One day, which Jeſus well foreknew,
He paſs'd in John and Andrew's view,
And John cried out, Behold the Lamb of God,
Who ſinners ſaves from Heaven's avenging rod!

Meek Andrew, and his humble mate,
Wont on the Baptiſt's lips to wait,
Joy'd at that dear diſcovery, grew intent
To follow Jeſus whereſoe'er He went.

Sweet longings in their hearts they felt,
To ſee the ſpot where Jeſus dwelt,
And He vouchſafed the votaries to invite
To lodge in His bleſs'd manſion all the night.

O favour not to be expreſs'd,
To be of God Incarnate gueſt!
Their hearts were at each word with rapture fill'd,
While from His Lips ſalvific truths diſtill'd.

Meek Andrew, by loved Jeſus fired,
To copy Jeſus' love aſpired,
His brother Peter out with zeal he ſought,
And to obtain like bliſs to Jeſus brought.

Both then returning to their trade,
Heaven more their care than fiſhing made;
Till Jeſus gave them apoſtolic call,
And both to follow Jeſus, left their all.

From toil marine good Andrew freed,
To fiſh for human ſouls decreed,
Vaſt Scythia was his lot, where 'twas his aim,
Men fierce as fiends they worſhipp'd, to reclaim.

Pains, labours, perſecutions dire,
All that could fright, torment, or tire,
He meekly bore from Pagan and from Jew,
As evangelic nets he o'er them threw.

In ſpite of hell, he mighty ſhoals
Caught in his net, of Scythian ſouls;
O'er Grecia next, to pride and idols bred,
His ghoſtly nets with like ſucceſs he ſpread.

He truth, with heavenly vigour taught,
Confirm'd by miracles he wrought;
Ne'er ceaſed his labours, till with age oppreſs'd,
God ſaw it time to give him endleſs reſt.

He traverſed the Achaian land,
At Patras made a ghoſtly ſtand,
Whoſe altars yearly reek'd with virgin gore,
When they convened, Diana to adore.

Their idol-temples down he caſt,
Forced oracles to breathe their laſt;

Till Pagan zeal, with helliſh fury fumed,
The Saint to die upon a ſaltire doom'd.

With cords his hands and feet they tied,
That long he might in pain abide;
Unnail'd he ſtrength retain'd, and from their ſpite
Advantage took to ſhed celeſtial light.

Two days he on the croſs, aloud
Preach'd Jeſus to the liſtening crowd,
Converſions numerous made, while thus he hung,
Till he in tranſport his own requiem ſung.

All praiſe to God, who lifts on high
Souls who are lowlieſt in His eye;
Who humble Andrew for great things deſign'd,
And firſt to penitential tears inclined.

From penitent to ſaint he roſe;
From ſaint he was apoſtle choſe;
The martyr's crown he, when apoſtle, gain'd,
And ever ſince with bleſſed Jeſus reign'd.

My God, may I with faith behold
The Lamb of God for ſinners ſold;
In Holy writ, hymn, meditation, prayer,
And Euchariſt may I His Preſence ſhare.

When Jeſus calls, with ready mind
May I leave all the world behind;
May I, like Andrew, never once look back,
But forward tread in my Redeemer's track!

May I with Jeſus fix my ſtay,
And languiſh when He goes away;
Till, Andrew-like, I others ſhall enflame,
Prepared to die a martyr for His Name.

ST. THOMAS THE APOSTLE.

WHEN Jeſus notice gave
Of Lazarus ſleeping in his grave,
And that to wake His friend,
His courſe ſhould towards Judæa tend,
His votaries to diſſuade Him ſtraight combined,
Since there the Jews His ſtoning had deſign'd.

Bleſs'd Thomas, who well knew
The rage of the malicious Jew,
Who in like fate reſolved
His votaries all ſhould be involved;
To run the danger with his Lord was bent,
Rather than hinder His benign intent.

This was his brave reply,
O let us go and with Him die;
Him we for Maſter choſe,
And of our lives let Him diſpoſe;
The radiant gates of Heaven are open ſet,
Thrice happy thoſe that early entrance get.

Bleſs'd ſaint, by Jeſus taught
Of things below to value nought,
With love, which caſts out fear,
To your Redeemer to adhere;
May I, like you, the world and life deſpiſe,
And live to God perpetual ſacrifice!

Our Lord, with melting Heart,
Had warn'd His friends He ſhould depart
To Fontal God, and they
Were told, the Croſs ſhould be the way;
That when He made His re-aſcent, He there
Celeſtial manſions would for them prepare.

Bleſs'd Thomas, deeply grieved
Of Jeſus' ſight to be bereaved,
Begg'd, that the way He went,
He would more clearly repreſent;
He who before with Jeſus would have died,
Would tread all paths where Jeſus was the Guide.

Our Lord was pleaſed to ſay,
I am the Truth, the Life, the Way,
None can accepted be
With my dread Father, but by Me:
Me, Whom you know with God Paternal One,
The Father ſhines in His co-equal Son.

May I, dear Lord, reſign
My faith to all Thy Truth Divine;

Make it my daily aim,
Conform to Thine, my life to frame,
That I, with Thomas, may that realm obtain,
Where ſaints with Thee in manſions bright
remain.

When Jeſus death ſubdued,
And His deſponding friends review'd,
The ſaint, then abſent, heard
That Jeſus had to them appear'd,
Yet doubted of the thing he moſt deſired,
And free ſenſation for his faith required.

Our Lord ſaw joy devout
At the good news, had cauſed the doubt,
And His next view contrived,
When doubting Thomas was arrived.
He Who our human frailties deign'd to bear,
Of ſouls ſincere, though weak, has tender care.

Our Lord the Saint enjoin'd
By ſenſe to ſatisfy his mind;
With trembling he drew nigh,
Into his Saviour's Wounds to pry,
Search'd His gored Hands, and Feet, and gaping
Side,
And loud, my Lord, my God! in rapture cried.

My Lord, Thy Love be praiſed,
Thou by the doubt which Thomas raiſed,
Our doubting didſt prevent,

We without ſight give firm aſſent,
With joy Thy benediction we receive,
They bleſſed are, who ſee not, yet believe.

All glory be to Thee,
Thou Who didſt heretics foreſee,
With lying ghoſts would ſtrive
Thee of Thy Godhead to deprive;
Didſt fix ſuch faith on Thy Apoſtle's breaſt,
Which ſhould to death Thy Deity atteſt.

That ſaving-truth his zeal
To Gentiles labour'd to reveal;
Round the vaſt Parthian coaſt
He vanquiſh'd the infernal hoſt;
Preach'd Æthiopia and all India o'er,
And made them Jeſus, his Lord God, adore.

The idols then enraged,
Their votaries in his fall engaged;
They on a croſs decreed
He, Jeſus-like, ſhould hang and bleed;
And as he hung, they pierced him with a ſpear,
And gave his ſoul to bliſs a paſſage clear.

When martyr's crown he gain'd,
Thy Love, my Lord, his ſoul ſuſtain'd;
Thou 'midſt his dying woe,
His Lord, his God, Thyſelf didſt ſhew;
He Who, bleſs'd Saint, was Lord and God to thee,
My Lord, my God, O may He ever be.

CONVERSION OF ST. PAUL.

OF all the conqueſts which Thy grace
E'er gain'd, dear Lord, o'er Adam's race,
I none more glorious can recall
Than that of Saul.

He, reeking with bleſs'd Stephen's gore,
Had ſtill a raging thirſt for more;
His very temper ſeem'd on fire
With hell-bred ire.

That ire, by Phariſaic pride,
Which cenſured, hated, ſcorn'd, decried,
All but themſelves, more fiercely burn'd,
To madneſs turn'd.

He threaten'd, grieved, impriſon'd, bound,
And doom'd to death all ſaints he found,
Compell'd the timorous to blaſpheme,
With rage extreme.

No tyrant 'gainſt the Chriſtian name
Could kindle more devouring flame;
He evangelic truth denied,
And Chriſt defied.

Sent by the prieſts to bring the ſaints
To Salem from remote reſtrains;

He ſtrove to execute with ſpeed
The ills decreed.

But gracious God ſtopp'd his career;
Light, than meridian beams more clear,
Round him, and all who with him join'd,
At mid-day ſhined.

The light, which dazzled all their eyes,
Struck them to earth, with ſtrange ſurpriſe;
Saul heard plain words, while on the ground,
They, only ſound.

Why, Saul, ſhould I thy fury feel?
'Tis hard to kick 'gainſt pointed ſteel.
Who art Thou, Lord, ſoon as he cried,
The voice replied:—

I Jeſus am, grieved with each woe,
Which My dear brethren undergo;
Ariſe, I thee from embryo choſe,
Truth to diſcloſe.

He riſing, the o'erpowering light,
By Heaven's appointment, damp'd his ſight,
That to Damaſcus led, he there
Might fix in prayer.

Three days he faſted, and was blind,
With an illuminated mind;
On Jeſus' Voice he only muſed,
With tears infuſed.

Sweet Jeſus' wrongs his ſpirit gored,
He them with bitter grief deplored;
To cauſe God-man, his Saviour, ſmart,
Quite broke his heart.

He God's benignity admired,
'Midſt all his outrages untired,
Love penitential at that thought
Was ſweetly wrought.

His faith up to aſſurance grew,
Since he by glad experience knew
God-man; O none to that degree
Could love, but he.

To eaſe His votary, well-nigh ſpent,
God Ananias to him ſent,
Sight by his bleſſing was reſtored;
Both God adored.

Then in the wave of his own tear
He was baptiſed, his guilt to clear,
Renounced the name of raging Saul,
For milder Paul.

There with the ſaints awhile he ſtay'd,
For the divine aſſiſtance pray'd,
There God gave faith and love full height
By rapturous flight.

In viſion, or in ſoul he flew,
Of the third Heaven to take a view,

And the ſublimities heard there,
Durſt not declare.

Leſt he thus rapt, with pride ſhould ſwell,
God looſed a tempter, who from hell
Temptations thorny with him brought,
Which weakneſs taught.

But prayer procured ſufficient grace
To quell the fiend, and ſelf debaſe;
He ſeem'd improved by trial more,
Than flight before.

His faith and love, when thus refined,
In mutual actuations join'd,
Faith light imparted, and love heat,
In union ſweet.

Of thoſe bright graces when poſſeſs'd,
He with apoſtolate was bleſs'd,
All climates round the ſolar courſe,
Soon felt their force.

Firm was his faith, and lively hope,
Yet charity had greateſt ſcope;
The laſt, though lovely all appear'd,
Was moſt endear'd.

No other knowledge he deſired,
But what the Love of Jeſus fired;
All worldly things he counted loſs
For Jeſus' Croſs.

To the great God of Love he pray'd,
And never fail'd of gracious aid;
He ſweetly felt that Love conſtrain
To love again.

He lived by faith, but more by love,
Had foretaſtes of the bliſs above,
Not to be thought by human mind,
For love deſign'd.

The boundleſs length, breadth, depth and height
Of Jeſus' Love, was his delight;
In every track he ſtrove to tread,
Where Jeſus led.

He of paſt ſins kept humble ſenſe,
A conſcience void of all offence:
No wrongs his love, when ſtorm'd by foes,
Could diſcompoſe.

He own'd himſelf of ſinners chief;
Yet ignorance and unbelief,
When on God's gracious balance weigh'd,
His guilt allay'd.

He fleſh ſubdued by prayer, tear, faſt,
Of votaries deem'd himſelf the laſt;
Though ſuper-effluently graced,
Was moſt debaſed.

Ills, when God's lovers here ſuſtain'd,
He knew were for their good ordain'd;

Love which on him the Spirit ſhed,
Was void of dread.

He ſingle ſeem'd a martyr'd hoſt,
Could more than all apoſtles boaſt;
Not in himſelf, but in the height
Of heavenly might.

Stripes, labours, priſons, ſtonings, blows,
Deaths frequent, confluential woes,
Thieves, Pagans, the apoſtate crew,
And ſpiteful Jew.

Fatigues, and ſhipwrecks on the deep,
Cold, nakedneſs, and want of ſleep,
Thirſt, hunger, all the grievous ills,
Which hell inſtils.

All theſe, whoſe number, crowd, and weight,
'Tis hard to their full pitch to rate,
For luſtres ſeven the Saint endured,
To pains inured.

He of all churches bore the care,
In all ſaints' ſorrows felt a ſhare;
For lapſe of all who truth believed,
Was deeply grieved.

'Midſt perpetuity of woe,
Joy would his heart co-overflow,
Hymns in the ſtocks he would recite
In dead of night.

To all the ſaints he hymns enjoin'd,
In ſufferings not to be declined,
Love to the Croſs his ſoul impulſed,
And griefs adulced.[1]

A long fierce fight his love maintain'd
Againſt the world, and conqueſt gain'd,
And to hell-powers, which ſouls invade,
This challenge made :—

Forge all the terrors which you can,
To damp my love of great God-man,
Your darts ſhall unſucceſsful fall,
I'll ſtand them all.

Should tribulation, or diſtreſs,
Dire perſecution, nakedneſs,
Sword, famine, peril, me aſſail,
Love ſhall prevail.

My Jeſus, out of love to Thee,
I all day long would murder'd be,
Die deaths more than a numerous fold,
For ſlaughter ſold.

My love ſhall to a higher name
Than conqueror advance my aim,
I'll triumph, in God's love exult,
And hell inſult.

[1] *Adulced*, ſoftened, ſweetened.

Nor death, life, tyrants, devils' might,
No depths of woe, no honour's height,
No preſent, nor no future ſtate,
Shall love abate.

Oft thus he Jeſus' Love revolved,
And ſweetly long'd to be diſſolved;
Yet his ſweet longings would reſign
To Will Divine.

At laſt the God of Love was pleaſed
His aged lover ſhould be eaſed;
And nobler to atteſt his creed,
At Rome ſhould bleed.

By Nero doom'd, he loſt that head
Which o'er the world ſalvation ſpread;
His ſoul had all he wiſh'd before,
And long'd no more.

God gracious wonders by him wrought,
Whatever touch'd him, virtue caught,
To heal the ſick, fiends diſpoſſeſs,
And eaſe diſtreſs.

The world his dioceſe was ſtyled,
He conquer'd nations fierce and wild;
And ready was more worlds to crave,
Which he might ſave.

All praiſe to God for bleſſed Paul,
For his grace, gifts, converſion, call,

Example, labours, wonders, pains,
Religious gains.

The Holy Spirit be adored,
Who him with revelations ſtored,
That light to us he might tranſmit
In Sacred Writ.

May I from his own writings learn
His love, and ſaving truths diſcern,
Till thirſting for the joys on high,
I long to die.

PURIFICATION OF ST. MARY THE VIRGIN.

OF all the ſolemn days,
Devoted to God's praiſe,
This day, methinks, the Church miſnamed,
It might have juſter title claim'd;
No ear can well endure
Purification of a Mother pure.

The womb which Jeſus choſe,
His Godhead to encloſe,
From wilful ſin we gueſs was free,
Fit for the God of purity;
And might have rites declined,
Which for impure conceptions were deſign'd.

But her Great Infant few
Immaculate then knew,
She might the region ſcandalize,
If judged law ſacred to deſpiſe;
And meekly ſhe thought fit
In charity and wiſdom to ſubmit.

She with like humble thought,
Her Babe to Temple brought,
The ſtated ranſom down to lay,
Which Jews for their firſt-born ſhould pay.
The Mighty Child ſhe knew,
To all God's laws would yield ſubmiſſion due.

The holy Virgin nought
But two young pigeons brought,
An offering of the meaneſt rate,
To ſhow her humble, poor eſtate;
She the vain world denied,
She perfect contradiction lived to pride.

Herſelf and Son ſhe there
Devoted to God's care;
She knew the dire predicted woe
Her Son for man ſhould undergo;
And though to tear inclined,
All her ſoft yearnings to God's Will reſign'd.

It was the Infant's aim
When He to Temple came,

To God Himſelf entire to give,
In conſtant ſacrifice to live,
And on the Croſs to bleed,
To work that good His Father had decreed.

Saints to the houſe of prayer
Wont daily to repair,
The glory of God-man beheld
In ſplendour which the ark excell'd;
They ſaw the truth foretold,
The ſecond Temple now out-ſhined the old.

Simeon, devout and juſt,
Purged from terreſtrial guſt,[1]
Had waited with a longing eye,
To ſee Meſſias from on high;
And Heaven ere he expired
Had promiſed him the bliſs ſo much deſired.

The Spirit, ever bleſs'd,
By force of Love impreſs'd,
Was to God's Houſe the lover's Guide,
Where God Incarnate he deſcried,
At his firſt heavenly view,
He Iſrael's wiſh'd-for conſolation knew.

The ſaint at that glad ſight,
Raiſed to ecſtatic height,

[1] *Guſt*, taſte, appetite.

With love the whole aſſembly fired,
Embraced the Babe, to Heaven aſpired,
Could earth no more endure,
And into hymn brake out, for Heaven mature.

God-man has bleſs'd my eye,
In peace, Lord, let me die,
I the Redeemer now behold,
Whoſe Love even Gentiles ſhall enfold,
Be the world's glorious Light,
And ſhed o'er Iſrael rays benign and bright

Next he the parents bleſs'd,
And prophecy expreſs'd,
That when the Babe commenced His reign
Many ſhould fall and riſe again,
Many ſhould be averſe,
And ſword-like grief ſhould the dear Mother pierce.

Then the Babe's bleſſing he
Imploring on his knee,
The Infant gave him his releaſe,
And in ſweet beam a kiſs of peace,
His ſpirit burſt its clay,
And flew to hymn God-man in endleſs day.

Prophetic aged Anne
Came next to ſee God-man,
Her life ſhe in the Temple ſpent,
On prayer and faſt entirely bent,

She ſang a ſong of praiſe,
Soon as ſhe Jeſus ſaw in gracious rays.

All who curſed ſin bemoan'd,
And for a Saviour groan'd,
She warn'd on Jeſus to rely,
And rapt at His endearing Eye,
Could life no more abide,
But in ſweet, amorous liquefaction died.

Home went, when rites were done,
The parents with their Son;
At Nazareth abode they made,
Lived in obſcure, and humble ſhade,
From the vain world eſtranged,
And loves with their ſweet Infant interchanged.

O all ye worldlings, ſee
How happy ſouls may be
Without wealth, pomp, which you admire,
And madly to your bane deſire;
The happieſt of mankind,
The humbleſt are to Jeſus' view confined.

Jeſu, I Thee adore,
Who ſinners to reſtore,
Wouldſt no humiliations ſcorn,
Thou Godhead's co-immenſe Firſt-born,
Wouldſt have Thy ranſom paid,
Who waſt Thyſelf the world's great Ranſom made.

May I in Thee delight,
Keep Thee in ghoſtly ſight;
Like Thy bleſs'd parents Thee enjoy,
On Thy ſole Love myſelf employ;
And from the world retired,
See nothing but Thyſelf to be deſired.

May I in prayer and faſt,
Still mindful of my laſt,
Like Anna on Thy houſe attend,
All ſolemn hours devoutly ſpend;
There my dear Jeſus meet,
And of Heaven's joys have prelibations ſweet.

May I, in this lapſed ſtate,
For Thy ſalvation wait,
By faith, like Simeon, Thee embrace,
Make my own heart Thy dwelling-place,
On Thy dear Love rely,
And ſing my own glad requiem when I die.

ST. MATTHIAS'S DAY.

NEXT to the name of devil, none
Than Judas we more odious own,
It ſeems ſong ſacred to pollute,
And beſt may with invective ſuit.

But I, ſince I Matthias ſing,
And ſtory little aid can bring,
In his curſed character immerſe,
To draw the Saint by his reverſe.

The Goſpel which our paſtors choſe
Seems the Saint's likeneſs to encloſe,
And while my ſong his draught deſigns,
May furniſh ſupplemental lines.

Both ſeem'd in grace alike to ſhare,
Devoted to bleſs'd Jeſus' care,
And both that call propitious heard,
Which ſouls to Jeſus moſt endear'd.

Come all who ſink with load and toil,
I'll you from preſſures diſembroil;
I'm meek and lowly, learn of Me,
Take My light yoke, 'twill ſet you free.

To take Chriſt's yoke they both profeſs'd,
To him 'twas pain, to this 'twas reſt.
He eyed the Man, and this the God,
Both in antarctic footſteps trod.

He Jeſus' eaſy yoke forſook,
And ſins much heavier on him took;
Without this yoke of his, ne'er ſtept,
Which lighter grew, the longer kept.

He more retainer might be deem'd,
This a true votary eſteem'd;

He ſought to be enrich'd by ſtealth,
This to renounce pomp, pleaſure, wealth.

He of diſciple had but paint,
This was ſincere and real ſaint;
He for great favours was ingrate,
This highly would the meaneſt rate.

His call he to bleſs'd Jeſus owed,
On this God call by lot beſtow'd;
Yet when we both their calls review,
His ſeems the happier of the two.

He was apoſtle to the Light
While in the fleſh, and lived by ſight;
This walk'd by Faith, and call obtain'd,
While Jeſus abſent Heaven regain'd.

He truth drew from the Heavenly Source,
But cloſed his heart againſt its force;
This from the rills inſtruction drew,
And practiſed all the truths he knew.

Both to height apoſtolic reach'd,
Both myſteries evangelic preach'd;
He with a coldneſs, this with zeal,
Which ſeem'd the truths he taught, to feel.

Hell into him dire thoughts inſtill'd,
His heart was with curſed Satan fill'd;
Illapſes of the gracious Dove
Fill'd this with a victorious love.

He Jeſus with a kiſs betray'd,
This faithful duty to Him pay'd;
He thirſted Jeſus' Blood to ſhed,
While this for Jeſus would have bled.

Both to repentances inclined,
His made him worſe, this grew refined;
His drave him to a fierce deſpair,
This pardon gain'd by tear and prayer.

He felt anticipated hell,
At laſt the devil's martyr fell,
Was his own hangman, burſt in twain,
By furies dragg'd to endleſs pain.

A life of love and joy this led,
And martyr's crown adorn'd his head;
Had foretaſtes of eternal bliſs,
And gladly could his ſoul diſmiſs.

His crime predicted was of old,
His name, in Book of Life enroll'd,
Was by bleſs'd Jeſus quite eraſed,
And in infernal records placed.

This all his life, abroad when ſent,
In charitable labours ſpent;
This wonders wrought, this hell controll'd,
This added flocks to Jeſus' fold.

This with fierce Pagan lands converſed,
Salvation far and wide diſperſed,

Had his name wrote in beams, and ſhines
Indelible in heavenly lines.

Soon as the Saint to Heaven took flight,
All the inhabitants of light
Gave him of peace the rapturous kiſs,
And ſung God's praiſes for his bliſs.

Soon as he had his glorious crown,
He on his radiant throne ſat down,
Aſſeſſor to God-man ordain'd,
When the twelve tribes ſhall be arraign'd.

That throne for Judas once deſign'd,
Ere from his duty he declined,
To bleſs'd Matthias was enſured,
Reward for woes he had endured.

Curſed Judas at laſt day ſhall ſee
Matthias, who his judge ſhall be,
And hear his doom at that bright throne,
Which once he might have ſtyled his own.

In hell, the heavenly throne and call
Eternally his ſoul will gall;
The greater grace he here received,
The more he will below be grieved.

With a feign'd ſaintſhip for awhile
Curſed traitors may the world beguile;
But death will counterfeits expoſe,
And damn to undiſſembled woes.

O Gracious God! how apt are we
To prove like Judas falſe to Thee,
We call Thee Lord, but little mind
Obedience to Thy laws enjoin'd.

Falſe Judas, Lord, when Thee he ſold,
Had thirty pieces to him told;
His gain he but ten hours poſſeſs'd,
Diſturb'd with horrors in his breaſt.

We ſell Thy favour every day
For trifles which ſoon fade away;
Which freſh vexations ſtill create,
And which provoke Thy boundleſs hate.

The traitor grudged the ointment ſhed
By humble Mary on Thy Head;
We on our luſts profuſe, repine
To give Thee tenths of what is Thine.

If Judas, when apoſtle made,
His Lord and his own ſoul betray'd,
We from our proneneſs to backſlide,
Self-jealous, ſhould in Thee confide.

All praiſe to Thee, Who didſt aſſume
Matthias in the traitor's room,
An envoy after God's own mind,
Whoſe preference God Himſelf deſign'd.

May I, Lord, like Matthias ſtrive,
From Thee my copy to derive;

O may the world me never ſway,
My God, like Judas, to betray.

All praiſe to Thee, Who didſt extract
Good from the traitor's fouleſt act,
His kiſs Thy paſſion introduced,
And all the joys of Heaven unſluiced.

ANNUNCIATION OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN MARY.

WHEN God the radiant Gabriel choſe,
His will to Zechary to diſcloſe,
The ſaints and angels all agreed
There was ſome gracious thing decreed,
God, ſuper-effluently bright,
Gave them additional delight.

But when ſix moons were gone about,
And Gabriel was again call'd out,
They then beheld the glorious Trine
In brighter rays than ever, ſhine,
Which with benignities immenſe
Cauſed joys unſpeakably intenſe.

His robe was of a glory made,
Like that was on the ark diſplay'd,

His wings of gradual beams were wove,
And as with them he ether clove,
Heaven ſtood in infinite amaze,
And overflow'd in ſongs of praiſe.

The morning ſtars in memory bore,
The rays God at creation wore,
When pleaſed He all His works ſurvey'd,
And they in ſong firſt homage paid.
Theſe inconceivably excell'd
The ſplendour which they then beheld.

Paternal God to bliſsful ſight
Appear'd in full propitious might,
The gracious Dove, with Wings outſpread,
Stood ready on the world to ſhed
Of ſweet enlivening influence more
Than e'er the chaos had before.

The angels by God Filial taught,
His chariot of ſalvation brought,
By horſes of ſalvation drawn,
Along the beatific lawn ;
Unlock'd was the celeſtial gate,
That down He might deſcend in ſtate.

Meanwhile bright Gabriel ſwiftly flew,
Till Nazareth open'd to his view,
He ſmell'd of prayer the odorous fume,
And traced it to the homely room,

Where he a Virgin had in ſight,
Who ſeem'd to bliſs juſt taking flight.

Such heavenly air he in her eyed,
Which with his own angelic vied,
Towards God ſhe with ſuch ardours ſoar'd,
With ſuch devotion God adored,
That till he mark'd her well, he gueſs'd
'Twas ſeraph in a female veſt.

He then began, with aſpect ſweet,
What God enjoin'd him to repeat:
Hail, Mary, beſt of mortal race!
Hail, highly favour'd, full of Grace!
The Lord will temple in thy heart,
Thou happieſt of all women art.

The humble Maid was in ſurpriſe,
At the bright envoy in her eyes,
He mildly adds, Surpriſe forbear,
You in God's Love have greateſt ſhare,
You ſhall conceive a wondrous Child,
Who ſhall, when born, be Jeſus ſtyled.

He ſhall be great, by all revered,
God's only Son, to God endear'd;
God will His father David's throne
On Him beſtow, He'll reign alone
O'er Iſrael, and a ſceptre ſway,
A kingdom which ſhall ne'er decay.

How can this be, the Saint replied,
Since I a virgin will abide?
The Holy Ghoſt, he then rejoin'd,
Shall make illapſe upon thy mind,
God's gracious power on thee ſhall ſtream,
And crown thee with enamouring beam.

The Babe who in thy womb ſhall lie,
Shall be the Son of God moſt High,
When thrice the moon its courſe ſhall run,
Eliza old ſhall have a ſon.
Thought nothing can too hard conceive
For power unbounded to achieve.

God's handmaid, cried ſhe, here behold,
May all ſucceed thou haſt foretold.
Then humbly Gabriel bade adieu,
And while he to his hymns re-flew,
In Heaven below ſhe acquieſced,
Benignly deluging her breaſt.

Her thought on dear Meſſias dwelt,
To languor ſhe began to melt,
While God from Heaven a viſit made;
Fulfilling what His envoy ſaid,
The Father, Son, and Holy Dove,
Diffuſed on her Triunal Love.

Down to the Virgin, Filial God
With chariots of ſalvation rode,

Of her heart blood by Love enflamed,
He for Himſelf a temple framed;
Debaſement was His ſole intent,
To Heaven His chariot empty went.

Her ſoul to dear Meſſias cleaved,
In a ſweet rapture ſhe conceived,
Juſt in the moment God deſign'd,
To be in her pure womb enſhrined,
And as He entrance made, began
The union of great God with man.

While God was in her womb contain'd,
In conſtant rapture ſhe remain'd;
Should all the denizens of light
Their joys and loves in one unite,
Of God inwomb'd one gracious ray
Would all their quinteſſence outweigh.

Yet like her humble Son, that ſhe
His Mother dear might humble be,
She lived in ſilence and retired,
Love blazed not, though by Godhead fired,
Her joys, her graces ſhe conceal'd,
Till Gabriel them in part reveal'd.

He Mary God's high favourite named,
He full of grace her ſoul proclaim'd,
Heaven when ſuch titles it beſtows,
A ſanctity tranſcendent ſhows;

We know ſhe had the full extent
Of all which by that ſtyle is meant.

A love aſpiring towards immenſe,
A charity to all propenſe;
A ſoul from ſenſual guſt refined,
Benign, meek, lowly, and reſign'd;
A bliſsful joy, a zeal devout,
All powers towards God ſtill flowing out.

For theſe, Lord, and unnumber'd more,
With which Thou didſt Thy Mother ſtore;
We offer up our hymn this day,
And beg that all our lives we may
Tread in Thy Mother's ſteps divine,
As ſhe devoutly trod in Thine.

The Virgin haſtes the happy news
Into Eliza to infuſe;
Her joy ſhe with the news imparts,
They mutually tranſpired their hearts,
The Holy Ghoſt Eliza fill'd,
And gratulations ſweet inſtill'd.

O happy Virgin undefiled,
Bleſs'd Mother of a Bleſſed Child,
Who deigns to honour my poor cell,
Soon as your bliſs I heard you tell,
Your Babe inſpired my unborn boy,
Who danced within my womb for joy.

Freſh joys the Virgin then poſſeſs,
Such which hymn only could expreſs.
My ſoul God's praiſes ſhall recite,
And in my Saviour take delight,
Who on His handmaid deigns to reſt,
And future times ſhall call me Bleſt.

The Mighty works for me great things,
His Holy Name my ſpirit ſings;
His mercy on each age deſcends,
Which Him with filial fear attends.
His ſovereign Arm brings down the proud,
And diſſipates their boaſtings loud.

He ſinks to nought the worldly great,
Exalts the humble to their ſeat:
The hungry with good things ſuſtains,
And ſends the rich away with empty veins;
He to good Abraham's faithful race,
Shews to the full all promiſed grace.

The Virgin then to Nazareth went,
Her ecſtaſies in hymn to vent;
As in her womb God took repoſe,
O may my heart my God encloſe.
In Heaven ſhall centre my deſire,
And in perpetual hymn aſpire.

ST. MARK'S DAY.

FOR your converſion, holy Mark,
Though ſtory leaves us in the dark,
Yet humbly we conclude,
When Heaven your ſoul ſubdued,
The light celeſtial ſhined
In full meridian ſplendour on your mind.

You by Levitical deſcent
Your age on legal ſhadows ſpent.
Prieſts long to ſhadows train'd,
Pure, ſolid truth diſdain'd,
And when they faith profeſs'd,
Were with convictions ſuper-effluent bleſs'd.

God His apoſtle Peter choſe,
Who ſhould your heart to truth diſpoſe;
His ghoſtly net he threw,
And up your ſpirit drew;
God moved his hand, that he
From the tempeſtuous world ſhould ſet you free.

He, when his Maſter he denied,
By Jeſus was benignly eyed;
By that Attractive dear
Was melted into tear,
Was taught your ſoul to treat
With zeal obliging, and compaſſion ſweet.

Of all the converts which he gain'd
You moſt his tender paſſion drain'd;
You his beloved child
Endearingly he ſtyled,
You he companion made,
And coadjutor, where he truth diſplay'd.

To Rome, you with your patron ſteer'd,
That Jeſus there might be revered;
By your unwearied care
You reap'd glad harveſt there,
Then ſpread the truth divine
O'er all the wide Suburbicarian line.

By Roman converts you beſought,
The heavenly truths which Peter taught,
And you from him imbibed,
You from your heart tranſcribed;
Your goſpel he peruſed,
And recognized the truth he had infuſed.

When Rome with Proſelytes was fill'd,
Egyptian fields remain'd untill'd,
God there your zeal decreed,
Should ſow ſupernal ſeed,
And by your gracious toil,
You more than Nile ſoon fertiliſed the ſoil.

You all great Alexandria o'er
Made infidels God-man adore;

Your zeal no limits knew,
It o'er rude countries flew,
Marmorica it tamed,
And out of Lybian chaos churches framed.

You, men than ſavage beaſts more wild,
Could ſweeten to a temper mild;
No monſters Afric bred,
No brutes which venom ſhed,
No ſcorching heats you fear'd,
Zeal to ſave ſouls, all you ſuſtain'd, endear'd.

Your miracles, example, zeal,
Salvific myſteries to reveal,
O'er multitudes prevail'd,
They all their ſins bewail'd,
Abjured curſed Satan's reign,
When in the hallow'd laver born again.

Back to your Alexandrian ſeat
You from your travels made retreat,
Saints who with hymn o'erflow'd,
For aids on you beſtow'd,
Your paſtoral chair revered
Placed in the Mother-Church which there you rear'd.

Of all the thrones for learning famed,
Your city the precedence claim'd,
All ſcientific light
There reach'd its utmoſt height;

Yet when your rays they felt,
They found they in Egyptian darkneſs dwelt.

The joyful day when Jeſus roſe,
Began its luſtre to diſcloſe,
Saints riſing God adored,
Their riſe from ſin implored,
And with immortal bread
Were by your bleſſing at the Altar fed.

Curſed Satan made a fierce eſſay,
To defecrate that ſacred day,
The Pagans he convened,
From hell the rabble glean'd;
Serapis up they cried,
And you, high Heaven's ambaſſador, defied.

The ſpiteful fiend above the reſt,
Who the foul idol long poſſeſs'd,
The infidels enraged,
And in your death engaged,
Leſt you ſhould him expel,
And from his temple drive him back to hell.

Your body o'er the ſtreets they dragg'd,
Where every flint your muſcles jagg'd,
Your confluential wound
With blood bedew'd the ground,
Till into priſon thrown,
To ſpend the night in agonizing moan.

But gracious God ſoft pity took,
He never His dear Saint forſook,
He in that dolorous night,
Gave you of bliſs a ſight,
That ſight your ſpirit cheer'd,
And all the torment you ſuſtain'd endear'd.

Their rage renew'd at morning dawn,
You o'er the ſtreets again were drawn,
And praying for your foes,
Oppreſs'd with numerous woes,
You fetch'd your dying groan,
By angels wafted to your heavenly throne.

Of life the furies you deprived,
Their madneſs yet your fate ſurvived;
Your corpſe to flame they doom'd,
To aſhes ſtraight conſumed,
Your aſhes, though diſperſed,
Omniſcience counts, till to their ſites reverſed.

For you, bleſs'd Saint, be God adored,
Who you with gifts and graces ſtored;
May I your volume read,
My life like you to lead,
As of Incarnate God
You in the imitable footſteps trod.

ST. PHILIP AND ST. JAMES'S DAY.

WHEN Solomon the Temple rear'd,
Where 'twixt the cherubs God appear'd,
At entrance he two pillars placed,
Which the fair porch upheld and graced,
Renown'd for their diameter and length,
Jachin and Boaz, ſtabliſhment and ſtrength.

Thus Jeſus, when His Church He form'd,
Which ſhould by hell in vain be ſtorm'd,
Two ſaints for ſacred pillars choſe,
Who hell's firſt onſets ſhould oppoſe,
Philip and James, ſtability and might,
With zeal to raiſe, and keep ſalvific light.

With apoſtolic call firſt bleſs'd,
Philip gave pattern to the reſt;
James the firſt biſhop they decreed,
The Heavenly Biſhop to ſucceed,
With force endearing Philip truth diſplay'd,
James fix'd the Church on ſure foundations laid.

His heavenly might firſt Philip tried,
When to Nathaniel he was guide,
He ſaw the Iſraelite ſincere,
To Jeſus at firſt view adhere;
He gave to God for that great convert praiſe,
And in converſions vow'd to ſpend his days.

When Gentiles led by Jeſus' fame,
To viſit Him at Salem came,
To Philip they themſelves addreſs'd,
To make to Jeſus their requeſt;
His zeal for converts was illuſtrious grown,
That all with him their Saviour's Love might own.

When Jeſus of His Father ſpake,
To Whom He an aſcent would make,
Shew us the Father, Philip cried,
That Faith and Love may firm abide;
Great God was 'twixt the cherubs wont to ſhine,
Vouchſafe us of His Preſence now a ſign.

Our Lord replied, In ſeeing Me,
You my co-glorious Father ſee,
He with His co-eternal Son,
Is an Indiviſible One;
And Godhead brighter ſhines in fleſh encloſed,
Than when the glory on the ark repoſed.

Bleſs'd Philip, when the gracious Dove
Rain'd down full ſhowers of Light and Love,
In Phrygia ſettled his abode,
Which he with ſeeds immortal ſow'd,
There in ſhort time he for the realm of peace
Of converts reap'd a thouſand-fold increaſe.

When ſpent with toil, by Heaven's decrees,
Hell ere aware procured his eaſe,

Fiends which he from their temples drave,
Conſpired to lodge him in the grave,
The Pagan ruler by their rage poſſeſs'd,
Sent the old martyr to his wiſh'd-for reſt.

As Philip, Pagans to convert,
Was wont his vigour to exert,
Bleſs'd James, the brother of God-man,
Of Church eſtabliſh'd drew the plan
At Salem, when committed to his care,
He raiſed his paſtoral and ideal chair.

James on the Croſs ſaw Jeſus dead,
And made a vow to taſte no bread
Till Jeſus riſen he beheld,
And when our Lord death-ſhades diſpell'd,
To His diſciple early He appear'd,
Diſſolved his vow, and His ſad votary cheer'd.

Bleſs'd Peter, by an angel freed,
Diſpatch'd a meſſenger with ſpeed
Who ſhould to holy James relate
The opening of the iron gate;
He to the Mother-Church due deference taught,
And the firſt news was to the biſhop brought.

In the firſt ſynod James alone,
Who ſat in the Archſhepherd's throne,
The laſt deciſive vote expreſs'd,
In which the ſaints all acquieſced.

'Twas Jeſus' chair, not Peter's, which then ſway'd,
And Peter to bleſs'd James ſubmiſſion made.

You happy Saint in Jeſus' chair,
Of Jeſus' grace had liberal ſhare;
You from bleſs'd Jeſus borrow'd light,
And ſhined in an example bright,
Even envious Jews your ſanctity would own,
You by the name of James the Juſt were known.

You every day took up your croſs,
Eſteem'd this world but dung and droſs;
From wine and fleſh you ſtill abſtain'd,
You all your appetites reſtrain'd;
You on mere neceſſaries taught to live,
And the ſuperfluous to the poor to give.

You lived in a quotidian faſt,
In lively proſpect of your laſt;
Your flock had your paternal care,
Your buſineſs was perpetual prayer;
Your forehead and your knees were callous grown
With long proſtrations at the heavenly throne.

When at the Paſchal feaſt your eye
Could the whole Jewiſh race deſcry,
You on the Temple took your ſtand,
You Jeſus preach'd to all the land;
Till, by a rude and hell-directed blow,
You were forced headlong to the ground below.

Bruiſed by the fall as down you fell,
Your ſtoning was contrived by hell,
And while the flints were at you aim'd,
With Chriſt-like charity inflamed,
For ſelf and foes, with like devout effort,
You begg'd their pardon, and your own ſupport.

You, bruiſe and pain and wound all o'er,
Kneel'd, agonizing in your gore,
While a wretch, cruel in intent,
Deterr'd by Heaven to kind event,
Daſh'd out your brains, and you flew up in ſtate,
Convey'd by angels to the bliſsful gate.

Bleſs'd James and Philip on one day,
When martyr'd, met upon the way;
In ether, as they ſoar'd to bliſs,
They join'd in mutual, holy kiſs;
The bleſt received them in embraces dear,
And joy was doubled o'er the heavenly ſphere

We double praiſes, Lord, this day,
To Thee for Thy two pillars pay,
For ſtrength the faith in Aſia gain'd,
When Philip ſaving-truth explain'd;
For James by ſaints moſt worthy judged to be
Firſt biſhop of the firſt eſtabliſh'd ſee.

In preaching Philip ſpent his might,
And little leiſure had to write;

James a divine epiſtle penn'd,
Both had the ſame ſalvific end.
May we, like them, Thy ſacred truth embrace,
With ſtrength of faith, and ſtabliſhment in grace.

ST. BARNABAS THE APOSTLE.

ALL who to Jeſus came,
And felt the force of that dear Name,
The more they Jeſus knew,
The more enamour'd ſtill they grew,
Each grace which in Him ſhined,
With zeal they copied in their mind.

Each grace though they revered,
Yet ſome one grace was more endear'd;
As in a ſinner's breaſt,
The darling ſin o'erpowers the reſt;
Thus in the ſaints we trace
Indulgence of a darling grace.

Our Lord, benign and mild,
Was Iſrael's Conſolation ſtyled;
And Joſes, o'er whoſe ſoul
Loved Jeſus had entire control,
Revolved with moſt delight
Our Lord's conſolatory might.

The Saint of temper ſweet,
Wont ſouls endearingly to treat,
With ſympathiſing heart,
Would gladly the ſupports impart,
From Jeſus' Love received,
Whene'er he felt his ſpirit grieved.

Saints him for ſweetneſs famed,
The Son of Conſolation named;
They Barnabas decreed
The name of Joſes to ſucceed;
And ever ſince by none
But that ſweet name the Saint is known.

When Holy Church firſt roſe,
To triumph o'er infernal foes,
Bleſs'd Barnabas for gold
His plentiful poſſeſſions ſold,
And the vaſt ſum complete
Laid down at the Apoſtles' feet.

Thus eaſed of clogs terrene,
With conſcience from pollution clean,
Himſelf he daily ſpent,
Of ſaints the number to augment;
With holy Paul he join'd,
To God alike both co-inclined.

In miſſions, dangers, cares,
And ſufferings, they went equal ſhares;

Vaſt regions they ſurvey'd,
Foundations there of churches laid,
With alms their wants ſupplied,
Confirm'd them, leſt they ſhould backſlide.

From union with bleſs'd Paul,
The ſaint had apoſtolic call;
Paul, when they Lyſtra taught,
A cure miraculouſly wrought,
A cripple he reſtored,
And Lyſtra would have both adored.

Both gods to Pagans ſeem'd,
Paul, Mercury they all eſteem'd;
But Barnabas they took
For Jove, when they obſerved his look;
In him was mixture rare,
Benign, majeſtic, graceful air.

Soon as they gods were thought,
The Pagans ſacrifices brought;
But both their veſtures rent,
The profanation to prevent;
Took item from falſe zeal,
True God their Maker to reveal.

No ſaints were better pair'd,
When truths ſalvific they declared;
Paul with a ſacred heat
Would down the realm of Satan beat,

But Barnabas in meek
And gentle ſtyle would all beſpeak.

He the foundation clear'd,
And of the Church the fabric rear'd;
This would the frame ſecure,
That all rude ſhocks it might endure,
He ſaving faith inſpired,
This with ſoft Love believers fired.

Within this vale of tears
Temptations, ſorrows, frailties, fears,
The faithful ſoul infeſt,
Raiſe agonies in human breaſt,
And a fierce, ſtormy ill
None but a Barnabas can ſtill.

Should we the topics gueſs
On which he laid prevailing ſtreſs,
Yet how he them enforced,
With what ſweet energy diſcourſed,
And troubled hearts compoſed,
Can never fully be diſcloſed.

Dear ſoul, he oft would cry,
While tears ran down from either eye,
Your deep afflictive moan,
By ſympathy becomes my own,
I know your painful ſore,
And by God's aid will you reſtore.

No grief can you ſurpriſe,
But comes from God, juſt, powerful, wiſe;
As juſt and wiſe, in vain
He ne'er inflicts a cauſeleſs pain,
His power controls its ſource,
Its progreſs, and confines its courſe.

God ſends inſtructive woes,
That they for Heaven may ſouls diſpoſe;
All aiming at our good,
When their deſign is underſtood;
And when a heart is broke,
Paternal pity gives the ſtroke.

That pity gives relief,
It joins a comfort with each grief;
You have in all diſtreſs,
To Love immenſe a free acceſs;
That Love to cure your wound,
By promiſe, and by oath is bound.

Your ſtrength love nicely weighs,
And load too heavy never lays;
All woes are ſhort and light,
When joys eternal are in ſight;
And when God's word you read,
You ſovereign cordial never need.

All the co-glorious Three
In conſolations ſweet agree;

You God in every groan,
Comforter, Father, Saviour, own,
O then your will reſign
To that co-amiable Trine.

God-man our miſeries felt,
When He on earth afflicted dwelt;
By woes which He ſuſtain'd,
He pities every ſaint when pain'd;
With ſuch ſupports as theſe,
We gueſs our Saint gave ſpirits eaſe.

When he and Paul agreed
They from each other would recede,
Bleſs'd Barnabas took ſail
For Cyprus with a proſperous gale,
There to his native clime
To conſecrate his care and time.

Till now, that fertile iſle
Men could not juſtly happy ſtyle,
Luſt there appear'd barefaced,
Laws were promulged againſt the chaſte,
'Till God employ'd the Saint,
To keep the devils in reſtraint.

Among the fiends of hell,
Unclean are hardeſt to expel;
With inbred luſt they ſide,
And poiſon in foul pleaſure hide;

The Saint ſoon clear'd the coaſts,
And drave to hell reluctant ghoſts.

His light we gueſs was ſpread
Beyond the iſle where he was bred;
But his congenial air
Remain'd the centre of his care;
And thither he return'd,
In his birth-place to be inurn'd.

Though the foul devils fail'd,
When fiercely they the Saint aſſail'd;
Yet into harden'd Jews,
When truth he labour'd to infuſe,
They murder'd him with ſtone,
Kind ſpite advanced him to his throne.

All praiſe to God above,
For our ſoft Saint's condoling love;
May we our paſſions chain,
Strive his ſweet temper to obtain,
And on the Chriſtian race
Shed like conſolatory grace.

ST. JOHN BAPTIST'S DAY.

GABRIEL to Daniel, when at prayer,
Was ſent Meſſias to declare,
And then to Heaven reflown,
Attended at the Throne,
Till ſeventy annual weeks ran out,
In hymn devout
He never ceaſed; yet in that bleſt employ
He could no tedium feel, but unſucceſſive joy.

Again, God call'd him from on high
With evangelic news to fly;
To Zachary he appear'd,
A prieſt to God endear'd;
As with the fume of incenſe fired,
His prayer aſpired,
To promiſe him from Heaven a ſacred ſon,
Who the ſo-long-deſired Meſſias ſhould fore-run.

O wondrous boy! by Heaven foretold,
Of parents childleſs, barren, old,
Who had by dumbneſs ſeal'd
The happy news reveal'd,
Whoſe birth reſtored his father's voice,
Made ſaints rejoice
With dear Eliza, while with looſen'd tongue,
Bleſt Zachary of his babe a hymn prophetic ſung.

O wondrous Child! by Heaven decreed
The world's Redeemer to precede,
Elias to outſhine
In gifts and grace Divine;
Of prophets chief of all mankind,
The moſt refined!
When embryo you Incarnate God fore-ran,
And leaping in the womb, your prophecy began.

When Herod Bethlehem infants ſlew,
None 'ſcaped but Infant-God and you;
In deſert you ſecured,
Were in a cave immured,
Your parents by kind Heaven inſpired,
With you retired,
They of God's law gave you ſweet early taſte,
Which to the Love Divine kept your affection chaſte.

The aged ſaints taught you God's Will
With reſignation to fulfil,
Each imitable grace
In the angelic race;
To love great God with utmoſt might,
In God delight,
In meditation to employ your days,
In miniſtering to ſouls, and in inceſſant praiſe.

They taught on Heaven to fix your aim,
This world evanid to diſclaim,

Your fleſh ſubdued to keep,
In clothes, food, pleaſures, ſleep,
Devout, pure, humble, in retreat
With God to meet,
Zeal void of dread, habitual faſt and prayer,
All virtues for God-man fit entrance to prepare.

Your habitation from a child,
Was 'mongſt the beaſts, fierce, ravenous, wild,
You them familiar made,
They all your voice obey'd.
What changes ſhould by you be wrought,
God early taught,
That you ſhould men from brutiſh ſins reclaim,
A labour much more hard than ſavage beaſt to tame.

You, ere your parents bliſs obtain'd,
The height of heavenly wiſdom gain'd,
You to repentance then
Were call'd to waken men,
An active life God you enjoin'd,
But yet deſign'd
No power to you of miracles to give,
Fore-ſeeing you yourſelf a miracle would live.

In veſt of camel's hair array'd,
With leather girt, you entrance made,
The humble garb you choſe,
This world's denial ſhews:

You locuſts and wild-honey eat
For daily meat.
The leſs you on external aids relied,
The more you aid Divine unrivall'd glorified.

You God's great harbinger were ſent,
To move all ſinners to repent,
With future wrath to ſcare
Hard hearts to humble prayer,
And gleams of cheerful hope to ſhed,
To mix with dread;
You taught God's gracious kingdom drawing nigh,
In which none lived, but they, who to the world would die.

You ſuited rules to all degrees,
To ſet all conſciences at eaſe,
To beg of Heaven recruits,
And bring forth heavenly fruits,
You crowds baptized in tear and wave,
Their ſouls to ſave;
You ſhew'd yourſelf to all where'er you came,
A ſhining, burning light, to lighten and enflame.

You great God-man baptized, and eyed
The Empyreum opening wide,
Saw the ſupernal quire
In lofty hymn conſpire;

The heavenly Dove His Wings outſpread
O'er Jeſus' Head,
You heard a voice deſcend from bliſsful height,
This is My Son beloved, in Whom I take delight.

To Jeſus you oft witneſs gave,
The Lamb of God, Who came to ſave;
Fierce Herod, you revered,
Your warnings gladly heard;
And he from various ſins abſtain'd,
By you reſtrain'd,
Till his adulterous inceſt you reproved,
Which to fierce female ſpite his lewd adultreſs moved.

You ſhew'd that ſaints may martyrs bleed,
For moral truths, as well as creed;
The ſword your ſoul ſet free
That glorious ſtate to ſee,
Of which you oft to liſtening Jews
Gave lively views,
You in both realms had the ſame honour'd place,
Fore-runner of God-man in bliſs as well as grace.

All praiſe to God, Whoſe tender care
The way for Jeſus to prepare,
Sent John all guilt to clear,
By penitential tear,
To raiſe of Jeſus' Love immenſe
A previous ſenſe.

All, who for ſin excited were to grieve,
With open arms and hearts a Saviour would
receive.

Teach me, my God, by Thy dear Saint,
To keep my paſſions in reſtraint,
By penitential moan,
To break my heart of ſtone,
Thy Love will make it whole again,
And eaſe my pain;
Thou for Thy manſion wilt my heart endure,
When made for Thee by tear preparatory, pure.

May I, with a devotion due,
Fix on the Lamb of God my view;
That lovely, gracious ſight
Will caſt enamouring light,
My ſoul will love for Love return,
Will ſhine and burn.
Like John, this world I'd trample under feet,
And but for doing good, ne'er leave devout retreat.

ST. PETER'S DAY.

OUR Lord, when Simon to Him came,
To Cephas changed his name,
In His all comprehending view,
He hell's aſſaults foreknew.

And of a fiſher form'd a rock,
To ſtand infernal ſhock.

To raiſe a realm o'er humankind,
When, Lord, Thou hadſt deſign'd,
Sure ſuch a high heroic deed
Should ſome great monarch need,
Whoſe conduct, wealth, and numerous hoſts,
Should clear the adverſe coaſts.

But God, to baffle human might,
And raiſe to Him our ſight,
The powerful, rich, wiſe, noble, brave,
Was wholly pleaſed to waive,
He mean, unarm'd, illiterate choſe,
The ſcorn of all His foes.

His foes, who ſaw the weak repel,
The force of world and hell,
How God in weakneſs power diſplay'd,
Power ſo notorious made,
Which with beams univerſal ſhined,
Too bright to be declined.

When near the Galilean Lake
Our Lord truth heavenly ſpake,
That He from crowd might ſit remote,
He enter'd Simon's boat,
And ſoon as it was launch'd in wave,
From thence inſtructions gave.

Our Lord to miracle inclined,
To fix each doubting mind,
Bade Simon to caſt down his net,
Who nought all night could get;
He and his brother ſtood amazed,
When on the draught they gazed.

Depart from me, Lord, Simon cried,
Since ſinful I abide:
Of God offended, the ſad thought,
Deep ſelf-debaſement wrought,
He from humility took flight
To apoſtolic height.

Our Lord to both ſpake, Follow Me,
Of men you'll fiſhers be,
Both at His gracious Look and Voice,
Made His ſole Will their choice,
And with ſupernal power endow'd,
Thence fiſh'd among the crowd.

Our Lord, the future ſtate to ſhew
His Church ſhould undergo,
Enjoin'd His votaries to embark,
And in the diſmal dark,
The ſhip was by the billows toſt,
In danger to be loſt.

In the fourth watch Incarnate God
On the rude billows trod;

To meet him Simon only dared,
But cried, by tempeſt ſcared,
Lord ſave me; Jeſus him ſuſtain'd,
Till both the veſſel gain'd.

Our Lord, whom wind and ſea obey'd,
The tempeſt ſoon allay'd:
Church militant, the veſſel paints,
And Simon, all the ſaints;
In ſtorms which Church or ſouls endure,
Our Lord will them ſecure.

To unbelievers Peter's ray
Made truth as clear as day,
While Simon taught each faithful ſoul
How we towards frailty roll,
To humble, yet ſupport mankind,
God grace and weakneſs join'd.

Even Peter, though a rock ordain'd,
Yet Simon ſtill remain'd,
The man was with apoſtle link'd,
Yet both were ſtill diſtinct,
Curſed Satan Simon had betray'd,
Had not loved Jeſus pray'd.

In Jeſus, Peter faith profeſs'd,
And was by Jeſus bleſs'd;
His Church he would on Peter rear,
No force of hell to fear,

The keys to Peter He conſign'd,
With power to Looſe and Bind.

But Simon, when our Lord declared,
The Croſs for Him prepared;
From the dire Croſs which him diſmay'd,
Tried Jeſus to diſſuade;
But Jeſus, warm'd with ſacred ire,
Bad Satan ſtraight retire.

His fall to Simon was foretold,
When ſcatter'd was the fold;
But Peter vow'd he'd rather die,
Than his dear Lord deny;
Yet Simon, ere the cock crow'd twice,
Denied his Maſter thrice.

But Jeſus Who ſweet pity took,
On Simon caſt His look,
The cock his ſecond crow began,
Apoſtle chid the man,
Unutterably Simon grieved,
And Peter ſoon retrieved.

Our Lord, when riſen, He appear'd,
And His ſad votaries cheer'd;
To Peter, pain'd with broken heart,
A viſit made apart,
His mournful tears he clear'd away,
By ſweet abſolving ray.

Thrice Simon's love bleſs'd Jeſus tried,
Since he had thrice denied;
Thrice Simon had expreſs'd his flame,
And Peter thence became;
Our Lord re-loved him, and decreed
He ſheep and lambs ſhould feed.

When Jeſus charge to votaries gave,
The world to teach and ſave;
And then aſcending, from above
Sent down the gracious Dove,
Bleſs'd Peter, not ſupreme, but prime,
Shared in the gifts ſublime.

He then, rock Peter, perſevered,
The Church was on him rear'd;
He the firſt powerful ſermon preach'd,
Which various nations reach'd,
And full three thouſand whom he taught,
At but one draught he caught.

His net ſtraight took two thouſand more,
Of ſouls he gain'd ſuch ſtore,
That in our Lord's late little fold,
Were multitudes enroll'd,
Loved John, with Peter, bore a part,
But Peter had the ſtart.

He truth with wonder firſt aſſured,
When he the cripple cured;

His voice ſtruck Ananias dead,
And the whole Church with dread;
And at his ſhadow paſſing by,
Diſeaſe away would fly.

He Simon, the magician, quell'd,
And helliſh charms diſpell'd;
All quarters of the land he view'd,
And ſouls to Heaven ſubdued;
Raiſed weak Eneas from his bed,
And Dorcas from the dead.

By viſion God to him reveal'd
High truths, till then conceal'd,
That Gentiles ſhould in God believe,
The Holy Ghoſt receive;
Fulfill'd he ſaw it in event,
When to Cornelius ſent.

He, when a priſoner doom'd to bleed,
Was by an angel freed;
His treble love ſpread Love Divine,
Of the co-lovely Trine;
He o'er all Abraham's numerous race
Shower'd apoſtolic grace.

To Rome at laſt he viſit made,
The Gentiles' guide to aid,
Both numerous flocks to Jeſus gain'd,
To love of Jeſus train'd,

There to the croſs by Nero doom'd,
He was to bliſs aſſumed.

With previous ſcourgings he was laſh'd,
And as his joints they gaſh'd,
He humbly to hang downwards pray'd,
Reverſe to Jeſus made;
He deem'd it honour much too high
Upwards, like Him, to die.

His conſort had her daily ſhares
In all his woes and cares;
When ſhe to martyrdom was drawn,
He ſaw her glory dawn,
And ſweetly put his Saint in mind
Of joys for her deſign'd.

When he eclipſed, left heavenly light
Should not continue bright,
He lodged in writings what he taught,
To ſtore devoted thought,
Which ſtill ſweet, powerful influence ſhed,
When with devotion read.

For Peter, God be ever praiſed,
On whom the Church was raiſed,
Who ghoſtly nets for ſinners caſt,
And drew up numbers vaſt,
Who left to ſaints in heavenly lines,
Of truth two wealthy mines.

The ſaint each day his fall review'd,
His cell with tears bedew'd;
Like him, we daily Chriſt deny,
When we His laws defy;
May we, like him, to love and tears
Devote reſiduous years.

ST. JAMES THE APOSTLE.

WHEN God in fleſh would be enſhrined,
He took a form the meaneſt of mankind,
And meaneſt inſtruments He choſe
The world to conquer, and hell-powers oppoſe,
The fooliſh to confound the wiſe,
The weak to humble haughty ſcornful eyes,
To teach antipathy to pride,
In aid Divine, not human, to confide.

From a mean toil, and land infame,
Bleſs'd Jeſus fiſhers call'd to ſpread His Name,
James, Andrew, Simon, John, all four
Inhabitants of the Tiberian ſhore,
In grace all partners, as in trade,
All ſaw God-man's omnipotence diſplay'd;
When they in vain all night had wrought,
Unnumber'd ſhoals at Jeſus' word they caught

They, call'd by Him, their ſhips forſook,
Charm'd by His gracious power, and Heavenly
Look,

As when dry bones the vale beſtrow'd,
Out the four winds, call'd by the Prophet, flow'd,
With vital breathings to reſtore
Skin, life, fleſh, ſinews, which they had before;
God-man on Jews in ſin long dead,
Thus call'd out four, enlivening truths to ſhed.

James and his brother John inclined
To Jeſus, left their aged ſire behind,
They early, if God call'd them, knew
To natural ties they were to bid adieu;
Yet parents had their filial prayer,
Both ſtrove for Heaven their father to prepare,
Their mother Salome both revered,
Who lived a ſaint, by their direction ſteer'd.

Though John was the beloved declared,
With him and Peter, James in favour ſhared,
All three, bleſs'd Jeſus with Him led,
When He raiſed Jairus' daughter from the dead.
All three aſcending Tabor's height,
Beheld Him ſhine in beatific light,
All three as deareſt friends He choſe,
Who ſhould atteſt His agonizing woes.

Both James and John with zeal inflamed,
By Jeſus were the Sons of Thunder named,
Zeal would to indignation riſe,
When they ſaw ſinners, Love immenſe deſpiſe;
For God they jealous rage tranſpired,
And wiſh'd by Heaven a ſtubborn village fired;

But Jeſus taught, that His ſweet power
Sent fire to melt mankind, but not devour.

Their mother, Lord, pray'd that they might
Sit in Thy realm, enthroned on Left and Right.
Ambitious love the thought inſpired,
Which to be neareſt Thy dear Love deſired;
Ambition was by Thee reſtrain'd;
The Love Divine its vigorous force retain'd;
Both vow'd the dolorous cup to drink,
And neither, when 'twas offer'd them, would
ſhrink.

James oft would with loved John contend,
Which of their loves the other ſhould tranſcend;
God's lovers never jealous are,
When they together loves divine compare;
They to each other yield conteſt,
A humble love ſtill thinks another's beſt;
Their loves in ſtrength were equal deem'd,
John's of the two, the tendereſt was eſteem'd.

Bleſs'd James around the Jewiſh line,
Diſſeminated Truth and Love Divine,
While Jeſus here on earth converſed,
His apoſtolic miſſion Light diſperſed;
When Jeſus, re-enthroned on high,
His Spirit ſent, His Preſence to ſupply,
James, then with wondrous gifts endued,
His labours with a treble force renew'd.

Like fire, within his bowels pent,
His arduous zeal for Jeſus forced a vent;
He threaten'd Jews with vengeance dread,
For precious Blood of God Incarnate ſhed;
Pronounced all damn'd for boundleſs guilt,
Unleſs waſh'd clean in that dear Blood they ſpilt;
To mournful penitents he taught
Grace, pardon, bliſs, by Jeſus' ſufferings bought.

His miracles, endearing force,
Admired example, and Divine diſcourſe,
Made numerous ſouls their ſins deplore,
And God, Whom they had crucified, adore.
To truth he votaries daily gain'd,
Confounded Jews, infernal powers reſtrain'd,
Till faithleſs men, and fiends of night,
His life aſſaulted with confederate ſpite.

To king Agrippa both addreſs'd,
They ſtorm'd his ear, and theſe enraged his breaſt;
Cries and injections never ceaſed,
His hate of Jeſus hourly they increaſed;
Bleſs'd James he into priſon caſt,
And final ſentence on the guiltleſs paſs'd;
And he had emptied Peter's veins,
Had not high Heaven the tyrant kept in chains.

As to the ſcaffold James was led,
The firſt Apoſtle who for Jeſus bled,
A Pagan ſoldier, who the Saint
Had guarded during his ſevere reſtraint,

And with Heaven-brighten'd eyes had ſeen
His patient, humble, gracious, heavenly mien,
While in the way, fell at his feet,
With tears the martyr's pardon to entreat.

The Saint with joy the ſoldier rear'd,
The penitent with Jeſus' merits cheer'd,
Gave him ſpiritual releaſe,
Embraced him with a tender kiſs of peace;
He deeply all paſt ſins bemoan'd,
Himſelf a Chriſtian publicly he own'd,
Till his laſt fatal doom was read,
And he, with James co-martyr'd, loſt his head.

The Saint beheld the brandiſh'd blade,
And in ecſtatic joy his exit made,
To think that at the ſcaffold he
A convert gain'd, as Jeſus on the Tree;
At parting, he renew'd his kiſs,
Aſſuring him they both ſhould meet in bliſs;
The ſoldier promiſed life deſpiſed,
And gaſp'd for Heaven, in his own blood baptized.

Heaven ſent the convert, guardian aid,
Juſt at the moment when he wept and pray'd,
His angel watch'd, away to chaſe
All tempters who would ſtorm his infant grace;
When Satan ſhot a fiery dart,
'Twas quench'd and blunted, ere it reach'd his heart.

Of martyrs' love, one minute may
Ten luſtres ſpent in penance overweigh.

Death to their ſouls full freedom gave,
Both with their guardians ſhot ethereal wave;
With angels' ſpeed they upwards dived,
All heaven with joy received them, when arrived;
James his apoſtle's throne poſſeſs'd;
Both had a martyr's radiant crown and veſt;
Heaven Jeſus hymn'd, in lofty ſtrain,
By whom ſaints triumph over death and pain.

High praiſe to God for all the woes
Bleſs'd James ſuſtain'd, ſalvation to diſcloſe,
We Thy triumphant grace adore,
For ſaints baptized in their own purple gore;
May I, like James, ſpread ſaving light,
And to the love of Jeſus ſouls invite:
With joy I death-pangs ſhall endure,
If but one ſoul I can for Heaven ſecure.

ST. BARTHOLOMEW THE APOSTLE.

THIS morn, bleſs'd Saint, our zeal devout
May ſeem encumber'd with a doubt;
But we through cloud diſcover day,
When probabilities we weigh;

We juſtly gueſs, though under double name,
Nathanael is with Barthol'mew the ſame.

Bleſs'd Philip, in Divine Record,
Brought dear Nathanael to our Lord,
Who ſtill by Barthol'mew is meant,
When he to preach abroad is ſent:
Say then, bleſs'd Saint, why choſe you to be known
More by your father's name, than by your own?

To three evangeliſts we fly,
And they all paſs Nathanael by;
Loved John of good Nathanael wrote,
And Barthol'mew ſeems there forgot;
Say, holy Church, how may the doubt be ſolved,
In which your ſons have been ſo long involved?

Of all who near to Jeſus drew,
None was ſo happy at firſt view,
To come to the Phyſician whole,
Who came to ſave the ſickly ſoul,
As bleſs'd Nathanael, who a ſaint appear'd,
And was by Jeſus honour'd and endear'd.

Bleſs'd Jeſus, whoſe all-ſeeing eye
Could ſecrets of the heart deſcry,
Seem'd at firſt ſight to canonize
Nathanael with a ſweet ſurpriſe;
Behold, ſaid He, an Iſraelite indeed,
Whoſe peaceful ſoul from wilful guile is freed.

The Saint by Jeſus thus renown'd,
In a humility profound,
Men's admiration to decline
Should they have known that Voice Divine,
The ſplendour of his ſanctity to cloud,
In Barthol'mew Nathanael ſtrove to ſhroud.

Though ſtory then gives no ſupplies,
When this Saint's life we ſuperviſe,
Since him God-man was pleaſed to ſtyle,
An Iſraelite exempt from guile,
He lives eternally characteriſed,
More than if volumes had his acts compriſed.

I then Nathanael's life will ſing,
Before he came to Iſrael's King:
Great God of men requires the heart,
With which but few will freely part;
When they a heart acceptable preſent,
It muſt be broken, ſoft, contrite, and rent.

Nathanael with o'erflowing eyes,
And ardent penitential cries,
Which mercy for his ſins beſought,
His heart to God for offering brought;
It humbly panting at God's footſtool lay,
And God ſhined on it in a gracious ray.

The gracious ray his ſorrow cheer'd,
His heart he on the Altar rear'd:

And in the temple, as bright flame,
From Heaven upon the victim came:
Thus Love Divine ſet Barthol'mew on fire,
And made him fume towards Heaven in warm
deſire.

His phylacteries to recite,
With fervent zeal, was his delight;
There to love God we are enjoin'd
With all the heart, ſoul, ſtrength, and mind.
Command for love, he thought God well might
ſpare,
None who God truly know, can love forbear.

Such love, ſuch heart, bleſs'd Jeſus knew
Lodged in this evangelic Jew;
The force he of the promiſed ſeed
Had felt, in Jeſus pre-decreed;
But when he bleſs'd Meſſias had in ſight,
His love aſpired to a much nobler height.

By Jeſus' Love, Nathanael fired,
In love reciprocal tranſpired,
Thou art the Son of God, he cried,
By all God's lovers glorified,
Thou art the King of Iſrael, and to Thee,
All, who Thy ſubjects are, muſt bow the knee.

If ſuch a height Nathanael gain'd
When firſt by Jeſus entertain'd,

Who can his elevations gueſs,
When daily he had free acceſs;
But on the Croſs when great God-man expired,
His love a martyr's altitude acquired.

But well he weigh'd that God diſclaim'd
A ſacrifice deform'd or maim'd;
With that he ſearch'd his heart anew,
And God, who beſt the traitor knew,
He humbly importuned to guide his eye,
That no one ſin might undiſcover'd lie.

When he had full diſcoveries made,
And every labyrinth ſurvey'd,
Had no known ſin left unbemoan'd,
And with freſh tears had God atoned,
Tears which from pardoning Love were now
derived,
Which, as they ſweetly dropp'd, his heart revived;

His heart from ſin and guile refined,
He then for holocauſt deſign'd,
Which, while 'twas on the Altar raiſed,
And all with Love celeſtial blazed,
Himſelf, the prieſt, fell proſtrate on the floor,
And thus began acceptance to implore.

O gracious God, I at Thy Throne
Devote my all, which is Thy own,

My mind Thy holy Word to heed,
And reliſh every truth I read;
Thought, which to meditation I'll enure,
And memory, known duties to ſecure.

Purified fancy, to exclude
The ills and errors which intrude,
My ſenſes, duly to be drain'd
From filth, and from exceſs reſtrain'd;
Will, which to Thee entirely ſhall propend,
And paſſions, on my will to co-attend.

I, all I am, to Thee reſign,
Thou art my God, I, Lord, am Thine,
My love with conſtant, filial awe,
Shall pay regard to all Thy law,
And live in languor till my bliſs commence,
That it may be unchangeably intenſe.

'Tis all I have, that all, accept,
O may that all by Thee be kept;
In my own keeping ſhould it ſtay,
'Twill tempted be to go aſtray.
The holocauſt had no reſerve of ill,
God ne'er rejects a conſecrated will.

When from His grave bleſs'd Jeſus rear'd,
To His dear Iſraelite appear'd,
And he, with eyes on Heaven intent,
Spectator ſtood of His aſcent,

His love to humble, full aſſurance roſe,
And long'd for Heaven all others to diſpoſe.

In ſtory though we little read,
Told of the Iſraelite indeed,
Yet learn, that he the Indians taught,
St. Matthew's goſpel thither brought,
And left with them that evangelic code,
To guide them, whenſoe'er he changed abode.

Towards Phrygia then he journey made,
Till at Hierapolis he ſtay'd,
Nathanael there dear Philip join'd,
Was overjoy'd his friend to find;
But both by Pagans ſoon were doom'd to die,
Both pleaſed they ſhould to Heaven together fly.

Bleſs'd Philip, welcoming his fate,
Soon enter'd the ſupernal gate;
Nathanael on the croſs was laid,
But Pagans, of God's wrath afraid
For guiltleſs blood they had profuſely ſhed,
Spared him, not out of love, but preſent dread.

The devils next to hell he chaſed,
In Lycaonian temples placed;
His courſe then to Albania ſteer'd,
Where curſed idols domineer'd;
There on the croſs, his love ſurmounting pang,
He cheer'd the ſaints, and his own requiem ſang.

All praiſe to God for this great Saint,
Whoſe heart, of guile abhorr'd the taint;
May we by his example train'd,
Keep hearts by wilful guilt unſtain'd:
At the great day, when all their dooms ſhall hear,
None on the Right ſhall ſtand but the ſincere.

ST. MATTHEW THE APOSTLE.

THOUGH votaries, whom our Lord deſign'd
To preach ſalvation to mankind,
Might in the world's eſteem
But deſpicable ſeem,
Yet none was hated and infame,
Till Matthew had enroll'd his name.

Our Lord, when waiving worldly wiſe,
He call'd illiterate men to riſe
To apoſtolic height,
In weakneſs ſhew'd His Might;
But boundleſs mercy He diſcloſed,
When Matthew He for Heaven diſpoſed.

The Publicans deep gored the ſoul
Of every Jew, in gathering toll,
By their curſed avarice ſway'd,
They on their country prey'd;

The Jews themſelves from them eſtranged,
With ſinners, harlots, heathens ranged.

Such Matthew was before his call,
When ſet in his extorting ſtall,
While Jeſus paſſing by,
Upon him caſt His Eye;
Soon as He, Follow Me, had ſaid,
He roſe, and leaving all, obey'd.

Strange Voice! which more Divine appear'd
Than that which once dead Lazarus rear'd,
He in the grave encloſed,
Ne'er Jeſus' call oppoſed,
While Matthew's maſters, wealth, account,
Its force contended to ſurmount.

But when Almighty Love eſſays
A ſoul from ghoſtly death to raiſe,
It in reluctant wills
Propenſion ſweet inſtils,
Its calls have a creative force,
Which is of life and love the ſource.

Such was the call, which at firſt thought
The wondrous change in Matthew wrought;
From earth he turn'd his view,
To wealth antarctic grew,
His Pagan maſters he diſclaim'd,
Stark cold before, was now inflamed.

He to the Romans paid their due,
And ſatisfied each injured Jew,
Then choice ſedate to ſhew,
Ere he would all forego,
For friends he made a farewell treat,
Where Jeſus deign'd to take His ſeat.

The Phariſees, who thither came,
Began our Gracious Lord to blame,
That He with Him to ſit
Should Publicans permit;
Sure Heaven that day their tongues controll'd,
That Jeſus thus might Love unfold.

Phyſicians needleſs to the whole,
Are uſed by the unhealthy ſoul.
Sin is the foul diſeaſe,
Wont on mankind to ſeize;
I ſinners to repentance call,
But none can riſe, who never fall.

Come ſinners, who incur the hate
Of God and man, avert your fate;
Our Jeſus for your ſakes,
His Paſſion undertakes;
He calls, O come, He'll give you reſt,
You'll live, like Matthew, ever bleſt.

From worldly clogs, bleſs'd Matthew looſe,
Devoted all to ſacred uſe,

That, Follow Me, his ear
Seem'd every day to hear,
His utmoſt zeal he ſtrove to bend,
Towards Jeſus' likeneſs, to aſcend.

His zeal firſt in Judæa reign'd,
Then Ethiopian conqueſts gain'd,
Made warlike Parthian race
The peaceful truth embrace;
Turn'd Perſians from their idol flame,
To worſhip the Triunal Name.

Whether with Pagan rage oppreſs'd,
By martyrdom he flew to reſt,
No certainties we find,
But from his will reſign'd,
We know, though he might ſcape the fire,
He lived a martyr in deſire.

His body daily down he beat,
He ſenſual turn'd to heavenly heat,
On herbs, roots, berries fed,
Of carnal ſelf in dread;
And He a martyr's death ſupplied,
By living ſtill ſelf-crucified.

When from Judæa he retired,
He wrote his book, by Heaven inſpired,
That ſaints the truth they knew
Might keep in lively view;

The Church has there celeſtial ſtores,
And ſtill for Matthew, God adores.

When other ſaints him Matthew ſtyle,
In his own ſight he humbly vile,
To keep of his offence
True penitential ſenſe,
And boundleſs mercy to proclaim,
Of Publican retains the name.

What mighty turns recorded be,
When Jeſus utter'd, Follow Me!
The ſame He ſtill repeats,
Still Wiſdom walks the ſtreets,
Where'er we go, ſhe's in our eyes,
Though few attend her gracious cries.

God by His word, prieſts, holy rites,
And inward movements, ſouls excites,
By promiſe and by threat,
By woes which them beſet,
By patience, which their doom delays,
By numberleſs endearing rays.

God ſweetly calls us every day,
Why ſhould we then our bliſs delay?
He calls to endleſs light,
Why ſhould we love the night?
Should we one call but duly heed,
It would to joys eternal lead.

How God's converting calls conſpire
With our free-wills? fond men inquire;
By taſte, we know their force
Much more than by diſcourſe;
Each call to beatific ſight,
Conveys a correſponding might.

Let Pagans then our Saint upbraid,
That he a folly raſh betray'd,
That moment to forſake
His all, as Jeſus ſpake,
Ah! had they heard that heavenly Voice,
They would have made like heavenly choice.

All praiſe to God for Matthew's care,
Truth evangelic to declare;
When on his ſacred book,
I fix my heedful look,
By Jeſus' copy, which he drew,
May I my faded ſoul renew.

Praiſe, Lord, to Thee, for Matthew's call,
At which he left his wealthy all;
At Thy next call may I
Myſelf and world deny;
Thou, Lord, even now art calling me,
I'll now leave all, and follow Thee.

SAINT MICHAEL AND ALL ANGELS.

BLESS'D angels, whether you on high
Adore the great Tri-unity,
Or here on ſaints below
Your guardian cares beſtow;
We keep this day, to take review
Of all the bleſſings we receive by you.

Your ſtations in the heavenly ſphere,
Your ſpirits from dull matter clear,
Your beatific ſight,
Your intellectuals bright,
Your wills to central God inclined,
Your love from mutability refined;

Your zeal devout, which never tires,
Your concerts on celeſtial lyres,
Your converſations ſweet,
When you each other greet;
Your hymns to glorify God's Name,
Which while you ſpend them, re-enforce your flame.

Your glorious conqueſts o'er damn'd ghoſts,
Who durſt defy your loyal hoſts,
Rays ſupplemental gain'd,
When you the rebels chain'd,

With all that God to you imparts,
We now congratulate with joyful hearts.

With grateful reverence we own
Your love to God Incarnate ſhewn,
You to the Virgin bleſs'd,
The wondrous news expreſs'd,
You bright'ning Bethlehemitic plains,
Proclaim'd His birth in hymn to humble ſwains.

You in the waſte to Him appear'd,
You Him, when agonizing, cheer'd;
You worſhip to Him paid;
He in your arms was ſtay'd;
Twelve legions on the heavenly line,
Drew up to aid Him, had He made the ſign.

You kept the grave where He repoſed,
His glorious Riſing you diſcloſed;
You to the mountain went,
Attending His Aſcent,
You ſhall the trump to judgment ſound,
And with obſequious wings the Judge ſurround.

You on the heirs of Heaven attend,
To comfort, counſel, warn, defend,
You in their infant age,
To tender them engage,
You quicken ſaints who grow remiſs,
And you at death tranſport their ſouls to bliſs.

You Abraham of a ſon aſſured,
You Lot from Sodom's flames ſecured,
You bleſs'd Elijah fed,
You circle a ſaint's bed,
To work our bliſs, to guard from woe,
You the expanſe paſs hourly to and fro.

You in the furnace cool'd the ſaints,
You kept fierce lions in reſtraints;
You Peter freed when chain'd,
You Paul in ſtorm ſuſtain'd,
You God's high Will in dreams detect,
You pious ſouls to faithful guides direct.

You in God's houſe triſagions[1] ſing,
You veil your rays with awful wing,
Our temples you frequent,
Devotion to foment,
God's boundleſs wiſdom there to hear,
Myſterious truths to learn and to revere.

Your piercing eyes inſpect our ways,
You ſing for our converſion praiſe,
You, all the ſaints you meet,
Like fellow-ſervants treat,
At the great day, of all the juſt
You ſhall collect the diſſipated duſt.

The great uſurper in the ſkies,
The murderer, the ſource of lies,

[1] *Triſagions*, a hymn in the Eaſtern Liturgy.

With all his legions dire,
Which in our bane conſpire,
By force, injection, ſnare or wile,
Souls to o'erpower, delude, pollute, beguile;

Would ſoon the Church in pieces rend,
Did not you angels it befriend;
You watchers ready ſtand,
To check the helliſh band,
You their outrageous ſpite confine,
To bounds permitted by the Will Divine.

In dragon's ſhape, when Satan raved,
And with his legions Michael braved,
Seven-headed, and ten-horn'd,
With glaring crowns adorn'd;
Bright Michael's troops upon them fell,
And ſpurn'd the monſter with his crew to hell.

You execute juſt God's decrees,
When He obdurate ſinners ſees;
You low proud Herod laid,
Till worms upon him prey'd;
You down the hoſt Aſſyrian mow'd,
And Judah's plains with their dead foes beſtrow'd.

Great God! for aid, and for defence,
Which angels in our need diſpenſe,
For bleſſings never known,
Innumerable grown,

Our hymn we to Thy Altar bring,
O had we angels' tongues, Thy praiſe to ſing!

Bleſs'd Jeſus! 'tis Thy Will that we
In duty ſhould like angels be;
They always Thee behold,
They ne'er in hymn grow cold;
They all Thy attributes admire,
Their loves towards an infinity aſpire.

They live in an immenſe delight,
At Thy command take ſpeedy flight;
O may we grace derive
From Thee, my God, to ſtrive,
That we ſincere, like angels may
Contemplate, hymn, admire, love, joy, obey.

You moſt my love, bleſs'd ſpirits, gain,
By your adoring the Lamb ſlain;
Dear Jeſus' dolorous ſmart
Lies ever next my heart;
When to your conſort I aſcend,
On Jeſus' Love, eternity I'll ſpend.

The Lamb for you ne'er ſhed His Gore;
Yet the Lamb ſlain you all adore,
Rapt with a juſt eſteem
Of that endearing theme,
Our indevotion you upbraid,
Who mind ſo little ſuch a ranſom paid.

You ſons of God, like us, are ſtyled,
We riſe above the rank of child,
Great Godhead condeſcends
To call the faithful, friends!
More love from us to God is due,
Since we are more immenſely loved than you.

Guardian, when chill my love ſhall grow,
Up to freſh flame the embers blow;
Chide warmly my neglect,
And your own love traject;
Or rather ſing of the Lamb ſlain,
And love, though dying, will revive again.

ST. LUKE THE EVANGELIST.

FAIR Antioch, the rich, the great,
Of learning the imperial ſeat,
You readily inclined
To light, which on you ſhined,
It ſoon ſhot up to a meridian flame,
You firſt baptized it with a Chriſtian name.

To keep your ſouls on truth intent,
Saints of firſt magnitude were ſent,
When Barnabas and Saul
Renew'd your heavenly call;

Luke rapt at Jeſus' Love, who came to ſave,
Himſelf a holocauſt to Jeſus gave.

Luke, ſuperfluently fired,
Straight from all worldly cares retired,
To holy Paul adhered,
Grew daily more endear'd;
He his new-birth to that apoſtle owed,
And filial love to his converter ſhow'd.

Luke in your academy train'd,
A mighty ſtock of learning gain'd;
Yet by his genius led,
He chiefly Phyſic read;
He that one ſcience as his buſineſs plied,
And all the reſt as his diverſions eyed.

Oft have I heard injurious fame,
For unbelief phyſicians blame;
But they, of all mankind,
If their own views they mind,
Meet, like bleſs'd Luke, ſuch confluential woes,
As natively for ſerious thought diſpoſe.

Luke, who diſeaſe was wont to trace,
Through hoſpitals of human race,
Oft heard ſad wretches cry,
Yet could no help apply,
His art, he knew conjecture, at the beſt,
And with ſome ills no medicine could conteſt.

Oft pierced with agonizing groan,
He ſtudied topics to eaſe moan;
Yet found them all in vain
To quell inſulting pain;
Men muſt, he thought, tyrannic fate endure,
Or by ſelf-murder ſtrive to work their cure.

Self-murder ſeem'd the readieſt way,
But ſhould there come a judgment-day,
'Twere then no eaſe to die,
'Twould dangerous be to try;
Thus Pagans rolling on a dolorous bed,
Felt Life a torment, and yet Death a dread.

Paul, fill'd with Wiſdom from on high,
Which could the very thoughts deſcry,
With ſuch ſweet timely force,
Attemper'd his diſcourſe,
That he, his catechumen to perſuade,
His own experience, his conviction made.

You, ſon, ſaid he, by viſits know
The ills your patients undergo;
With them you ſympathiſe,
When nought you can adviſe;
When a diſtemper baffles all your ſkill,
You never traced the fountain of the ill.

Then he began from man's pure ſtate,
His deviation to relate,

How ſoon as Adam fell,
Curſed ſin with death and hell,
O'erwhelm'd lapſed man with coetaneous rage,
And ever ſince to plague him co-engage.

How Filial God came from His Throne,
Paternal Godhead to atone,
How He for ſinners bled,
Hung crucified and dead,
How roſe again, how back to Heaven He flew,
Sin, death, and hell, on purpoſe to ſubdue.

How miſery, diſeaſe, and pain,
The dire effects of ſin remain,
How, when for ſin we grieve,
Full pardon we receive
For Jeſus' ſake, how when we Jeſus pleaſe,
He ſweetens all our miſery, pain, diſeaſe.

Bleſs'd Jeſus came to make us whole,
He's the Phyſician of the ſoul,
He cures a wounded heart,
Beyond all human art,
And when He ſweetly has their grief ſuppreſs'd,
Tranſlates His patients to eternal reſt.

That Great Phyſician, Luke revered,
Attently the Apoſtle heard,
He in his heart enroll'd
Each ſyllable He told;

Oft begg'd He that dear ſtory would repeat,
His evangelic volume to complete.

When Luke that Bleſs'd Phyſician knew,
Hippocrates away he threw,
He learn'd ſick ſouls to ſave,
He ghoſtly phyſic gave;
And joy'd when he one ſoul recover'd, more
Than in a thouſand ſick he cured before.

In danger, trouble, priſon, toil,
Luke never would from Paul recoil,
He, loved phyſician ſtyled,
Through regions vaſt and wild,
As fellow-labourer, ſpent with him his days,
And in the Goſpel has immortal praiſe.

He prayed for Paul, when kneeling down
To loſe his head and gain a crown;
He ſaw his chariot fly,
Up to his throne on high,
Which made through the expanſe a wake more bright,
Than that Elias left along his flight.

Since that, bleſs'd Saint, how long, and where,
You ſpent your charitable care,
Whether you martyr fell,
No certain ſtories tell;
Yet this we know, though none your acts atteſt,
Your zeal for ſaving ſouls could never reſt.

The force of that unwearied zeal
The ſaints ſtill in your goſpel feel;
There Jeſus' wonders ſtand,
Recorded by your hand;
From that original all ſouls devout
Have ever ſince their Saviour copied out.

Next, to the life you ſtrove to paint
Your apoſtolic martyr'd ſaint,
And to all future view
The Church in landſcape drew,
How when the Heavenly Dove His effluence ſhed,
In a ſhort time the Light celeſtial ſpread.

Though you your ſacred books deſign'd
For all who things ſupernal mind,
Yet one above the reſt
Lay neareſt to your breaſt,
Theophilus, for rare example famed,
Whom juſtly you moſt excellent have named.

Some Antiochian, rich and great,
With ſtyle of excellent, you treat,
Theophilus implies
One who for Heaven is wiſe,
Who from evanid things withdraws his love,
To fix it on its centre, God above.

Bleſs'd Union! where are reconciled,
The ſaint, and noble, great and mild,

Where rich to trace incline,
Benignity divine;
Wealth when an idol made, hell-flame enſures,
When ſacrifice, it heavenly bliſs procures.

All praiſe to God, Who Luke refined,
To turn phyſician of the mind,
To picture in true light,
Bleſs'd Jeſus to our ſight;
May truth medicinal, which he ſupplies,
Our ſouls reſtore, our love immortalize.

ST. SIMON AND ST. JUDE, APOSTLES.

O HOLY Church, whom we reſpect,
As Mother of all ſouls elect,
Even angels, who repair
To your reſorts of prayer,
To turn your catechumens, all combine,
And learn the wiſdom of the gracious Trine.

Two Saints this feſtival are join'd,
For meditation both deſign'd;
Such unions to our eyes,
Some leſſons ſignalize;
What is that leſſon, bleſſed Mother, ſay,
Which ſhould employ our ſolemn day?

Gift, miracle, example, grace,
In each apoſtle, we can trace;
You ſomething elſe intend,
When two you recommend;
And when the Sacred Hiſtory I read,
I gueſs what you deſign your ſons ſhould heed.

Curſed heretics of old you knew,
From Pagan ſchools who poiſon drew,
While they indulge their luſt,
To marriage were unjuſt;
You married Jude, with Virgin Simon join,
To ſhew both ſtates may ſhare in Love Divine.

Bleſs'd Jude his conſort with him led,
Both undefiled preſerved their bed;
Both all exceſſes fear'd,
Each other both revered;
Celeſtial Love entirely both enflamed,
Both co-harmonious at God's glory aim'd.

No wilful ſin they could endure,
Both kept for God His temples pure;
Both the vain world forſook,
Both fix'd on Heaven their look,
And like the ſaints in beatific light,
Both would each other to God's praiſe excite.

With co-united hearts they pray'd,
They two a congregation made,

Aſſured from what God ſpake,
That He the third would make;
When ſacred hunger ſeized them, they both fed,
With heavenly pleaſure on Immortal Bread.

Both would to ſhort receſs conſent,
To be in prayer and faſting ſpent;
The oftener they withdrew,
Still eaſier parting grew;
Though death awhile their union might untie,
It would indiſſóluble be on high.

Both joy'd in children God had ſent,
Which would the quire above augment;
The virtues they poſſeſs'd,
They on their line impreſs'd,
And in ſhort time two of their hallow'd race
Of martyrdom received the glorious grace.

Bleſs'd Jude in the inſpired record
Is ſtyled the brother of our Lord,
He Jeſus copied out,
To do good went about,
O'er the Judæan and Samarian lands,
O'er Syrian, Lybian, and Arabian ſands.

His conſort to his ſide adhered,
No danger, hardſhip, trouble fear'd,
They to each other paid
Sweet mutual comfort, aid,

She as a common, tender nurſe, relieved
All who were ſick, pain'd, naked, hungry, grieved.

To Perſia Jude at laſt removed,
Their rites idolatrous reproved,
Till they his death decreed,
For Jeſus glad to bleed,
And if his deareſt conſort him ſurvived,
She joy'd that he at bliſs was firſt arrived.

Since, then, the apoſtolic ſtate
Suits with a matrimonial mate,
Why ſhould we prieſts decry,
Engaged in ſacred tie,
In innocence 'twas bleſs'd, by none reviled,
But thoſe who with foul luſt, chaſte love defiled.

Good Simon honour'd that dear pair,
Knew ſuch examples were but rare,
Saw few of womankind
From vanity refined:
He fear'd the avocations of a wife,
And ſacrificed to God a Virgin life.

He ſtill the angels kept in mind,
To their ſimilitude inclined,
Whene'er they of the fair
Aſſumed the guardian care,
They with no ſenſual tendencies were fired,
And Simon to like purity aſpired.

The angels who this earth frequent,
Are ſtill on God above intent,
Their Heaven they cannot miſs,
God's pleaſure is their bliſs;
Simon, led by illuminations bright,
Pray'd more for will reſign'd than bliſsful ſight.

His angel for his friend he choſe,
Who ſhould for God his friend diſpoſe,
In ſaints their nuptial knots
Are ſoil'd with venial ſpots,
For were that paſſion, like angelic Love,
Saints married here, re-marry would above.

The angels who no offspring have,
Delight in every ſoul they ſave,
And with harmonious voice
Their brethren co-rejoice:
Bleſs'd Simon's children were the ſouls he gain'd,
For whom he guardian tenderneſs retain'd.

The angels freed from earthly weights,
No clog their ſpeed to Heaven abates,
Simon with treatment rude
His body had ſubdued,
That he his fleſh might immaterialize,
And it to Heaven might unobſtructed riſe.

No worldly cares the angels know,
On God they all their powers beſtow,

They love, ſing hymns, obey,
Thus ſpend eternal day;
And Simon from uſurping paſſions clear,
Loved, hymn'd, obey'd, alacrious and ſincere.

The angels ſent from God on high,
Unwearied o'er all regions fly,
Simon no toil declined,
For miſſion when deſign'd,
To ſavage Africans he truth declared,
With holy Jude in Perſian conqueſt ſhared.

From thence he took remoter flight,
Diſſeminating heavenly Light,
Till he from martyr's fate,
Roſe to his Throne of State;
And various lands lay to his relics claim,
Beyond rich mummies all embalm his name.

Seven lamps were by two branches fill'd
With oil which from them both diſtill'd,
The apoſtolic two
Thus ſhed celeſtial dew;
They lamps, which in their churches ſhined, ſupplied,
That ſaving truth ſhould ever bright abide.

Jude wondering why our Lord His ray
Should not to all the world diſplay,
Bleſs'd Jeſus waived the thought,
And Love celeſtial taught,

That Love would into glad obedience melt,
And God Triune in every lover dwelt.

From the ſame Source of Love immenſe
Bleſs'd Simon drew a love intenſe,
He juſtly Zealot named
With love more vigorous flamed,
Such as bleſs'd Jeſus in God's Houſe devour'd,
When He profaners with His whip o'erpower'd.

For Jeſus, Jude true zeal expreſs'd,
Which made him heretics deteſt;
But a compaſſion ſweet
Attemper'd ſtill his heat,
He pitied all whom in the fire he ſaw,
And out with gentle hand would ſinners draw.

Bleſs'd Simon's indignation roſe
To ſee vile mortals God oppoſe,
To jealouſy propenſe,
At every bold offence,
The name of Jealous, God Himſelf aſſumed,
And Simon's love with hallow'd anger fumed.

With love his ſacred writings Jude
Took care to preface and conclude;
He Jeſus' Love adored,
Which had fall'n man reſtored,
He to that Love himſelf and ſaints reſign'd
In which God overflow'd to loſt mankind.

Simon, when Jeſus' Love he weigh'd,
His ſacred anger was allay'd,
His heart for ſinners bled,
Soft tears for them he ſhed,
When he in penitential tears was drench'd,
His indignation was that moment quench'd.

On the ſame day both breathed their laſt,
To Heaven they with their angels paſt,
They, crown'd with treble rays,
Began high ſongs of praiſe;
The ſaint, apoſtle, martyr, in both ſhined,
Each title had peculiar joys aſſign'd.

We treble praiſe, Lord, ſing below,
For joys which thoſe bright ſaints o'erflow;
May we, like that bleſs'd two,
Give Thee all honour due,
Though martyr and apoſtle are too high,
O may we learn like ſaints to live and die.

ALL SAINTS DAY.

YE Spirits ever-bleſs'd,
Of joys ſupernal now poſſeſs'd,
To whatſoe'er degree
Of bliſs you elevated be,

Whether you there diſplay
A lunar, ſolar, ſtarry ray,
You from the ſaints who died this Vigil know
We now begin your feſtival below.

Whether you have your poſt
In ſplendid veſts among the hoſt,
Which milky ſteeds beſtrides,
And whom the Word Eternal guides,
Or you the train compoſe
Which join the Lamb where'er He goes,
Or in His blood have waſh'd your mantles white,
Or in your fronts are ſeal'd with glories bright;

Whether, ſince life's ſweet cloſe,
In Abraham's boſom you repoſe,
In the third Heaven remain,
Or happy Paradiſe regain,
In outward court abide,
Or in the temple-walls reſide,
Or near the Throne enjoy the bliſsful ſight,
Or in the quire with ſeraphims unite;

This day all God's firſt-born,
With their aſſembly muſt adorn,
All Jeſus' heavenly fold,
In regiſter of life enroll'd,
All ſpirits of the juſt,
Who have ſhook off their mortal duſt,
Triumphant Church with militant muſt join,
To make an offering at the Throne Divine.

You bleſſed ſaints on high
Have always Jeſus in your eye,
You ſee His Love to thoſe
Who His unbounded Love oppoſe,
You with a zeal devout
Strive that pure Love to copy out,
And you no ſooner take to Heaven your flight,
But charity attains perfection's height.

You in the happy ſphere
Cannot forget this vale of tear,
You know the conflicts well
We have with fleſh, the world and hell,
You ſafe the gulf have ſhot,
Eternal glory is your lot,
You on the dangers think, yourſelves have felt,
And for our ſtate with dear compaſſion melt.

Bleſs'd ſouls, with fervour ſtrong,
Under the Altar cry, How long!
And if you never ceaſe,
When in the realm of love and peace,
God's vengeance to implore
On tyrants drunk with martyrs' gore,
Much rather you for faithful brethren pray,
Since charity with you has ſovereign ſway.

Though in your bounded ſphere
You cannot ſingle votaries hear,
And we in no diſtreſs
To ſingle ſaints make our addreſs;

Yet if, like you, we heed
The ſaints' communion in our creed,
We of each others' ſtate have general view,
You pray for us, and we give thanks for you.

To your aſſiſtance, all
The miniſterial angels call,
That they may ready ſtand,
Each with his cenſer in his hand,
Search heavenly ſpheres around,
Till the gold vials all are found;
Them and your cenſers fill till they o'erflow
With your ſweet, odorous prayers, for us below.

Your love we to repay,
Will for your conſummation pray,
For haſtening the laſt doom,
That you your fleſh may reaſſume,
For which you groanings have,
Till it gets freedom from the grave,
That death may vanquiſh'd lie beneath your feet,
And bliſs in Chriſt-like bodies be complete.

In praiſe, as well as prayer,
We all deſire with you to ſhare;
Your joys in bliſsful light
To everlaſting hymn excite;
From you we borrow fire,
And to your pitch of hymn aſpire;
For ſingle ſongs ſince you're too numerous grown,
We bring our univerſal to the throne.

The God of Love be praiſed
For all the ſaints to glory raiſed;
For patriarchs, who mankind
From their congenial droſs refined;
For prophets, who of old
Glad tidings to the world foretold;
For bleſs'd apoſtles, who convey'd the ſound
Of ſaving-truth to the terraqueous bound.

For all, who wealth profuſe
Employ'd on charitable uſe;
For ſaints' firm faith and hope,
Their courage with hell powers to cope;
Their patience, will reſign'd,
Their ardent love, and heavenly mind,
Their temper humble, ſweet, benign, and mild,
For all characteriſtics of God's child.

For all, who virgins died,
And ſenſual appetites denied;
For martyrs, who at ſtake
Devoted lives for Jeſus' ſake;
For confeſſors, who ſtood
Heaven's candidates to ſhed their blood;
For holy paſtors, whoſe unwearied aim
Was ſouls from ſin and error to reclaim.

For every gift and grace
Of the Chriſt-imitating race,
Their writings or diſcourſe,
Their gracious wonder-working force,

Their toils, griefs, various needs,
In ſowing evangelic ſeeds,
Their prayers, example, and intrepid zeal,
And horrid tortures on the rack and wheel.

For theſe, and all their ſtore
Of virtues, Lord, we Thee adore;
To Thee is glory due,
From Thee they ghoſtly vigour drew,
They on this mortal ſtage
Lived bleſſings to all future age:
O while their bright ideas we revive,
May we to emulate their virtues ſtrive.

Bleſs'd ſpirits, you and we
Make one celeſtial family;
One Father we revere,
To one Fraternal Love adhere,
You are in happy ſtate,
Our bliſs is only inchoate:
O may we ſtrangers here, this world repel,
And with our heavenly brethren chiefly dwell.

Of all the places here
None pictures the celeſtial ſphere
More than God's Houſe of Prayer,
When faithful ſouls ſing praiſes there;
When Heaven and earth conſpire
In one harmonious hymning quire:
O may we, free from wilful, ſenſual taints,
Live in communion with ſupernal ſaints.

When ſouls to you take wing,
You in a hymn their welcome ſing;
And we, in humble lays,
Congratulate your heavenly rays,
One ſacred hymn, like you,
We here inceſſantly renew,
And all our powers to utmoſt vigour ſtrain,
To ſing the Lamb of God, for ſinners ſlain.

Should Heav'n its doors unfold,
I then, like John, might bliſs behold,
Where ſaints on thrones ſit down,
In Chriſt-like robe, and radiant crown,
High favours, never known
To angels, but to ſaints alone;
Even angels, on throned, robed, crown'd ſaints attend,
And ne'er to joys which Jeſus bought, aſcend.

Saints there new anthems ſing,
Drink at the pure, immortal Spring,
Make their approaches free
To the life-giving, loaded Tree;
They crop, unſtinted ſhares
In the twelve pleaſant fruits it bears;
In all-ſufficient God they acquieſce,
They cannot wiſh for more, or ſink to leſs.

O would ſome happy friend
A harp celeſtial to me lend,

To the harmonious ſtring,
Like you, bleſs'd ſaints, I'd ſtrive to ſing,
But as I muſt deſpair
To reach on earth your heavenly air,
O I ſhall languiſh till with you above,
I at your height ſhall harp, ſing, joy and love.

HOLY BAPTISM.

BLESS'D hour! when I was born again,
And cleanſed from either guilt or ſtain;
I then, adorn'd with Chriſt's dear Name,
To Chriſt-like bliſs had Chriſt-like claim;
Myſelf in the baptiſmal wave
A holocauſt to God I gave.

The Heaven-born Love which me then fired
Should have to native Heaven aſpired,
But woe is me my pondus turn'd,
And with ſtrange fire my offering burn'd,
A ſenſual miſt eclipſed my mind,
My will from God to ſin declined.

I when at font a new-born child,
Great God, my God, my Father ſtyled;
But ſoon as filial love and dread
From my degenerate ſoul were fled,
I felt my ſins' companion, ſhame,
I durſt not uſe that gracious name:

While ſhame yet in my ſoul remain'd,
Tears ſoon might have my ſteps regain'd;
Shame for preſervative decreed,
That Chriſtians might from filth be freed,
Hell is of ſouls but half poſſeſs'd,
While ſhame lurks in the ſinner's breaſt.

But when my ſpirit, ſhame eraſed,
And harden'd was to ſin barefaced,
'Tis from that moment I muſt date
My provocation of God's hate;
I conſcience damp'd, my heart grew ſtone,
And Satan claim'd me for his own.

My vow of duty which I made,
I to God's adverſary paid,
And a vile ſlavery endured,
To hell, world, luſt, which I abjured;
Renouncing joys of heavenly bliſs,
For torments in the dark abyſs.

An indeliberate thought aroſe
Of death and everlaſting woes,
Can I at Judgment day appear,
And, "Go, ye curſed," fearleſs hear?
I fain would have the thought ſuppreſs'd,
But ſtill it ſtirr'd, and gave no reſt.

Since pure Philanthropy Divine
Did not to duty me incline,

It pleaſed God horrors to inſtil,
Which ſhould deter my ſoul from ill;
Yet from ſoft Love thoſe terrors came,
At once to frighten and enflame.

From holy fear, love filial grew,
Made me baptiſmal vow renew:
Let Heaven and earth my vow atteſt,
And hymn God's Love which me thus bleſs'd;
Lord, keep alive my Chriſtian flame,
With Chriſt-like love, and Chriſt-like aim.

CONFIRMATION.

UNCTION, the Chriſtian name implies,
In that, a Chriſtian's ſafety lies:
The Holy Ghoſt on Jeſus' Head
Unmeaſurable graces ſhed;
His Unction's influential force
Of all His actions ſteer'd the courſe.

Chriſtians, who Chriſt's anointed are,
In His celeſtial Unction ſhare;
The Spirit templing in their hearts,
His all-ſufficient aid imparts,
The Chriſtian feels no wants, no fears,
By Unction, who to Chriſt adheres.

Perſons and things, to God applied,
Were by anointing ſanctified;
To turn them to a worldly uſe
Was ſacrilegious abuſe.
Chriſtians, when they to ſin decline,
Loſe Unction, and their name divine.

When Pagan tyrants ſceptres ſway'd,
The Chriſtian name a crime was made;
But Chriſtians gloried in that ſtyle,
They heard the infidels revile;
Chriſtians, in tortures' dire effort,
Felt from their name ſtrong ſweet ſupport.

As odorous ointment pour'd on ſores
Diffuſes kindly through the pores,
Enlivens, ſupples, heals, and cheers,
By gentle force the cure endears;
The Chriſtians thus their Unction find
Cures all diſeaſes of the mind.

O may I, with a faith unfeign'd,
Preſerve my Chriſtian name unſtain'd!
To copy Chriſt, O may I ſtrive,
From Whom I that dear name derive!
And die, when death ſhall me arreſt,
A Chriſtian with Chriſt's Unction bleſt.

THE EUCHARIST.

JESU, I in Thy Goſpel read
That ere Thou didſt for ſinners bleed,
Thou didſt the Euchariſt ordain,
Souls to ſuſtain.

From the bleſs'd Table Thou didſt go
To Thy ſtrong agonizing woe,
Thence humble, meek, reſign'd, ſedate,
Thy death await.

Thy ſoul Thou at Thy dolorous end
Didſt to Paternal God commend,
And of pure Love to Thy great Sire,
Martyr expire.

Adoring Him with filial dread,
Thou on the Croſs didſt bow Thy Head,
Didſt die, a Victim to fulfil
His gracious Will.

Saints whom death threaten'd to invade,
Thy Altar ſtill their refuge made,
Humbly aſſured they beſt could there
For death prepare.

Thy death was pictured in that rite,
Thy dolours there were in their ſight,

Dolours which all who did behold
With tears condoled.

Thee they not only pictured ſaw,
But thence were virtue wont to draw,
Virtue which cured all ills,
And gain'd their wills.

Not only virtue they poſſeſs'd,
They with Thy Fleſh and Blood were bleſs'd,
They Food in that myſterious treat
Immortal eat.

Immortal Food they felt excite
A ſuper-human Chriſt-like might;
Like Thee to die in love enflamed,
They chiefly aim'd.

They of dire torture had no dread,
By the Viaticum when fed;
They to that Heavenly Food inured,
The Croſs endured.

The Source of Life was in their breaſt,
By death they could not be diſtreſs'd;
Death gave them of their Saviour dear
The viſion clear.

Death both illumined and refined
By that Inflammative the mind,
Love watch its moſt exalted height
At Jeſus' ſight.

Bleſs'd age, when ſaints were daily fed
With Jeſus their life-giving Bread,
Which gave them vigour ſtrong and ſweet,
Grim death to meet.

Souls now ſtand trembling at death's ſight,
We want true Euchariſtic might,
Of Heavenly Food we them deprive,
Scarce half alive.

The prophet's cakes twice twenty days
Secured his vigour from decays,
Twice twenty years God manna rain'd,
Which Jews ſuſtain'd.

Nor cakes nor manna them ſufficed,
Their hunger them again ſurpriſed;
But ſouls who Food Immortal taſte
Shall never waſte.

After an abſtinence ſevere,
Jonathan from his pointed ſpear
Suck'd honey drops, and his eyeſight
Grew quick and bright.

When ſaints, of all their ſins releaſed,
On Jeſus myſtically feaſt,
They reliſh with immenſe delight
Love infinite.

Jeſu, when death approach ſhall make,
May I of Thy dear Self partake,

That with a will reſign'd I may
Thy call obey.

May I like Thee my death-pangs bear,
Reſting on God's paternal care,
Spreading my wings to take my flight
To bliſsful ſight.

May I, like Thee, the world deſpiſe,
And languiſh till to Thee I riſe;
In hymning Jeſus, O may I
To Jeſus fly!

ABSOLUTION.

THERE is a vale of tears which mountains bound,
And from terreſtrial proſpect wall it round,
Where only Heaven is open to the ſight,
Where happy ſouls to bliſs commence their flight;
There in a land, to the looſe world unknown,
The awful houſe of mourning ſtands alone;
Phylthreno, angel of repentance ſtyled,
Of aſpect gracious, and of language mild,
Stands at the gates, and with obliging air,
Opens to all who to the place repair;
Bleſs'd Jeſus thither guides returning ſtrays,
And thither his new convert, John conveys:

Phylthreno, who the loved diſciple eyed,
And his Hymnotheo penſive by his ſide,
Into a charitable tranſport breaks,
His welcome in a hallelujah ſpeaks;
Down in his ſoft embrace the youth he takes,
Who ſtraight into the houſe his entrance makes,
While John to his Epheſian flock re-flies,
For all ſpiritual needs to bring ſupplies.

The building was quadrangular, and plain
And humble, like the ſouls which there remain,
It ſolemn yet moſt uniform appear'd,
The pile was all of blackeſt marble rear'd,
Which ſhed inceſſant tears at every pore,
As if 'twould its inhabitants deplore;
'Twas cloiſter-wiſe contrived with arches ſtrong,
Its area a ſabbatic journey long,
That all the mourners might apart abide,
In little cells, which the whole pile divide;
A bible, kneeling deſk, and books of prayer,
The furniture in each apartment were;
Phylthreno firſt into the ſtorehouſe ſtept,
Which for the mourners' tears receivers kept;
That for the youth, Phylacter one might chooſe,
Which when retired he in his cell might uſe;
And a ſtrict charge he to the guardian gave,
That he in that Hymnotheo's tears ſhould ſave;
For angels, who their cryſtal vials fill
With tears, which from their penitents diſtil,
To Heaven with their dear burdens joyful fly,

Grateful peace-offerings at the throne on high!
Phylthreno, Salvian paſſing by, deſcried,
A tender, wiſe, experienced, ghoſtly guide,
Who of the vale poſſeſs'd the paſtoral chair,
Straight he reſigns Hymnotheo to his care;
Salvian his charge with benedictions meets,
The youth with lowly reverence Salvian treats:
With that Phylthreno to the gate withdrew,
While Salvian leads the youth the place to view;
He there conducts him to each vacant cell,
To ſay in which he moſt deſired to dwell:
In this, ſaid he, king David was incloſed,
And his ſeven penitential pſalms compoſed;
Jeremy made his lamentations here,
And wrote them down in overflowing tear;
This Peter choſe his lapſes to recall,
And wept at each cock-crowing for his fall;
Magdalen's tears there from her eyes diſtill'd,
And her lachrymatory daily fill'd:
Theſe and all other vacant cells he ſhows,
The youth the cell of mournful David choſe,
Where his ſweet harp, to which his pſalms he ſung,
Which the harmonious youth well ſkill'd, was hung.

Each mourner there lives ſilent and alone,
No noiſe is heard but a deep ſigh or groan;
Some on their knees abide, ſome proſtrate lie,
Some various, painful, ſelf-revenges try;
One wrings his hands, another ſmites his breaſt,

Some their paſt ſins implacably deteſt;
Some death and hell contemplate, to raiſe fear,
Others with hopes of Heaven their ſpirits cheer;
Some at the thoughts of the laſt judgment quake,
Backſlidings make the hearts of others ache;
Their troubled ſpirits ſome by weeping eaſe,
The pangs of ghoſtly birth on others ſeize;
This bluſhes when his eyes he heavenward rears,
In that ſhame and confuſion domineers;
This ſpirit's wounded, and that heart is broke,
All with ſtrong cries God's tenderneſs invoke;
There evil ſpirits at a diſtance ſtand,
Kept from the cells by God's propitious hand;
Should they the penitents' confeſſions hear,
Where all the ſecrets of their hearts appear,
Temptations they would form, ſize, ſuit, adulce,
Too ſtrong for man to conquer or repulſe.

A garden in the arches lay encloſed,
Which at firſt view for ſerious thought diſpoſed;
Sepulchral cypreſs, laurel, pine, and bays,
Yew, and all trees, whoſe verdure ne'er decays,
Are planted in long rows where mourners walk,
And of their inward griefs condoling talk;
While others into grots obſcure retire,
And, unobſerved, to Heaven in ſighs aſpire;
Tall weeping trees in every quarter ſtand,
And water with continual tears the land;
Such as in torrid iſlands men deſcry, [ſupply:
Whoſe dropping boughs the want of ſhowers

Arbours are there of close and solemn shade,
For recollection and retirement made;
There solitary sparrows sit alone,
Complaining pelicans themselves bemoan;
Soft doves vent their compassionating note,
All creatures there are heard which grief promote;
No beauteous flowers there spring, no pleasant fruits,
Rue, carduus, wormwood, various bitter roots,
And every herb unpalatable grows,
Wont the old paschal salad to compose;
Their vests are hair or sackcloth, dust their bed,
Wash'd with the overflowing tears they shed;
Their drink from ever-dropping trees is rain'd,
Like Marah's streams, of which the tribes complain'd;
And as with bitter draughts they quench their thirst,
Into the cup their briny torrents burst;
The coarsest meal for daily bread they use,
Moisten'd with tears their mournful eyes infuse;
The heavenly sun there daily wont to rise,
Cheers with his healing wings the mourners' eyes,
From his propitious throne each moment sheds
Encouraging mild rays upon their heads;
In Adam's sons the Son of God delights,
And mournful sinners to His Arms invites;
His love is wont immensely to rejoice,
Whene'er a humble convert hears His Voice;

His precious Blood for ſinful man He loſt,
And loves the purchaſe for the Price it coſt.

Salvian, the youth then to the wardrobe guides,
Where hair and ſackcloth veſts hung round the ſides;
The youth a girdle choſe and coat of hair,
Such as great penitents are wont to wear;
Having put on his penitential weeds,
Salvian the youth next to the chapel leads.

There ſtands juſt in the middle of the ſquare,
Circled with cedar trees, a Houſe of Prayer;
Architects there ſtrove their beſt ſkill to ſhow,
'Tis built of poliſh'd marble, white as ſnow;
Mourners who in their cells affect black night,
Appear at church as candidates of light:
It is a pile magnificent and large,
Of which collegiate paſtors have the charge;
Their prelate Salvian over them preſides,
To penitents they are ſagacious guides;
Confeſſions private at their Chairs are made,
Which they to ſouls command not, but perſuade,
In ſcandals chiefly, or diſtreſs of mind,
But all are to confeſs to God enjoin'd;
The mourners, who the penitent eſpied,
An univerſal miſerere cried;
And ſoon as he far off the temple view'd
His ſelf-humiliations he renew'd;
His feet unworthy he eſteem'd to tread

The very path which to God's preſence led;
And at a diſtance, in the outward court,
His humble ſpirit ſpent its firſt effort;
Jacob, who heard God ſpeak, and angels ſaw,
Felt not at Bethel a more ſolemn awe,
With downcaſt looks aſhamed to be erect,
When on offended Heaven his thoughts reflect;
With tears, and ſighs, and groans, together mix'd,
Sent from a breaking heart by guilt transfix'd;
He ſmiting oft his ſelf-upbraiding breaſt,
His guilt he like the publican confeſt;
All-gracious God, for lovely Jeſus' ſake,
On vile Hymnotheo tendereſt pity take:
The prayer was ſhort, but of eternal force,
And took to Heaven an inſtantaneous courſe.

In the great portico there night and day
A lazaret of wounded ſpirits lay;
None daring to approach the ſacred door,
While they the prayers of entering ſaints implore;
Kiſſing their feet, bathing themſelves in tears,
A breaking heart through every look appears;
Notorious and flagitious ſinners there,
With long ſharp Penances their ſouls repair;
As the ſick man lay to Bethesda nigh,
And on the pool ſtill kept his longing eye,
Wiſhing that ſome kind hand would him befriend,
To move him when the angel ſhould deſcend;
Thus they, with eyes fix'd on the holy gate,
Their ghoſtly angel's benediction wait;

Within the hallow'd door on either hand,
The Penitents advanced to Hearers' ſtand,
Who after a due Penance are thought fit
Their duty to re-learn from ſacred writ;
The Proſtrates near the ſacred deſk are placed,
By ſelf-humiliations more debaſed,
They in humility proficients grow,
Are raiſed the more the more themſelves they know;
Conſiſtents, who by penitential moan
Are ripe for prieſtly Abſolution grown,
Above the Proſtrate ſtand, and join in prayer,
With faithful ſouls, who next the Altar are.
The Faithful who retrieve baptiſmal flame,
Re-ſeal'd for bliſs with the Triunal name;
They inward joys of Abſolution feel,
And glory in their re-imprinted ſeal:
They have ſubdued concupiſcential ſtrife;
They at the Altar eat the Bread of Life:
They Heaven foretaſte, they God their Father call,
Jeſus their Love, and fear no future fall.

THE VISITATION OF THE SICK.

SEE, ſee, my fleſh, death with his dart,
You and my ſpirit now muſt part:
I dolorous ſtruggles feel of vital force,
And all my powers diſpoſing for divorce.

My ſtomach fails, I can no more
With freſh recruits my ſtrength reſtore,
My feet begin to freeze, my flaccid nerves
Have for their craving drains no briſk reſerves.

My pulſe ſcarce beats, my heart grows chill,
Can ſcarce with blood my arteries fill;
My arteries unrepleniſh'd ſtarve my veins,
But little circulation now remains.

My eyes grow dim, I ſcarce can ſpeak,
Strong pangs in twain my fibres break,
Small aid my tendons to my muſcles lend,
My joints grow ſtiff, with difficulty bend.

The channels to my heart grow dry,
My ſpirits wanting due ſupply,
But little vigour to my brain convey,
I colder grow, my motion faints away.

My mournful friends ſtand all aghaſt,
And think each breath will be my laſt,
The world an univerſal blank appears,
And a mere cypher all foregoing years.

My will is ſeal'd, and with my heir
The poor proportionably ſhare,
I pardon, and aſk pardon of mankind,
And leave no dues unſatisfied behind:

All human ſuccours now are flown,
And I await my dying groan;

My ſoul is parting from this earthly vale,
Into the ſtate inviſible to ſail.

I my Viaticum received,
And that my ghoſtly ſtrength retrieved;
'Tis by repentance only I am eaſed,
And Jeſus' Love, who angry God appeaſed.

To God I have my will reſign'd,
To God I elevate my mind,
My ghoſtly guide has me Abſolved, and I
Have nought to do, but pray, and love, and die.

Good God me from delirium frees,
My ſoul grows healthy by diſeaſe,
Towards independency I feel it ſpring,
And my own requiem now prepare to ſing.

My Jeſus treats me as His friend,
I long till I to Him aſcend,
Though death ſtares on me frightful, pale, and grim,
My ſoul ſhall entertain him with a hymn.

My God, my Love this ſoul ſuſtains,
And ſweetens all my dying pains.
Thou, Lord, didſt bitter death endure for me,
And haſt from all death's terrors ſet me free.

Sin only death had dreadful made,
But ſince Thou haſt our ranſom paid,

Thou of his deadly ſting doſt death diſarm,
He may my ſoul unlooſe, but cannot harm:

Jeſus when dead yet roſe again,
And from the grave began His reign,
His Soul and Body re-united were,
And flew to Heaven triumphant through the air.

As the firſt fruits God's hallow'd due,
To God were offer'd by the Jew;
Which in God's ſight the prieſt was wont to wave,
And God to all the crop His bleſſing gave.

Thus Jeſus riſen from the dead,
On all men vital influence ſhed;
Death can no faithful ſouls of life deprive,
But by our Firſt Fruit's riſing ſhall revive.

You, my dear fleſh, till the great day
Muſt to the worms become a prey,
This debt you to the lapſe primeval owe,
Muſt humbly with ſubmiſſion undergo.

You ſhall return to human ore,
But God will you to life reſtore,
He'll regiſter each atom of your duſt,
And ſort it at the riſing of the juſt.

As grain lies buried in the grave,
Till it a reſurrection have,
Then from the ground its lofty head uprears,
And with an hundred-fold increaſe appears.

Thus you'll to priſtine clay return,
Till God remands you from your urn,
You'll the bright Form with rapture then behold,
To which God ſhall your ſcatter'd duſt remould.

Worms ſhall no more your limbs devour,
In weakneſs ſown, you'll riſe in power;
From mortal you ſhall to immortal paſs,
To incorruption from corrupted maſs.

Your clay by the laſt fire calcined,
Shall to ſpiritual be refined,
And like Bleſs'd Jeſus' glorious Body, bright,
Will fitted be to enter bliſsful light.

O'er death you'll then full conqueſt gain,
And hymn the Love of the Lamb ſlain,
You'll, paſt all ſtorms, reach the celeſtial ſhore,
Your body glorified can die no more.

Were there no joys, in that high ſphere,
Freedom from ſin would death endear;
God's lovers here their days in ſorrow ſpend,
While tempted boundleſs Goodneſs to offend.

To the laſt ſpark of vital flame,
My lips ſhall gaſp out Jeſus' Name.

HOLY ORDER.

LOVE is the badge which Jeſus' lovers wear,
Cemented daily by their mutual prayer;
To all who from our firſt-form'd ſire deſcend,
Our loves, like God's, ſoft mercies ſhould extend;
But ſaints to ſaints by heav'nly Love allied,
Are to a nobler love more ſtrictly tied;
The Church like one ſole family appear'd,
The young, like fathers aged ſaints revered,
Old ſaints, of Jeſus' lambs took tender care,
Equals, like brethren might in love compare;
For public ſins they weekly ſtations kept,
They faſted, pray'd, gave liberal alms, and wept;
What one enjoy'd was common to the reſt,
One purſe, one houſe, one table they poſſeſs'd;
One ſpirit ſeem'd to actuate the frame,
One faith, one love, one joy, one heav'nly aim;
All ſtranger ſaints found home where'er they went,
All would with tears the lapſe of one lament;
They nurſed the ſick, they ev'ry want relieved,
Condoled and comforted the ſouls who grieved;
With charitable kiſſes ſeal'd their prayer,
The Rich, love-feaſts would for the Poor prepare;
Even infidels their mutual love confeſs'd,
While they the grace which they admired oppreſs'd;
They viſited the gaols and mines, where ſaints

Felt loathſome and calamitous reſtraints;
Warm prayers they made for martyrs, kiſs'd their chains,
Brought ghoſtly cordials to allay their pains;
Meek martyrs, whom no outrage would provoke,
And for the villains pray'd who gave the ſtroke;
Saints dreſs'd the martyrs' wounds, and cleanſed the gore,
Honour'd the marks of Jeſus which they wore;
They fearleſs them attended to the ſtake,
Of their dear reliques ſacred care to take;
With ſpices to embalm their hallow'd clay,
And to their graves with rev'rence to convey;
Of death ſaints lived in view, but not in dread,
Bleſs'd Jeſus' Body was their Daily Bread;
They who the ſame both Faith and Love profeſs'd
Lived in dear ſweet communion like the bleſs'd;
To praiſe, adore, love, hymn the Love divine,
Like ſaints in glory, was their chief deſign;
Hereſies, Faith which Love excites, confound,
Schiſm, diſcords, raiſed love's harmony to drown'd,
But Jeſus in His realm vice-gerents placed
To keep Faith uncorrupted, and Love chaſte;
Who ſhould of Jeſus' paſtoral Love partake,
And feed His flock beloved for Love's ſake;
Who ſhould from Him alone commiſſions hold,
And be ſucceſſive paſtors to His fold.

By Jeſus' rules, His ſubſtitutes ſelect,
The hierarchy determined to erect;

They all inſpired by univerſal vote,
Our Lord's own kinſman to the chair promote,
The humble James o'er Salem to preſide,
And for that flock celeſtial food provide;
God to His Iſrael one High-prieſt aſſign'd
While to one nation He the Church confined;
With Prieſts, the temple who in courſe ſupplied,
And Levites, to more ſervile ſtations tied;
Of all the Church o'er Paleſtina ſpread,
Their great High-prieſt was God's vicarious head;
His hallow'd unction influenced the land,
And of their union was the ſacred band;
All the united members thrice a year
Commanded were before him to appear;
He was their oracle, and he alone
Deputed was God's anger to atone;
One temple, prieſt, and altar, God ordain'd,
Which unity of faith and love maintain'd;
God-man, whoſe Love in gracious oceans ſtream'd,
Which had no ſhores, but the whole world redeem'd;
Our great, our ſole archetypal High-prieſt,
When from the grave His Body was releaſed,
Made through the vail ſupernal His aſcent,
His Blood and Interceſſion to preſent;
A numerous high-prieſthood then decreed,
For ever ſhould His ſovereign one ſucceed;
In great reſorts to fix a paſtoral chair,
To which the flock might for due aids repair;
The Spirit He on the firſt miſſion breathed,

To the whole race, His Truth, Peace, Love,
bequeathed;
They in the Mother Church the fabric rear'd,
James firſt at helm the Church Judaic ſteer'd;
Parochial Prieſts were fix'd in every vill,
Who under him ſhould ſaving truth inſtil;
Deacons next choſen were on prieſts to tend,
And on the poor their pious labours ſpend;
All were obliged their Paſtor to revere,
The ſole intelligence who roll'd their ſphere;
And while with him in union they remain'd,
Their faith, peace, love, were ſteady and un-
ſtain'd.

With the primeval Church thus Salem bleſs'd,
The lovely model gave to all the reſt;
Soon o'er the empire, and in lands remote,
High-prieſts were fix'd in all reſorts of note;
And while all ſouls to their high-prieſt adhered,
Sweet mutual love their ſpirits co-endear'd;
Each biſhop had bleſs'd Jeſus' keys, to lock,
Or open the Church entrance to his flock;
He faithful care of catechumens took,
Their growth in faith and love to overlook;
And when he thought them for Cummunion fit,
Would to the font, Love's candidates admit;
He, that their faith and love might grow adult,
Though luſt, the world, and hell, ſhould them
inſult,
Impower'd by Jeſus, to their ſouls convey'd,

By Confirmation, ſupplemental aid;
He lovers to the Altar would invite,
To raiſe their love to a triumphant height;
Their love, by that Immortal Banquet fed,
To torture and to martyrdom was bred.
When wanton ſouls, who brake baptiſmal pact,
Would leagues with ſin, the world, and hell contract;
The prelate the adultereſs would call,
Then meekly mind her of her dangerous fall;
And warn'd, the ſpouſe of Jeſus would abjure,
And mourn for her adulteries impure;
He Penances reſtorative enjoin'd,
To mortify the ſin, and purge the mind;
True lovers with their tears her lapſe bewail'd,
And for her pardon humbly Heaven aſſail'd;
When all her ſatisfactions were complete,
She begg'd her Abſolution at his feet;
All lovers ſeeing her rekindled love,
Joy'd for her here, as angels joy'd above;
But when bold ſinners wholly Love diſclaim'd,
Gave public ſcandals and the truth defamed,
Defied all ſacred powers, and would endure
No one reſtorative to work their cure;
He, the apoſtates, jealous for his God,
Devoted to the ſin-avenging rod;
Againſt their entrance ſhut the temple door,
And to infernal fury gave them o'er;
Juſt doom of ſouls to Heavenly Love unchaſte,
Down to the diabolic ſtate debaſed

Each paſtor, that in his large flock he might
Raiſe and augment celeſtial Love and Light,
Choice under-ſhepherds carefully ordain'd,
Their chief and they the burden co-ſuſtain'd;
They ſheep and lambs with ſacred doctrine fed,
They nouriſh'd them with Euchariſtic Bread;
They in aſſemblies offer'd prayer and praiſe,
In ſtudying holy writ ſpent all their days;
They bright examples of true lovers gave,
They ſtrove all others to enflame and ſave;
They, as they ſaw the tempers of their ſheep,
Would comfort, warm, reprove, pray, joy, or weep;
The ſtate of every ſoul they juſtly weigh'd,
And to their wants due applications made;
Wont tenderly ſaints dying to frequent,
Their love, by their own fervours, to foment;
Saints' tears were by their Abſolution dried,
And lovers in their arms reſignedly died;
They of each ſoul committed to their truſt,
Gave their high prieſt accounts minute and juſt.

Each biſhop rules took care, to his own tribe,
For decency and order to preſcribe;
And of his prieſts a council oft to hold,
The endleſs bliſs conſulting of his fold;
All might adviſe, his voice ſuperior ſway'd,
All to his negative due deference paid;
When needful, he would ſolemn faſts indict,

Religiouſly obſerved in his diſtrict;
Of all the hallow'd treaſure he ſtood charged,
Which by their weekly offering ſaints enlarged;
The prieſts, church, poor, due portions from him gain'd,
Himſelf he to juſt competence reſtrain'd;
What lovers gave on lovers he beſtow'd;
But alms to lovers in diſtreſs o'erflow'd;
Pride, avarice, pomp, ambition, then were fled,
Wealth never was a prelate's aim, but dread.

Good prelates ſhall Love Catholic maintain,
In ariſtocracy ſpiritual reign;
Till the Church eaſt and weſt aſunder ſtart,
And into various ſubdiviſions part;
Baptiſmal faith ſhall yet be kept entire,
Though all hell-powers to ruin it conſpire;
Some paſtors their commiſſions may exceed,
Unneceſſary things may be decreed;
Men's minds may differ, yet in faith agree,
From damning error, not from frailty free;
Two ſiſter churches may have different rite,
While in Love Catholic they both unite;
The ſaints primeval the idea are,
By them the Church muſt all her practice ſquare;
They came together, for God's guidance pray'd,
Choice of Matthias for curſed Judas made;
And paſtors, when they ſaw a vacant chair,
A lover for ſucceſſor choſe by prayer;
And if a biſhop faith or love betray'd,

True biſhops met, the Judas to degrade;
All vacancies with lovers they ſupplied,
Who the loved flock with tender zeal ſhould guide.
Apoſtles, though inſpired, when doubts aroſe,
A council ſummon'd difference to compoſe;
Conducted by the Spirit they implored,
Faith, Peace, and Love, they to the Church reſtored;
The future Church ſhall the ſame method uſe,
When error ſhall its peſtilence diffuſe;
And ſhould inferior councils ſtrive in vain,
Bold errors to ſuppreſs or to reſtrain,
The Synods Catholic where all convene,
Shall ſtill the ſtorm, and keep the Church ſerene;
For order's ſake one primacy may claim,
But none at a ſupremacy muſt aim;
All like vice-gerents of bleſs'd Jeſus are,
And in fraternal love have equal ſhare;
From Jeſus, biſhops equal keys derive,
And Jeſus-like, muſt not for empire ſtrive.

MATRIMONY.

(*Prince Edmund ſeeks council of S. Hubert.*)

O FATHER; you can unperplex my mind,
My realm are for my marriage all inclined;
I love, but know not who ſhe is, or where,
And to diſcover either, I deſpair;

Deſpairing, I in celibate would live,
Since I my heart can to no other give;
I feel too great a load in cares of ſtate,
Cares conjugal may much increaſe the weight;
More hours I fain would in my cloſet ſpend,
Pure Virgins beſt, the affairs of Heaven attend.

Son, ſaid the ſaint, if you both lives compare,
Both different ways may in God's favour ſhare;
Prayers, meditations, and intentions pure,
A heart which no temptations can allure;
Self-abnegation, and a conſcience clear,
Enduring no one luſt to domineer;
All graces which Incarnate God enjoin'd,
The married equally with Virgins bind.

Contemplatives have eaſy loads to bear,
Freer from trouble and diſtracting care,
Looſe from the world, and diſembroil'd from ſenſe
Their prayers may longer be, and more intenſe:
To no relations Virgins have a tie
To pluck them back, but unmoleſted die
A Virgin Prieſt the Altar beſt attends,
Our Lord that ſtate commands not, but commends.
Saints in both ſtates have purity retain'd,
Both dear to God, have the like glory gain'd:
The man whom God for buſineſs has deſign'd,
In buſineſs may keep ſolitude of mind;
Retirement and converſe may interchaſe,

That, will repair what this, may oft deface.
He when on public of his time profuſe,
May in his oratory turn recluſe;
Converſe and buſineſs God's appointments are,
They, well conducted, pleaſe as well as prayer;
If buſineſs ſhould the length of prayer abate,
A warm devotion makes it up in weight;
High education and command of time,
A liberal ſoul with wealth and power ſublime,
Work charitable wonders far and near,
And wrought by none who in public diſappear.

Both ſolitude and buſineſs open lie
To Satan's ſpite, both muſt keep watchful eye:
In this, the world a thouſand various ſnares,
For every paſſion, every ſenſe prepares,
Ill maxims, cuſtoms, company there ſway,
Pride, vanity and luſt our ſouls betray:
That, often is expoſed to Satan's wiles,
Who the imagination oft defiles,
Sloth, tedium, and ſelf-love, if there they meet,
They form a priſon rather than retreat:
This Martha choſe, with a too anxious heart;
In that, calm Mary choſe the better part;
Had they both interchangeably combined,
By compoſition both had been refined;
In Jeſus co-harmoniouſly both join,
And form th' idea of a life divine;
Whole nights alone His ſoul to Heaven aſpired,
He to the deſert forty days retired;

For prayer would unfrequented mountains climb,
In ſolitude devout oft ſpent His time;
And yet from doing good He ne'er refrain'd,
But a converſe promiſcuous entertain'd.
Thus in the world we muſt the world exile,
And to the world our cloſet reconcile.
Great ſaints, like Jeſus, in the world may dwell,
The timorous rather ſhelter in a cell:
Both muſt co-equally on God rely,
Who only can proportion'd aids ſupply.

God the chaſte, ſocial, happy life ordain'd
In innocence, when man was yet unſtain'd;
Even Paradiſe was but a lonely place
Till God ſent Eve to Adam's dear embrace:
Heaven by virginity would empty ſtand,
'Tis marriage peoples all the bliſsful land;
Preſcribed as gentle med'cine to the juſt,
To allay the calentures of baneful luſt:
God His firſt bleſſing on that ſtate beſtow'd,
That bleſſing down to all ſucceſſions flow'd;
In pairs on the dread ark the cherubs wait,
In pairs the ſeraphs tend God's Throne of State;
We from their Temple-union humbly gueſs,
That they like friendſhips now in Heaven poſſeſs;
Both charity and friendſhip are at height
In married ſaints, who in chaſte love unite.

APPENDIX.

First Verſion of the Three Hymns, by the Author of the Manual of Prayers for the Uſe of the Scholars of Wincheſter College. From the edition of 1700.

A MORNING HYMN.

WAKE, my ſoul, and with the ſun
Thy daily ſtage of duty run;
Shake off dull ſloth, and early riſe
To pay thy morning ſacrifice.

Redeem thy miſpent time that's paſt,
Live this day, as if 'twere thy laſt:
To improve thy talent take due care,
'Gainſt the great Day thyſelf prepare.

Let all thy converſe be ſincere,
Thy conſcience as the noonday clear;
Think how all-ſeeing God thy ways
And all thy ſecret thoughts ſurveys.

Influenced by the Light Divine,
Let thy own light in good works ſhine:
Reflect all Heaven's propitious ways
In ardent love and cheerful praiſe.

Wake and lift up thyſelf, my heart,
And with the angels bear thy part,
Who all night long unwearied ſing
Glory to the Eternal King.

I wake, I wake, ye heavenly choir,
May your devotion me inſpire,
That I like you my age may ſpend
Like you may on my God attend.

May I like you in God delight,
Have all day long my God in ſight,
Perform like you my Maker's Will,
O may I never more do ill.

Had I your wings, to Heaven I'd fly
But God ſhall that defect ſupply,
And my ſoul, wing'd with warm deſire,
Shall all day long to Heaven aſpire.

Glory to Thee, Who ſafe haſt kept
And haſt refreſh'd me whilſt I ſlept;
Grant, Lord, when I from death ſhall wake
I may of endleſs Light partake.

I would not wake, nor riſe again,
Even Heaven itſelf I would diſdain,
Wert not Thou there to be enjoy'd,
And I in hymns to be employ'd.

Heaven is, dear Lord, where'er Thou art,
O never then from me depart:

For to my ſoul 'tis hell to be
But for one moment without Thee.

Lord, I my vows to Thee renew,
Scatter my ſins as morning dew,
Guard my firſt ſprings of thought and will,
And with Thyſelf my ſpirit fill.

Direct, control, ſuggeſt this day
All I deſign, or do, or ſay;
That all my powers, with all their might,
In Thy ſole glory may unite.

Praiſe God, from Whom all bleſſings flow,
Praiſe Him all creatures here below,
Praiſe Him above, ye angelic hoſt,
Praiſe Father, Son, and Holy Ghoſt.

AN EVENING HYMN.

GLORY to Thee, my God, this night,
For all the bleſſings of the light;
Keep me, O keep me, King of kings,
Under Thy own Almighty Wings.

Forgive me, Lord, for Thy dear Son,
The ill that I this day have done,
That with the world, myſelf and Thee,
I, ere I ſleep, at peace may be.

Teach me to live, that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed;
Teach me to die, that ſo I may
Triumphing riſe at the laſt day.

O may my ſoul on Thee repoſe,
And with ſweet ſleep mine eyelids cloſe;
Sleep that may me more vigorous make
To ſerve my God when I awake.

When in the night I ſleepleſs lie,
My ſoul with heavenly thoughts ſupply,
Let no ill dreams diſturb my reſt,
No powers of darkneſs, me moleſt.

Dull ſleep, of ſenſe me to deprive,
I am but half my days alive;
Thy faithful lovers, Lord, are grieved
To lie ſo long, of Thee bereaved.

But though ſleep o'er my frailty reigns,
Let it not hold me long in chains,
And now and then let looſe my heart
Till it an Hallelujah dart:

The faſter ſleep the ſenſe does bind
The more unfetter'd is the mind;
O may my ſoul, from matter free,
Thy unveil'd Goodneſs waking ſee!

O when ſhall I in endleſs day
For ever chaſe dark ſleep away

And endleſs praiſe with the Heavenly choir
Inceſſant ſing, and never tire?

You, my bleſt Guardian, whilſt I ſleep,
Cloſe to my bed your vigils keep,
Divine Love into me inſtil,
Stop all the avenues of ill.

Thought to thought with my ſoul converſe,
Celeſtial joys to me rehearſe,
And in my ſtead all the night long
Sing to my God a grateful ſong.

Praiſe God, from Whom all bleſſings flow,
Praiſe Him all creatures here below,
Praiſe Him above, ye angelic hoſt,
Praiſe Father, Son, and Holy Ghoſt.

A MIDNIGHT HYMN.

LORD, now my ſleep does me forſake,
The ſole poſſeſſion of me take,
Let no vain fancy me illude,
No one impure deſire intrude.

Bleſt angels! while we ſilent lie,
Your hallelujahs ſing on high,

You, ever wakeful near the Throne
Proſtrate, adore the Three in One.

I now awake, do with you join,
To praiſe our God in hymns divine:
With you in Heaven I hope to dwell,
And bid the night and world farewell.

My ſoul, when I ſhake off this duſt,
Lord, in Thy Arms, I will entruſt;
O make me Thy peculiar care,
Some heavenly manſion me prepare.

Give me a place at Thy ſaints' feet,
Or ſome fall'n angel's vacant ſeat,
I'll ſtrive to ſing as loud as they
Who ſit above in brighter day.

O may I always ready ſtand
With my lamp burning in my hand,
May I in ſight of Heaven rejoice,
Whene'er I hear the Bridegroom's voice.

Glory to Thee in light array'd,
Who light Thy dwelling-place haſt made,
An immenſe ocean of bright beams
From Thy all-glorious Godhead ſtreams.

The ſun in its meridian height,
Is very darkneſs in Thy ſight:
My ſoul O lighten and inflame
With thought and love of Thy great Name.

Bleſt Jeſu, Thou on Heaven intent,
Whole nights haſt in devotion ſpent;
But I, frail creature, ſoon am tired,
And all my zeal is ſoon expired.

My ſoul, how canſt thou weary grow
Of antedating Heaven below,
In ſacred hymns and Divine Love,
Which will eternal be above?

Shine on me, Lord, new life impart,
Freſh ardours kindle in my heart;
One ray of Thy all-quickening Light
Diſpels the ſloth and clouds of night.

Lord, leſt the tempter me ſurpriſe,
Watch over Thine own ſacrifice,
All looſe, all idle thoughts caſt out,
And make my very dreams devout.

Praiſe God, from Whom all bleſſings flow,
Praiſe Him all creatures here below,
Praiſe Him above, ye angelic hoſt,
Praiſe Father, Son, and Holy Ghoſt.

INDEX OF FIRST LINES.

	PAGE
ALL praiſe to Thee, great God, we owe	83
All praiſe to Thee, my God, this night	3
All who to Jeſus came	362
A Song of Jeſus I deſign	152
As to myſelf, to be to others kind	65
As when a viſit emperors intend	16
Awake, my ſoul, and with the ſun	1
Awake, my ſoul, and with the ſun	455
Bleſs'd Andrew! in your call we trace	318
Bleſs'd angels, whether you on high	400
Bleſs'd hour! when I was born again	425
Bleſs'd Jeſus from His radiant cloud deſcends	188
Bleſs'd Jeſus, on the Croſs in boundleſs pain	179
Bleſs'd Jeſus, Thy propitious Heart	276
Bleſs'd Jeſus, who didſt wondrous grief ſuſtain	120
Bleſs'd Spirit, aid me, while I ſing	314
Bleſt Spirit, who the woman's Offspring led	92
Bleſt Spirit, who on Jeſus' ſacred Head	104
Celeſtial harps prepare	17
Ere the intelligence, from nothing rear'd	112
Eternal Dove, by Jeſus ſent	195

PAGE

Fair Antioch, the rich, the great 405
Faith, hope, and tear within my breaſt . . . 28
Falſe world, I'll you no more endure . . . 295
For your converſion, holy Mark 352
Friend, for my pain your moan forbear . . . 82
From Adam all, to thoſe who ſtay . . . 218

Gabriel to Daniel, when at prayer 369
Glory to Thee, my God, this night . . . 457
God a command upon me lays 7
God-man, Who on the dolorous Tree . . . 163
God, Who is pleaſed bright Angels down to ſend . 58
Great Day! to mortals kept unknown . . . 13
Great God Triune, enthroned above . . . 227

Hark, O my ſoul, the trumpet blows . . . 86
How Godhead to our human fleſh was join'd . . 149

In univerſal dread I waked 75
I ſing, my God, the Saint this day . . . 22

Jeſu, I in Thy Goſpel read 429
Jeſu, Who, man in bliſs to re-inſtate . . . 127

Let others ſail the world about 254
Lord, now my ſleep does me forſake . . . 459
Lord 'tis not in Thy Church alone . . . 73
Love is the badge which Jeſus' lovers wear . . 444

Melt me all o'er, eternal, gracious Dove . . . 138
More bleſs'd to give than to receive . . . 259
Moſes on high twice twenty days 271
My faith and hope, your powers unite . . . 199
My God, now I from ſleep awake 5
My God, ſince I in exile here 244
My God, Thy wiſe, propitious Will . . . 117

PAGE
My God, 'tis by Thy ſweet ſupports . . . 69
My Jeſus, ſince Thy Love Divine 251
My Jeſus, Thou all lovely art 264
My prayers for Love to Heaven directly fly . . 305

Next to the name of devil, none 339
Nor eye, ear, thought, can take the height . . 311

Of all the conqueſts which Thy grace . . . 326
Of all the gifts which Heaven deſign'd . . . 299
Of all the monſters which appear'd 297
Of all the ſolemn days 334
Of all who e'er with heart unfeign'd . . . 101
O Father; you can unperplex my mind . . . 451
Of Jeſus' brethren to take care 198
O fooliſh heart, which often ſtrays 257
O Fountain of all Grace Divine 211
Oft has my mind took flight 291
O Great God-man! my grovelling ſpirit raiſe . . 47
Oh, I ſhall ne'er forget the happy hour . . . 222
O holy Church, whom we reſpect 411
O Jeſu! with Thy Spirit fill my breaſt . . . 279
O Life, what art thou? oft I try 247
Our Lord, when Simon to Him came . . . 374

Say, bleſſed angels, ſay 165
See, ſee, my fleſh, death with his dart . . . 439
See there a Jew from th' hallow'd town . . . 274
Soon as great God in fleſh enſhrined . . . 34
Soul, when your fleſh diſſolves to duſt . . . 67

The king who with juſt title reigns . . . 194
The loved diſciple, full of Love Divine . . . 237
There is a vale of tears which mountains bound . 432
This morn, bleſs'd Saint, our zeal devout . . 387
Thoſe days I often call to mind 287

PAGE

Though votaries, whom our Lord design'd . . 394
Thrice happy man whose soul is staid . . . 303
Thy Justice, Lord, my song excites . . . 78
'Tis, Lord, Thy Will that all mankind . . . 39

Unction the Christian name implies 427
Upon the octave of Thy birth 43

We, like the fly, must from the world retreat . . 99
When Adam sinn'd, and all his line . . . 267
Whene'er my voice of Jesus sings 191
When God from Heaven came down . . . 53
When God in flesh would be enshrined . . . 382
When God the radiant Gabriel chose . . . 345
When Jesus notice gave 322
When Jesus truth celestial taught 173
When our redemption was complete . . . 208
When Solomon the Temple rear'd . . . 357
When the Archangel's trump shall sound . . 11
Whether I will or no, I find 308

Ye spirits ever-bless'd 418
You blessed angels at the Throne 242
You Friend of God, for God's dear sake . . 233

CHISWICK PRESS:—PRINTED BY WHITTINGHAM AND WILKINS,
TOOKS COURT, CHANCERY LANE.

Royal 8vo. pp. 478.

BISHOP KEN'S CHRISTIAN YEAR.

AN EDITION ON LARGE PAPER, EVERY PAGE SURROUNDED BY AN ELABORATE WOODCUT BORDER.

Suitable for Chriſtmas, Eaſter, Baptiſmal, Confirmation, and Marriage Gifts.

Price 1l. 1s. half bound, Roxburghe ſtyle; or in Morocco extra, paned ſides, gilt leaves, by Rivière, 2l. 2s.

16mo. (nearly ready).

BISHOP KEN'S ALTAR MANUAL.

CONTAINING MEDITATIONS AND PRAYERS FOR HOLY COMMUNION, BEFORE, AT, AND AFTER RECEIVING; ALSO DIRECTIONS FOR AN ACT OF SPIRITUAL COMMUNION.

Fcap. 8vo. cloth, 3s. 6d.

POETICAL SKETCHES. By WILLIAM BLAKE. No· first reprinted from the Original Edition of 1783.

"Some of these earliest songs of Blake's have the scent and sound of Elizabetha times upon them; that the song of forsaken love,—"My silks and fine array"—. sweet enough to recall the lyrics of Beaumont and Fletcher, and strong enough to hold its own even beside such as that one of Aspatia—"Lay a garland on my hearse"—which was cut (so to speak) out of the same yew; that Webster might have signed the "Mad Song" which falls short only (as indeed do all other things of the sort) of the two great dirges in that poet's two chief plays; that certain verses among those headed "To Spring" and "To the Evening Star" are worthy even of Tennyson for tender supremacy of style and noble purity of perfection; but when we have to drop comparison and cease looking back or forward for verses to match with these, we shall hardly find words to suit our sense of their beauty."—*Algernon C. Swinburne.*

Fcap. 8vo. cloth, 4s.

SONGS OF INNOCENCE AND EXPERIENCE, WITH OTHER POEMS. By WILLIAM BLAKE. Printed from the Original Edition of 1789—1794, and from the Author's MSS. with a Short Critical Preface.

"The songs only require to be known to be loved with a tenderness and enthusiasm which it is not given to many poets to arouse . . ."—*Saturday Review.*

"The admirers of W. Blake as a poet—and they are a rapidly increasing number—owe much to Mr. Pickering for this reprint."—*Notes and Queries, Jan. 26th, 1867.*

THE SPANISH BOCCACCIO.

COUNT LUCANOR; OR, THE FIFTY PLEASANT STORIES OF PATRONIO. Written by PRINCE DON JUAN MANUEL. A. D. 1335—1347. First done into English by James York, Doctor of Medicine, 1868, (*containing the original "Taming of the Shrew"*), fcap. 8vo., 6s.

"A good and readable book."—*Saturday Review.*

"Don Juan was a soldier and statesman, no less than a writer of tales and anecdotes, and his compositions have that air of the camp, the court, and the world, which nothing but practical dealing with the affairs of men can give an author."—*Athenæum.*

"All are lively and entertaining, and singularly free from all such grossness as we find in Boccaccio's, and most other kindred writing of the middle ages, fit for everyone's reading, and worth everyone's reading, by reason of their wit and humour."—*Examiner.*

"In one of them the reader will find the source of Shakespeare's 'Taming of the Shrew.' In many he will recognise the original of modern stories told by Herder, by Christien Andersen, and others. The style of these little tales is quaint, shrewd, and very attractive."—*Morning Star.*

Fcap. 8vo. price 5s. uniform with Messrs. Moxon's Editions of Tennyson.

TENNYSONIANA: NOTES CRITICAL AND BIBLIOGRAPHICAL on the Works of ALFRED TENNYSON, D C.L., Poet Laureate.

"He has done his work well, and his little book should be secured by those who would like all the assistance they can get in estimating, as they may some day desire to do, the influence of the Poet Laureate of Queen Victoria upon his generation, and of his generation upon h' .."—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

"This little book is curious and welcome to the student of Mr. Tennyson. It has been prepared with sedulous accuracy, and all its facts may be depended on."—*Spectator.*

"Let us warmly recommend the present little volume. It gives nearly everything that can be wanted in the shape of a Tennysonian bibliography."—*Westminster Review.*

7.50

DATE DUE

PN 6110 .R4 K4 1868

Ken, Thomas, 1637-1711.

Christian year

621

United Theological Seminary Library
MAIN PN6110.R4 K4 1868
Ken, Thomas, Christian year :
3 0645 0002 2962 1